The Saturday Evening
POST
July 12, 1958 – 15¢

JUL 8 '58

RICHARD NIXON
The Mystery and the Man

By STEWART ALSOP

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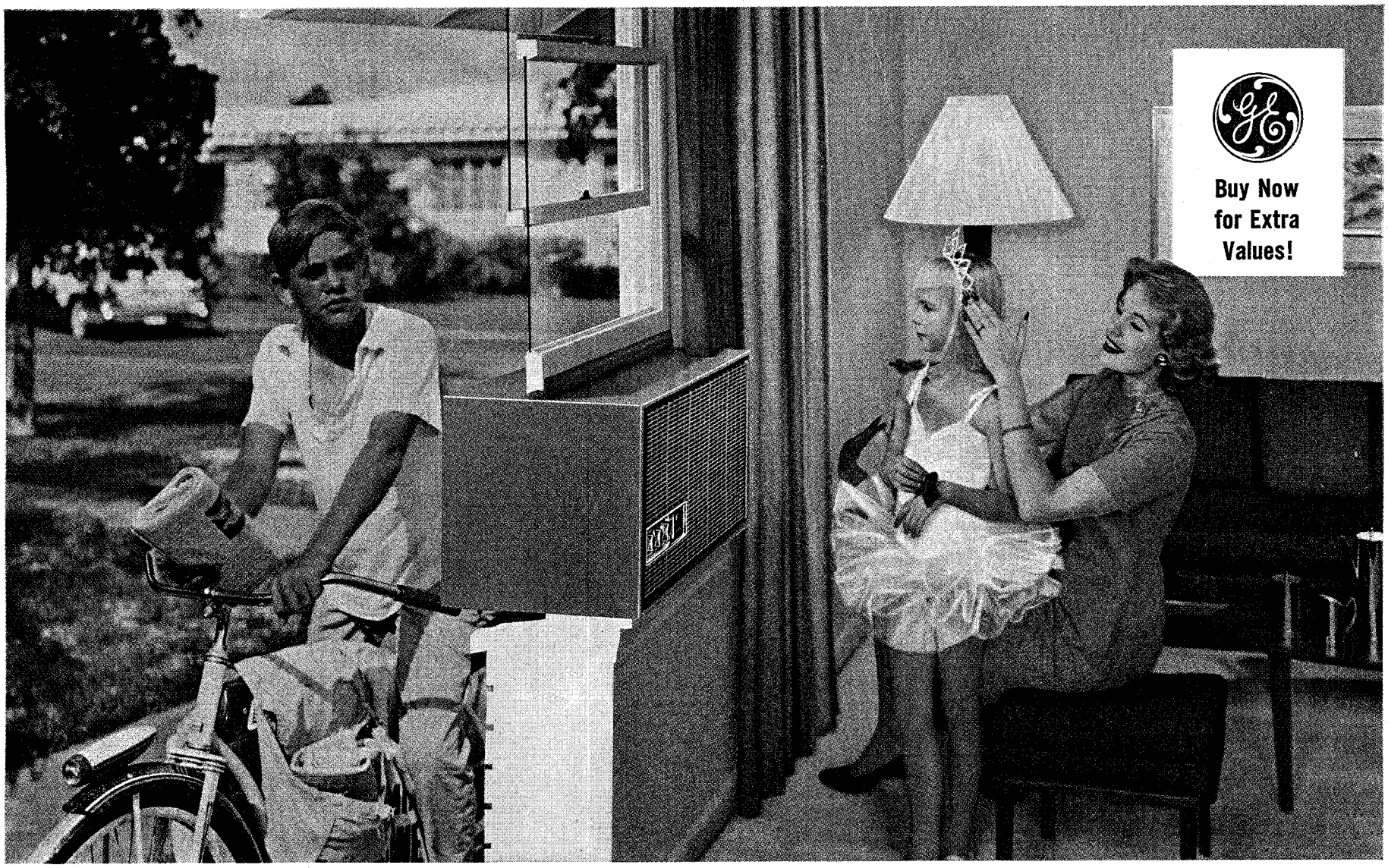
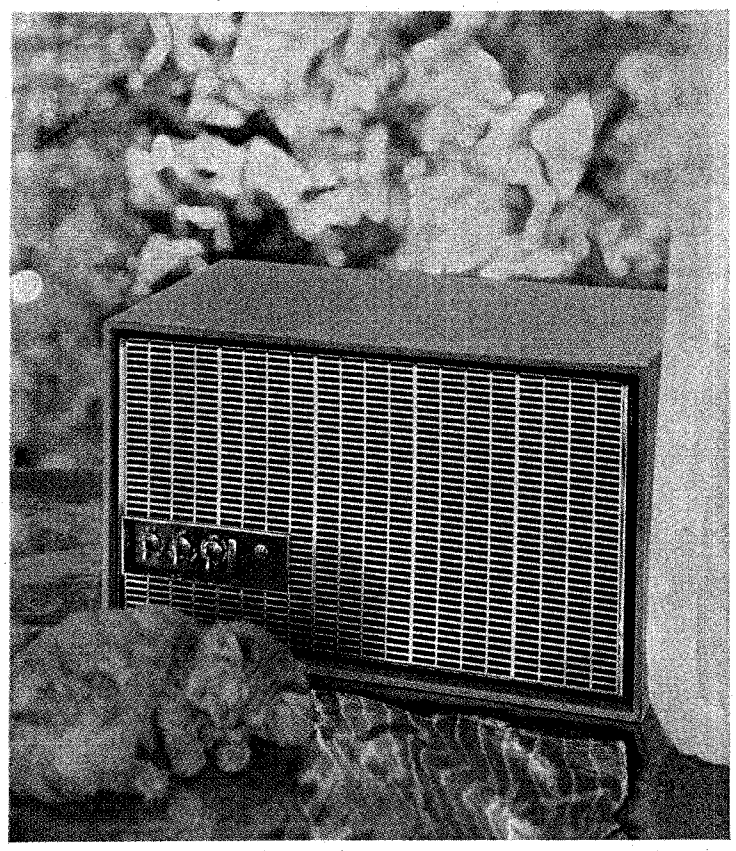


NEW KIND OF AIR CONDITIONER! THE GENERAL ELECTRIC CUSTOM THINLINE...

20% Smaller...Big-As-Ever Cooling Power



Fits almost anywhere—no unsightly overhang. A scant 15⅝ inches high, a mere 16⅞ inches deep, only 26 inches wide. *No side vents*—install it flush or through the wall. Compact size—yet full, big-unit cooling power in the newest General Electric *Thinline*.

It takes up 20% less space than previous Thinlines—yet it packs the same generous cooling power! And it is quiet! All thanks to a new kind of cooling system from General Electric. So why settle for a small air conditioner that's a puny cooler?

Now you don't have to sacrifice cooling power to get a compact, no-ugly-overhang air conditioner. Take a look at the newest General Electric *Thinline* Air Conditioner!

You get the full, big-unit cooling power of last year's *Thinlines*—only in a thin, low cabinet that takes up 1/5 less space.

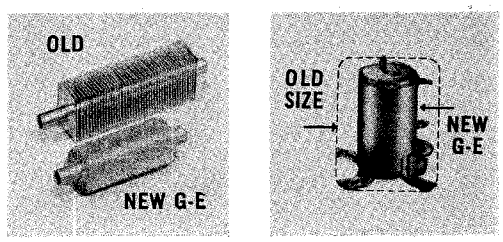
The 115-volt, Custom *Thinline* Air Conditioner gives you a generous 9000* BTU's of cooling per hour—and it needs no costly rewiring in many homes. The 230-volt model delivers a giant 10,000* BTU's.

Both models are so quiet you only know they're working by how cool and comfortable you are. Nutria color blends with any décor. Permanent, washable filter. Easy, simple controls. Eight independent air directors.

Why wait to enjoy this cool comfort in your house? See your General Electric dealer about the *one* air conditioner that's both small *and* powerful. General Electric Co., Room Air Conditioner Dept., Louisville 1, Kentucky.

***Check the BTU's before you buy!** Cooling capacities are tested and rated in compliance with Air Conditioning Refrigeration Institute Standard 110-58, and are stated in British Thermal Units.

NEW KIND OF COOLING SYSTEM



Spine fin cooling packs 770,000 cooling spines into the cabinet, is 50% more efficient than old plate type. *New high-speed compressor* has the same large capacity as previous models—is only half as big.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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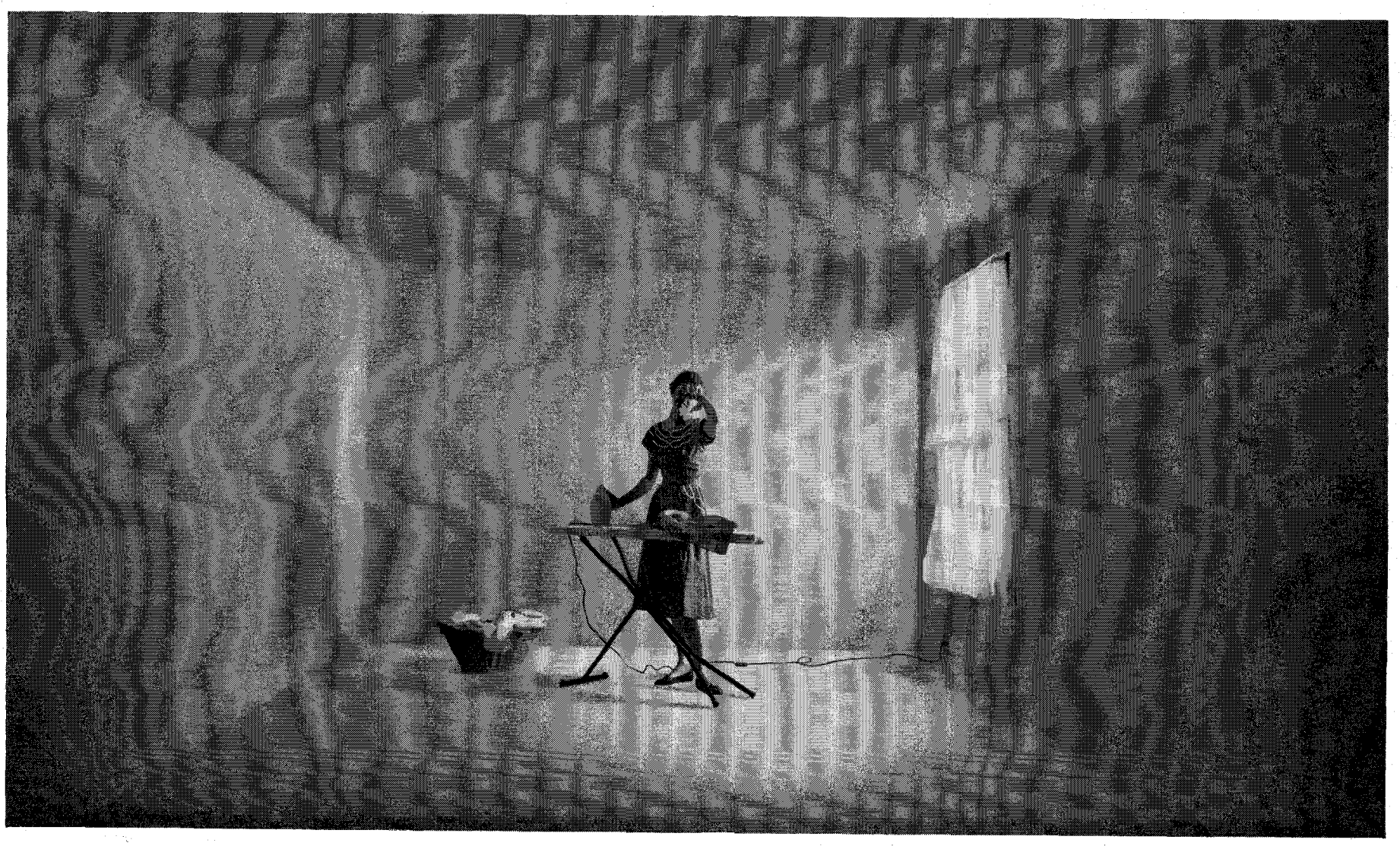
IMPORTANT NEWS! Of the three most used pain remedies...

Only Bufferin® gives you these 3 important pain relief benefits



FAST RELIEF

1 **Bufferin acts twice as fast as straight aspirin** for millions, even *faster* for many! Because Bufferin uses the finest quality aspirin, adds Di-Alminate*—an exclusive combination of two antacids that rush the pain reliever into the blood stream where it *must* go to relieve pain. And . . .

LONG-LASTING RELIEF

2 **Even after an hour,** Bufferin still has *more* pain-relieving salicylate in the blood stream than the leading brand of straight aspirin, as well as the other most widely used remedy. This long-lasting action is confirmed by continuing clinical research. And . . .

SAFE RELIEF

3 **Prevents stomach upset.** All aspirin is acid.† It can cause stomach upset. But Bufferin's exclusive Di-Alminate is a combination of antacids which prevent aspirin irritation of the stomach. Unlike many other remedies, Bufferin contains no nerve-jangling, sleep-disturbing caffein.

*Bristol-Myers' brand of aluminum glycinate and magnesium carbonate

†Aspirin's chemical name is acetylsalicylic acid

For fast, long-lasting, safe relief from headache and other minor aches and pains—get Bufferin!

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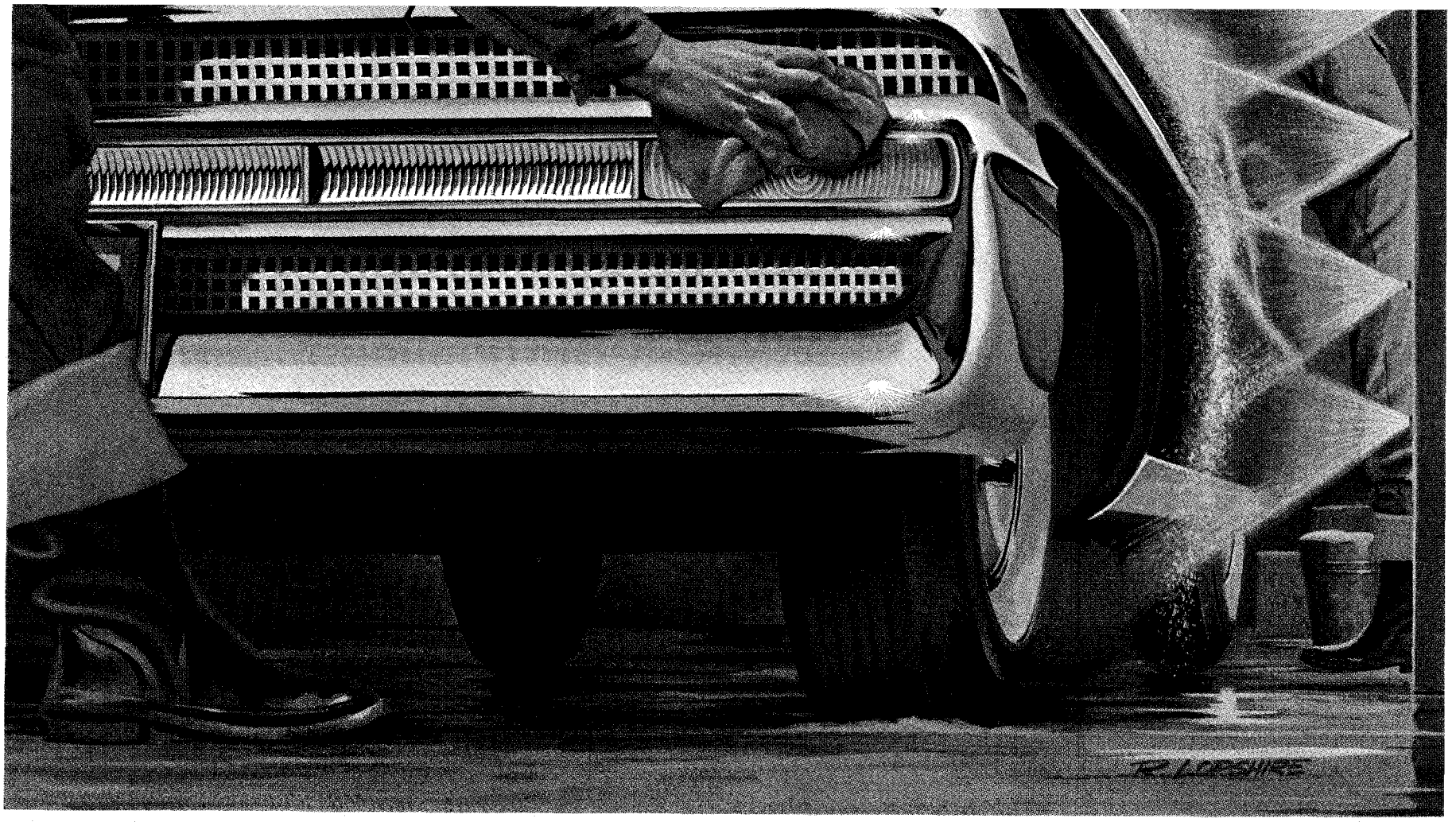


Now more Nickel underneath new car chrome

Will make it much easier to keep your trim, your car, showroom bright

Lustrous chrome does things for a car: it accents the smart, sleek styling; it enhances the colors.

And from now on, it's going to do more . . . thanks to new plating techniques, and the use of more Nickel.

But you won't see this Nickel.

Yet there it will be—a good thick layer of Nickel plating – underneath your chrome. Doing three things: (1) making a smooth, lustrous metal foundation for your brilliant finish; (2) protecting it from abrasion (nicks and scratches); (3) keeping the metals under the Nickel from corroding.

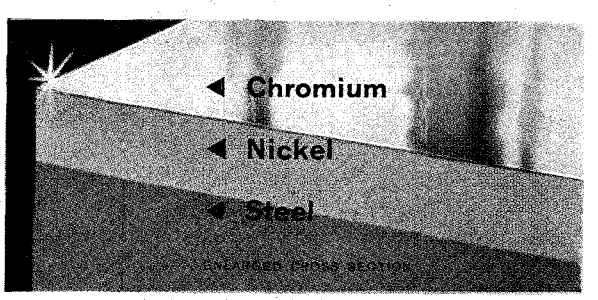
So treat yourself to a showroom tour. See the latest models, and ask about the plating on each. Remember, it's much easier for you to keep your trim gleaming when there's plenty of Nickel underneath.

For more about Nickel and what it does for you, write for "The Romance of Nickel" . . . Dept. 118G,

The International Nickel Company, Inc.
New York 5, New York

Inco Nickel

Makes metals perform better, longer



Nickel...under chromium...over steel: that's how a good bumper finish is built up. Chrome gives you shining beauty. Nickel plating makes the beauty *last*. Steel is for strength and your safety. ©1958, T.I.N.Co., Inc.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE COVER

Fisherfolk have swell imaginations. They dream about the size of fish they are going to catch, about the ones that are hooked but get away and, if they have boyhood's mental elasticity, about the great length of what they do catch. Take Browny and Whitey, there. Do they see before them, as artist Amos Sewell claims he does, a midget trout? Nonsense. They don't even see that kitchen. Away out in the deep woods is where they dream they are. So it's nightfall, with a star-flecked sky doing a double-take in the mirror of a still lake. Six mighty fish are sputtering in the campfire glow, and around them drifts the most delicious aroma in all creation. (If mother shows up before the boys return home, don't worry. She's a good guy; she'll go along with a dream.)

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Send old address with the new, enclosing if possible your address label. The Post Office will not forward copies unless you provide extra postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.

The LION'S ROAR

Published here monthly . . . Column No. 237

The greatest star of the screen!

This movie observation post has long scanned the horizon for a film as boisterously entertaining as "Don't Go Near The Water".

★ ★ ★ ★

Our search has been richly rewarded. "Imitation General", produced by the same studio M-G-M, with the same star Glenn Ford, is just what we've been looking for.

★ ★ ★ ★

Saturday Evening Post readers of the William Chamberlain story will know what a wonderful fund of fun, romance and action M-G-M had to begin with.

★ ★ ★ ★

Glenn is, of course, fine as Master Sergeant Murphy Savage, who—on the battlefield—assumes a General's rank, his problems and his privileges.

★ ★ ★ ★

He also takes on one of the most terrifying—and one of the most titillating—adventures any Sergeant or General, imitation or for real, ever tackled.

As the only one "in" on Sgt. Murph's magnificent masquerade, Red Buttons is immense. He's Corporal Derby, an incredibly resourceful improvisor. Red acts as if he wouldn't mind another "Oscar" to go with the one he got for "Sayonara".

★ ★ ★ ★

Taina Elg, whom you saw as one of "Les Girls", is also just right—especially in the right places—including those of the script. She's *la* girl—Simone, in whose farmhouse Glenn and Red plan their several strategies of amour and war.

★ ★ ★ ★

Dean Jones heads the balance of a brilliant four-star cast, that includes Kent Smith (the real General).

★ ★ ★ ★

If you've ever wondered what it was really like *between* the lines our guys wrote home . . . and if you like to laugh and be thrilled, you'll join in congratulations to: Director George Marshall, producer William Hawks and screen-writer William Bowers.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Imitation General" is the *real* thing. One for the ages—teen-ages, middle ages. All ages!

—*Leo*

P.S. Everybody's talking about M-G-M's "Gigi", the new musical by the composers of "My Fair Lady".

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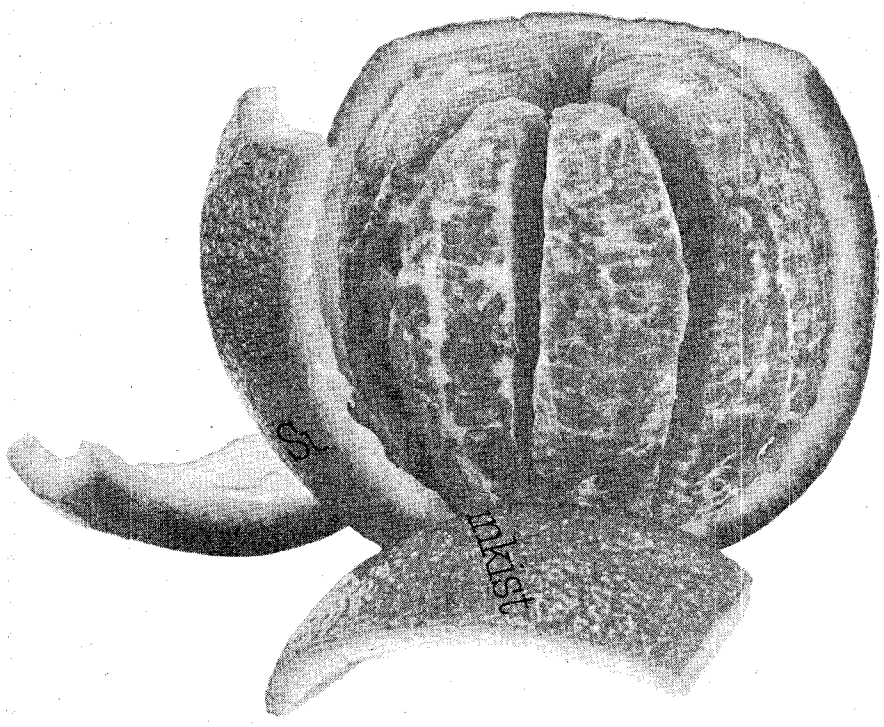
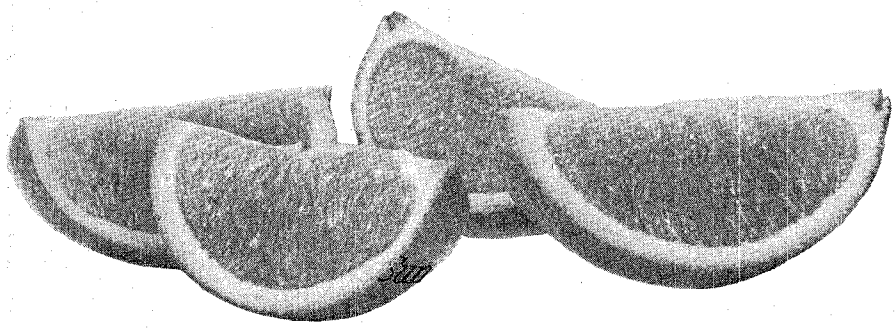
Why the whole orange?

The "meat" of a fresh orange is the main source of many of its health values. In fact...



Fresh Sunkist Oranges give your family 10 times more of the important bio-flavonoids and protopectins than frozen orange juice.



And you get all the vitamin C plus more than 50 other health factors.

Eat whole fresh oranges...
drink whole fresh orange juice

Sunkist Oranges®

The Sunkist trade-mark stamped on the fruit is your guarantee of the finest from California-Arizona.

Letters

Brigitte the Bombshell

Dear Sirs:

As a man, I found your pictures and descriptions of Brigitte Bardot [BAD LITTLE BAD GIRL by Toni Howard, June 14] very interesting, to say the least.

As a parent, I feel that The Saturday Evening Post has hit a very low point in printing this article.

Which magazine will bother to draw the line if even you refuse?

A. C. STOWE
North Haven, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

It surprises and shocks me that through the whole article . . . there is not one word of condemnation of her way of life and means of earning money.

ELEANOR CRAIG
Webster Groves, Mo.

● *Well, there was reference to "Bardot's alley-cat antics." —ED.*

Dear Sirs:

If Brigitte is news, she is bad news.

MRS. JOHN REDMOND
Cazenovia, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

WIFE'S ULTIMATUM

Whither thou goest,
I, too, will go,
Lest thou see-est
Brigitte Bardot.

A. T. SPRING
Denver, Colo.

Dear Sirs:

Brigitte Bardot is "rotten," to use a vulgar expression which is all she deserves. . . .

In case you think I'm an "old maid" who sits around "wondering what this world is coming to," I'm not. I'm a 15-year-old American teen-ager with normal likes and dislikes.

JEANNE BONNEAU
Bradford, Vt.

Dear Sirs:

I especially take exception to the remark that "We had thought ourselves secure, ahead of the rest of the world, protected and entrenched behind the figure of Miss Monroe." You should surely know that Miss Monroe has been a thorn in the flesh of right-thinking Americans ever since she came into the limelight.

WILMA ROCHESTER BROWN
San Angelo, Texas

Dear Sirs:

Your article about Brigitte and her Vadim, and their quaint tribal customs puts me in mind of our own Pierre.

He has been living with us for eight years now, and is so delightfully latter-day French! . . . .

He has lived with several different females of his own species, and as a result, this and several neighboring towns have a generous smattering of small fry closely resembling their père. Pierre is not at all embarrassed; in fact, he is remarkably disinterested. . . .

His [recent] blindness has necessarily curtailed his activities. In fact, the accident nearly curtailed Pierre. He was struck by a car. The veterinarian, recognizing a valiant spirit when he saw one, did a remarkable job of patching him up, and today Pierre is a fat and happy tomcat with a wealth of memories.

(MRS.) RUTH S. JOHNSTON
Skaneateles, N.Y.

Mixed-Up Medic

"Harold, must you be the medical student all of the time?"

Dear Sirs:

Harold [June 7 cartoon, above] had better concentrate a little more on his studies if he's going to use an otoscope (instrument for examining ears) to look in his patients' eyes.

MARIE CORTELYOU
College of Medicine
University of Illinois
Chicago, Ill.

● *True. —ED.*

Hornblower Sails Again

● *In our May 31 Letters, reader Edmund A. Gibson urged the scuttling of "that perennial fraud, Horatio Beanblower," and reader John D. Mee suggested that the Post set Hornblower and Tugboat Annie adrift on a slow boat to China, then sink it. —ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Perhaps Mr. Mee would care to introduce himself to Mr. Gibson, and try his own plan. Anyone who wishes to scuttle Horatio Hornblower will have to do it over my dead body.

LOUISE TWINING
Wayne, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Gibson and Mr. Mee have insulted two friends of mine.

E. A. ROBERTS
Carlsbad, N.M.

Dear Sirs:

An Oscar for John D. Mee of Hollywood!

W. E. RUSSELL
Sonora, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Edmund A. Gibson sounds frightfully dyspeptic. And he misses entirely the shrewd and affectionate characterization with which C. S. Forester draws Hornblower. He says "And above all, that God-awful sense of humor." Hornblower has *no* sense of humor. That is Hornblower.

MRS. JOHN C. AINSWORTH
Oroville, Calif.

His Mailbox Bulges

Dear Sirs:

In regard to your fine article COMMUNIST BY CHOICE by Arthur Bonner, in the May 31 Post, I have received more than 6000 letters from persons in Kerala who wish to make contacts with Americans who will send them their "used" magazines. Many of the letters deplore the high cost of American publications while

(Continued on Page 6)

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Stevan Dohanos

Norman Rockwell

America's 12 Most Famous Illustrators

Al Parker

Jon Whitcomb

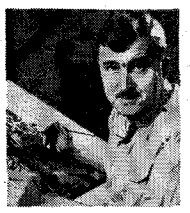
Ben Stahl

Austin Briggs

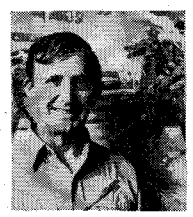
Peter Helck

Albert Dorne

Dong Kingman


Robert Fawcett

Fred Ludekens


Harold Von Schmidt

America's Leading Fine Arts Painters

Ben Shahn

Stuart Davis

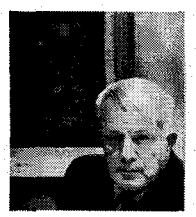
Syd Solomon

Ernest Fiene

Adolf Dehn

Doris Lee

Will Barnet


Arnold Blanch

Dong Kingman

Fletcher Martin

America's Most Successful Cartoonists

Rube Goldberg

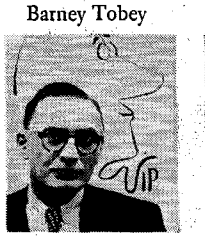
Al Capp

Barney Tobey

Willard Mullin

Dick Cavalli

Milton Caniff


Virgil Partch

Gurney Williams

Harry Haenigsen

Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"We're looking for people who like to draw"

By ALBERT DORNE
Famous Magazine Illustrator

Do you like to draw or paint? If you do, these great artists want to help you find out if you have talent worth developing . . . whether you can be trained to become a money-making commercial artist, a successful fine arts painter or a professional cartoonist.

Here's why we make this offer. Some years ago we realized that too many people were missing wonderful careers in art . . . either because they hesitated to think they had talent . . . or because they couldn't get truly professional art training without leaving home or giving up their jobs.

A Plan to Help Others

We decided to do everything we could to help these people. Taking time off from our busy careers, we pooled the rich, practical experience; the professional know-how; and the precious trade secrets that helped us reach the top.

We organized this knowledge into a remarkable series of lessons covering every aspect of drawing and painting. Then, to illustrate these written lessons, we made over 5,000 special drawings . . . with each of the famous artists graphically demonstrating the particular art technique for which he is best known. Finally we perfected what we sincerely believe is the most personal and effective method ever developed to give art students constructive criticism.

In short, we created a complete, practical training course in Commercial Art & Illustration that people everywhere could take right in their own homes and in their spare time.

This original course was so successful that two equally effective courses – one in fine arts painting and another in professional cartooning – were then created.

All three courses follow the sound principle that is the cornerstone of the Famous Artists Schools: *It takes success to teach success.* Ten world-famous fine arts painters, who are also gifted teachers, personally supervise the Famous Artists Painting Course. The Famous Artists Cartoon Course was created by Al Capp, Milt Caniff, Rube Goldberg and other great cartoonists whose work is enjoyed all over the world.

Trained Students Step Into Full-Time and Part-Time Jobs

As the result of Famous Artists School's training, an astonishing number of our students today hold fascinating, well-paid positions as illustrators, cartoonists, designers, fashion artists, art directors. Others are enjoying the satisfactions and the rich rewards of fine arts painting.

Don Smith of New Orleans, for example, knew nothing about art when he enrolled three years ago. Today, he is an illustrator with a leading advertising agency in the South . . . **John Busketta,** a pipe-fitter's helper with a gas company, is now an artist in the company's advertising department at a big increase in pay . . . Busy New York mother, **Elizabeth Merriss,** adds to her family's income by designing greeting cards and illustrating children's books . . . A **great-grandmother** in Newark, Ohio, studied painting with us, and recently sold 32 water colors and 5 oil paintings at her own "one-man" show . . . **John Whitaker,** an airline clerk, was signed to do a daily newspaper comic strip . . . **Gertrude Vander Poel** had never drawn a thing until she began our training. Now a swank New York gallery exhibits her paintings for sale . . . **Stanley Bowen** — a married man with three children, unhappy in a dead-end job–switched to a great new career in art. Now he's one of the happiest men you'll ever meet!

The success of our students doesn't surprise us because art is one of the fastest growing fields in America. We continually get calls from art buyers asking us for our professionally-trained students to fill full-time or part-time jobs in every field of art.

Free Art Talent Test

To find other men and women with talent worth developing, we have created a remarkably revealing 12-page art talent test. Thousands of people formerly paid $1 for this test. But now our School offers it free and will grade and analyze it free. People who show art talent through this test are eligible for professional training by our School . . . right in their own homes.

If you like to draw or paint, you owe it to yourself to find out if you have talent worth developing. Simply return the coupon today. The test will be mailed to you without cost or obligation.

FAMOUS ARTISTS SCHOOLS
Studio 671, Westport, Conn.

Please send me – without obligation – your Famous Artists Talent Test.

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss (please print) Age.....

Address .....

City..... Zone.....

County..... State.....

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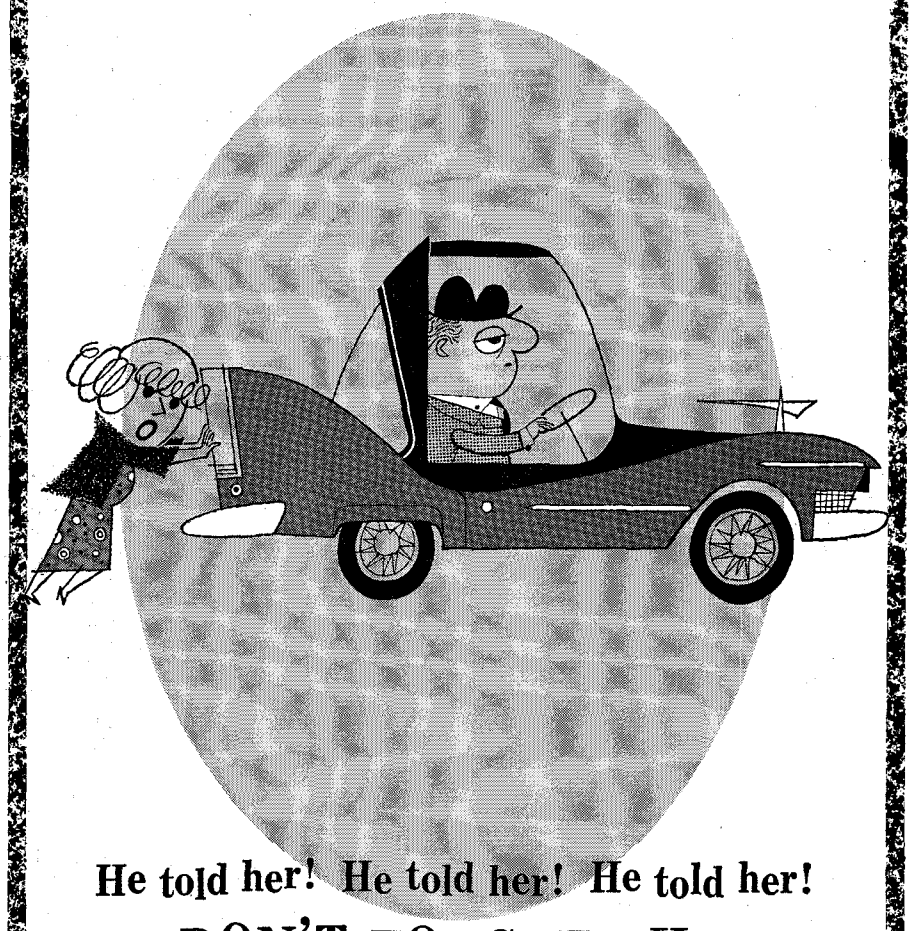
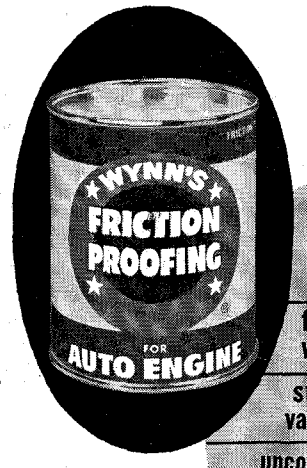


He told her! He told her! He told her!

DON'T FORGET THE WYNN'S FRICTION PROOFING

They packed their bags, locked the windows, left a note for the milkman, got in their car and headed for the open road. Halfway between somewhere and nowhere (the place trouble usually hits) the car just gave up. A brief exchange of words between Mr and Mrs revealed she had forgotten to have their neighborhood service station add Wynn's Friction Proofing to their gas and oil. A very serious oversight.

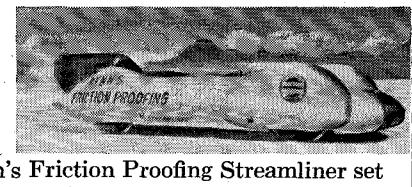


adds pep and power
frees sticking valves and rings
stops hydraulic valve lifter noise
unconditionally guaranteed

MORAL: Start your vacation with Wynn's Friction Proofing in your car and chances are you won't end up having to push it. After all, pushing a car is not really a very modern way to take a motor trip. (not much fun either)

reduces oil consumption
protects valves and upper rings
reduces expensive repairs
keeps engine power high

Wynn's Friction Proofing has been awarded Car Life Magazine's Automotive Seal of Merit for *Superiority*, *Efficiency* and *Performance* . . . their approval that these products will perform as advertised.



The Wynn's Friction Proofing Streamliner set an all-new American speed record of 270.473 mph at Bonneville — this clearly demonstrates that

THE *Proof* IS IN THE *Performance!*

Also available in Canada and everywhere in the free world.

Write Wynn Oil Co., Dept. PW for a free decal of the streamliner

* Friction Proofing is Wynn's trademark for its exclusive metal conditioner which reduces friction between moving metals by chemically smoothing and sealing the surfaces. Manufactured by Wynn Oil Company, 1151 West 5th Street, Azusa, California, U.S.A.

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

"Russian and Chinese books and magazines, printed on fine paper, beautifully illustrated, written in native Indian languages, are sold so cheap that when we are through we can sell them to the junkman and get our money back." . . . .

It costs about 12 cents to send the Post anywhere in the world. All your readers have to do to get one of these Kerala letters is to send a self-addressed, stamped letter to me at: 345 W. 58th St., New York 19, N.Y.

HARRY PLISSNER
New York, N.Y.

● *Last fall Plissner singlehandedly launched his unique campaign to win friends for the U.S. In newspapers throughout the world he placed advertisements offering to put interested foreign readers in touch with Americans willing to send them regularly their outdated magazines. The response so far: 55,000 requests from abroad answered by 600,000 magazines from Americans.* —ED.

Mr. Conservative

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations on the article by Paul Healy on Senator Barry Goldwater [THE GLITTERING MR. GOLDWATER, June 7]. I'm glad to find one senator with guts enough to buck Reuther and his ilk. . . . I'm not a union-hater, by the way, having been a member of the A.F. of L.

FREDERICK A. MAYBERRY
Miami, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

Now the Republicans are gathering some men with intestinal fortitude, like Senator Goldwater of Arizona and our own Senator George W. Malone of Nevada. If the trend toward men of that calibre continues, my family and I might even be tempted back to the Republican fold.

WILLIAM J. DOWER
Reno, Nev.

Dear Sirs:

Our Senator Barry Goldwater is a gift to Arizona from the Lord.

OWEN D. SHARP
Globe, Ariz.

Dear Sirs:

Your article on the master of class hatred, Barry Goldwater, gives the master bigot the type of publicity he wants and works for. . ..

Your discussion of his labor views and utterances on the misnamed "right to work" laws brings to mind the discussion of the open shop by Mr. Dooley, who was the creation of Finley Peter Dunne, one of America's greatest humorists. Mr. Dooley said, "What is the open shop? Sure 'tis where they kape the doors open to accommodate th' constant stream av min comin' in t' take jobs cheaper than th' min that has th' jobs."

ALEX J. SCHMIDT
Social Science Teacher
Des Plaines, Ill.

How to Make An S.E.P. Meringue

Dear Sirs:

Recipe for S. E. P. short story:

1. Take one long, lean Korean veteran with stubby brown hair, deep tan and slow drawl.

2. Introduce to slender blonde, rounded in the right places; add laughing blue eyes and merry smile.

3. Stir in trivial argument.

4. Mix in one fist fight with local, snobbish, big-shot rival.

5. Fold in fact that he is an ex-con, she an heiress.

6. Allow to simmer for a couple of thousand sickening words. Result? A typical Post meringue, masquerading as a short story.

Please change the ingredients. Much as I like S. E. P. I'm getting sick to my stomach of this woman's-magazine guff.

ROBERT A. LORD
London, England

Talented Tony

Dear Sirs:

I particularly enjoyed Ed Linn's article [on Tony Kubek] in the June 7th issue entitled Is HE THE NEXT GREAT YANKEE? However, I did note one small inaccuracy. Mark Freeman, Tony's roommate in Denver, is a graduate of Louisiana State University, where he was a basketball teammate of the great Bob Pettit. He is not an alumnus of the University of South Carolina, as reported by Mr. Linn.

JOSEPH MARZIOTTI
Bayside, L.I., N.Y.

● *Our error.* —ED.

Dear Sirs:

Your article was thoroughly enjoyed by our family, but we were disappointed that no mention was made of the fact that Tony was the American Association Rookie of the Year in 1956. Since he won the same award in the American League in 1957, we thought this was a rare occurrence. I'll admit we are violently prejudiced on the subject of Kubek and the rest of "our Bears" who have graduated to the majors, but how many other men can claim this distinction?

MRS. CHARLES MYERS
Denver, Colo.

● *One. Cleveland pitcher Herb Score turned the trick, in 1954–5.* —ED.

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Reading across pages, then down:

23, 24, 25–Edwin Georgi. • 26–Ollie Atkins. • 28–Ollie Atkins; United Press International. • 29–United Press Int.; from The Acropolis; Wide World; United Press Int. 30–Lynn Buckham. • 31–Nat. Park Concessions, Inc.; Joern Gerdts; Gene Lester. 32–Larry Keighley. • 33–Larry Keighley; Lloyd T. Flowers; American Cancer Soc. (Dan Weiner); Gus Pasquarella. • 34, 35–Joe DeMers. • 36–United Press Int.; Two by Harry Saltzman. • 37–Lynn Buckham. • 38, 39–Jack Fields. • 40–Roy Hescock; Wide World. 41–Two by Roy Hescock; Les T. Ordeman; maps by Zen Yonkovig. • 42, 43–Austin Briggs. • 44–Bill Shrout. • 45–Eugene Kammerman; Shostal; Eugene Kammerman; Photo-Representatives; Eugene Kammerman. • 48–Wide World; two from C. L. Sulzberger. • 49–Wide World; map by Zen Yonkovig; Eugene Kammerman. • 51–Stevan Dohanos. • 136–Anonymous; Harvard News Bur.; Lou Jacobs; Gene Lester.

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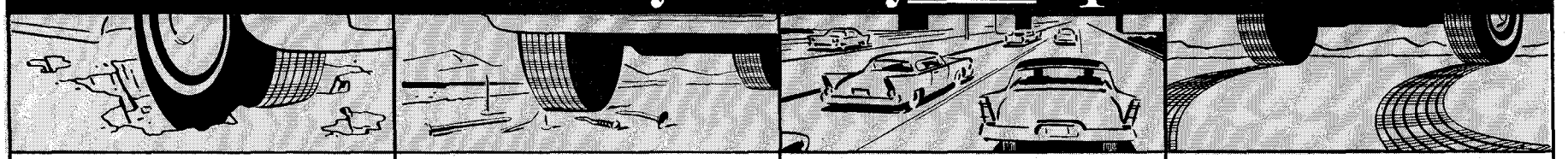

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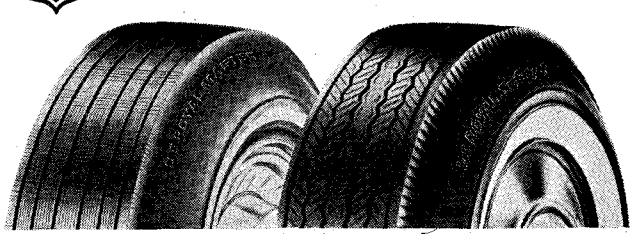
Of all nylon tires, only U. S. Royals are Pressure-Tempered for unitized strength!	U. S. Royals, with nails through treads, survived 5,000 miles—with no flat!	U. S. Royals give you up to 8 times the cruising endurance of ordinary tires!	Thousands of traction edges in new U. S. Royals stop you up to 57.3 feet quicker!

you're first on all four with all-new

U.S.Royal SAFETY 1st Tires

In 241-million test miles, the all-new U. S. Royal Tires have proved themselves *first* on all four safety counts . . . safety from blowouts, from punctures, from skids and in thruway driving. Engineered with your safety as the first consideration, they are—dollar for dollar, mile for mile—the finest tires you can buy. See your U. S. Royal Dealer or car dealer now!



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The Safety First Tire that delivers the utmost in premium performance

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The Safety First Tire that's first choice on the finest of new cars

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RCA Victor jet-tested portable TV prove

In test* by Boeing engineers RCA Victor portable brings in mirror-sharp picture 35,000 feet up! *Think what it can do in your home!*
Even in distant and difficult reception areas these new transformer-powered portables perform beautifully. Trim, tapered, compact, they even *look* powerful. Yet they're ever so easy to carry—*really* portable. For all its sky-high power, new RCA Victor jet-tested portable TV carries down-to-earth prices. Your RCA Victor dealer has just the size and color you want. Make your choice soon.

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Manufacturer's nationally advertised VHF list prices shown. Slightly higher far West, South. UHF optional, extra. Prices, specifications subject to change. RCA Factory Service available in most areas, but only to RCA Victor owners.
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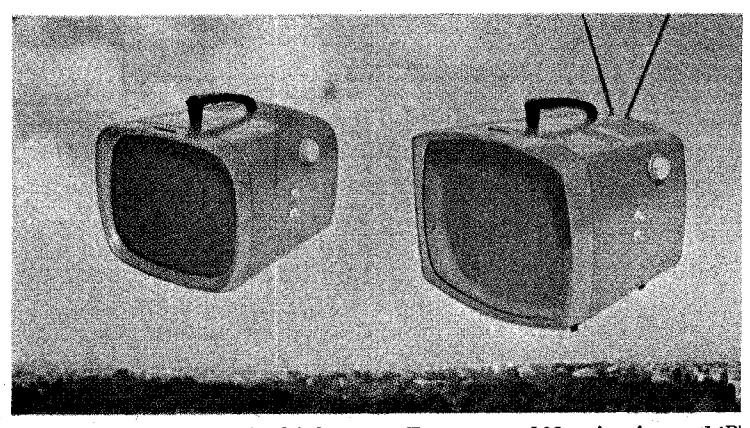

Easy-going jet styling, sky-high power. ***Townsman,*** 108 sq. in. picture (14P' $139.95. ***Dorsey,*** 156 sq. in. picture (17PT904) $169.95. Also shown, at top, right: ***Tarrytown,*** 262 sq. in. picture (21PT909) $229.95. ***Sophisticate,*** 1: in. picture (17PD907) $199.95. ***Urbanite,*** 108 sq. in. picture (14PD903) $1:

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ower in new Boeing 707 jetliner at 600 mph!

w kind of luxury awaits you in the Boeing jet airliners. New spaciousness ew beauty everywhere. Not far from your roomy chair there's the charm of r lounge—where you can enjoy congenial company. You'll be delighted with olors, new designs, attractive new arrangements and many novel conveniences.

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Editorials

Law or No Law, There is a Right to Work!

The poor showing made by Senator Knowland in the recent California primary election is being cited as evidence of a national disapproval of right-to-work laws. He had based much of his campaign for governor on the Republican ticket on that issue.

However, it is a little early for friends of the common man in the labor unions to throw in the towel. In several states right-to-work candidates fared better. In Alabama, Attorney General Patterson won convincingly against a candidate who vigorously opposed legislation to protect rank-and-file workers from exploitation by goons and politically ambitious union bosses. Successes were scored also in New Jersey, Illinois, Indiana and New Mexico by candidates who showed independence of union backing.

Whatever happens to right-to-work *laws*, the Supreme Court, in a surprising recent decision, has conceded that there is at least a right to work. The court upheld the right of an Alabama worker who had been forced by union pickets to remain unemployed and whose automobile had been damaged in a violent assault, to sue in the state courts. Chief Justice Warren in a dissenting opinion made this extraordinary statement:

"There is a very real prospect of staggering punitive damages accumulated through successive actions by members who have succumbed to the emotion that frequently accompanies concerted activities during labor unrest."

In other words, a worker who is beaten up by pickets, his property damaged and his family terrorized should have no redress because the union might have to pay!

To curb goon violence, which is seldom the result of "emotion," as the Chief Justice appears to believe, but is part of a calculated campaign of terror, it is hardly sufficient to give the aggrieved worker the right to sue the union for damages, a right which he seldom has the hardihood to exercise. The rank-and-file worker should be protected by law in his right to join or not to join a labor union as he is protected in his right to choose a church or a chain store.

It is seldom mentioned by opponents of right-to-work laws, but one giant in the labor movement who had serious doubts about the right of unions to decide who should work and who should not was the late Samuel Gompers. In the 1925 edition of his autobiography, Seventy Years of Life and Labor (Dutton), Gompers, after giving an account of an encounter with a man who had been thrown out of a union for strikebreaking, wrote: "I held and I hold that if a union expels a member and he is deprived of his livelihood, in theory or in fact, in so far as he and his dependents upon him are concerned, it is capital punishment."

Last year an abridged edition of the Gompers biography appeared under the editorship of Prof. Philip Taft, of Brown University, and John A. Sessions, a former professor now associated with the International Ladies' Garment Workers Union. Unfortunately this edition omits the great emancipator's comment that exclusion from membership in a union could amount to "capital punishment."

If a man can be deprived of the right to work because of nonmembership in a union, he can easily be the victim of the capital punishment described by Mr. Gompers. Indeed, the files of the McClellan Committee contain many tragic letters from men who are walking the streets in search of work after incurring the displeasure of a union leader and have lost their jobs because of union-shop agreements!

It's Time to Disarm Switch-Blade-Toting Juvenile Hoodlums

With juvenile crime and mayhem on the increase, as registered by local and state police and FBI statistics, it is high time that something was done about the present interstate traffic in switch-blade knives. These lethal weapons play a key role in an appalling number of youth crimes.

Although more than twenty states prohibit the sale of any automatic-opening knife, state authorities are almost powerless to keep these dangerous and fascinating weapons out of the hands of juveniles. According to a recent report by the Senate subcommittee on juvenile delinquency, "local legislation is being systematically circumvented through the mail-order device." The report states that two American cutlery manufacturers have a combined production of over 1,000,000 switch-blade knives a year. This figure is augmented by about 200,000 foreign-made jobs, to make a total figure of 1,200,000 switch-blade knives sold annually.

According to figures compiled by selected police chiefs throughout the nation, the switch-blade knife is the favorite weapon of juveniles who commit assaults with intent to rob and a large percentage of robberies are committed by juveniles. In New York City in 1956, there was an alarming increase of those arrested for the possession of dangerous weapons, which frequently included switch-blade knives.

Youngsters apparently feel an unhealthy fascination for this weapon, which produces its quivering, razor-sharp blade of steel at the touch of a button on the handle. Distributors interviewed by the Senate investigators conceded that many of their sales of switch-blades were to boys no older than eight or nine. Even the armed services have a problem in keeping these things out of the hands of the recruits.

It is going to take time and effort to stamp out the switch-blade traffic, but a good place to start is with Senate Bill 2558, which, if enacted into law, would prohibit interstate traffic in these knives as interstate traffic in narcotics is dealt with. The police chiefs who were queried by the Senate subcommittee were almost unanimously in favor of such a Federal law, without which they are helpless. It seems only sensible to take some effective steps to deprive young hoodlums of one of their most deadly weapons.

In Some Respects the Puerto Ricans are Freer Than We Are

One of the phony issues raised by recent South American turbulence was a demand that the United States "free Puerto Rico." Like many Communistic complaints, this one assumes a situation which scarcely exists. Puerto Ricans voted three to one in 1951 for their island's status as a commonwealth associated with the United States. The Federal Government no longer has any say-so in the island's internal affairs.

Actually, it appears that Puerto Rico has far more freedom under its relationship with the United States than do any of the forty-eight states themselves. Puerto Ricans were permitted to vote on whether they wished to remain affiliated with the United States, but citizens of the states never have been granted an opportunity to vote on whether they desire to keep Puerto Rico as a kind of favored Caribbean cousin. Puerto Rico may secede from the United States, but not one of our states can.

If Alabama, or Mississippi, or Nevada, or Utah, say, contained a rabidly nationalistic element which attempted to assassinate the President of the United States, as a small band of Puerto Ricans did, or if any one of our states as a matter of public policy dumped its surplus population into our large cities, the resentment of the nation probably would be sharp and audible. Yet Puerto Rico does so with scarcely a murmur of protest.

Puerto Rico has made impressive progress under the United States flag, thanks to its own good leadership and to the latitude given it by our Government. It is in position to make tax concessions to attract mainland industries. Its ambitious development program is notably successful. Its decision to stick with the United States a while longer is easy to understand.

Communists who assailed Vice President Nixon over Puerto Rico never have demonstrated outside Soviet embassies, demanding freedom for Albania, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, Estonia, Hungary, Latvia, Lithuania, Poland, Rumania and Yugoslavia. Their failure to do so is typical Communist fakery.

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Storm warnings...and HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

WHEN a sailor encounters rough seas, he will, if possible, seek refuge in the nearest sheltered cove . . . and stay there until the storm has spent its fury.

Those who have high blood pressure, or as doctors say, hypertension, should also steer away from "emotional storms" or upsetting situations. In fact, doctors advise their hypertensive patients to spend as much time as possible in surroundings that help ease daily tensions and strains.

This is important because *sustained* tension tightens up the body's smallest blood vessels and the heart must exert a stronger force or pressure to pump blood throughout the body.

High blood pressure affects about five million Americans . . . and is a major cause of heart trouble in middle age and later years.

Fortunately, treatment for it has steadily improved. Several new drugs, for instance, are bringing relief to many thousands of patients today.

These drugs, however, do not cure the condition. They must be used under close medical supervision, as the doctor has to study each individual case . . . and decide which drug or combination of drugs can be used safely and effectively.

Control of high blood pressure depends, to a considerable extent, upon what patients do about their health. Most patients who are careful about weight control, diet, relaxation, rest—*and who have periodic medical check-ups to guard against possible complications*—can live long, comfortable and useful lives.

The best way to help avoid heart disease due to high blood pressure is to detect and treat hypertension when it first appears, often in the late 30's or early 40's.

So, everyone should have regular health examinations—especially those who are overweight and those who have a family history of hypertension.

Remember that everyone's blood pressure goes up and down depending on whether we're "keyed up" or relaxed. Don't worry if yours is temporarily high, especially during times of stress. Only when blood pressure frequently goes above normal, or stays there, is there cause for concern.

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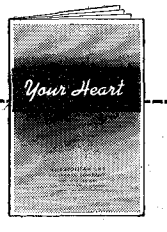

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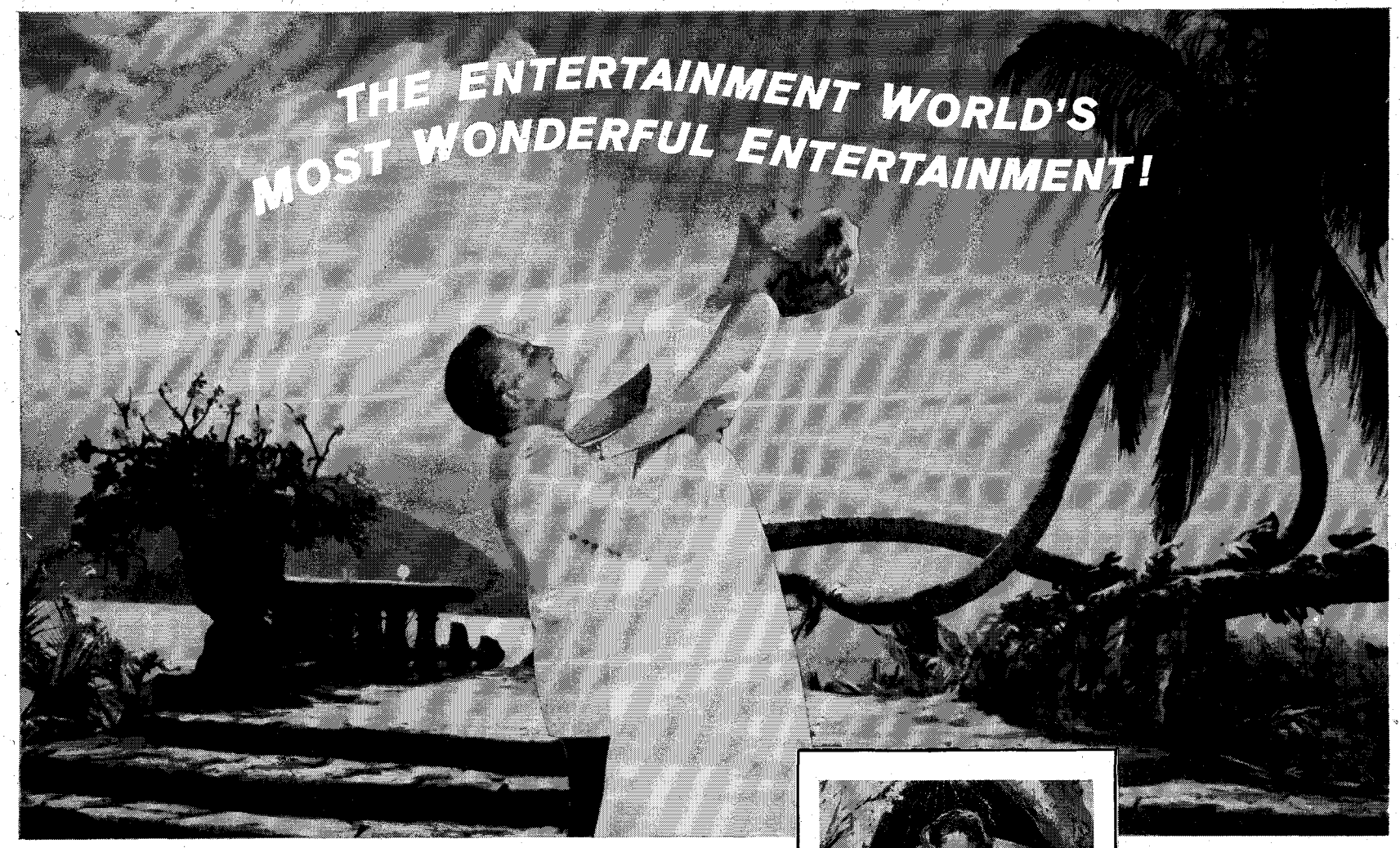

"'SOUTH PACIFIC' IS A NATIONAL INSTITUTION." – Life Magazine. *"IT IS AS HIGH WIDE AND HANDSOME AS TODD-AO AND TECHNICOLOR COULD MAKE IT."* – Cue Magazine. *"A VISUALLY FASCINATING BLOCKBUSTER, MUSICALLY ENCHANTING."* – Newsweek Magazine.

"I'm Gonna Wash That Man"

'Some Enchanted Evening"

"Younger Than Springtime"

"IT'S WONDERFUL, SIMPLY WONDERFUL. OUR ADVICE IS: DO YOUR TICKET SHOPPING EARLY." – Goodhousekeeping Magazine.

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IN THE MIRACLE OF

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CORPUS CHRISTI	Tower
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Without obligation, please send me your free book on TWINDOW . . . the twin-glass windowpane with insulation built in.

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If you live in California, Oregon or Washington, send to: W. P. Fuller & Co., Room 976, 301 Mission St., San Francisco 19, Calif.

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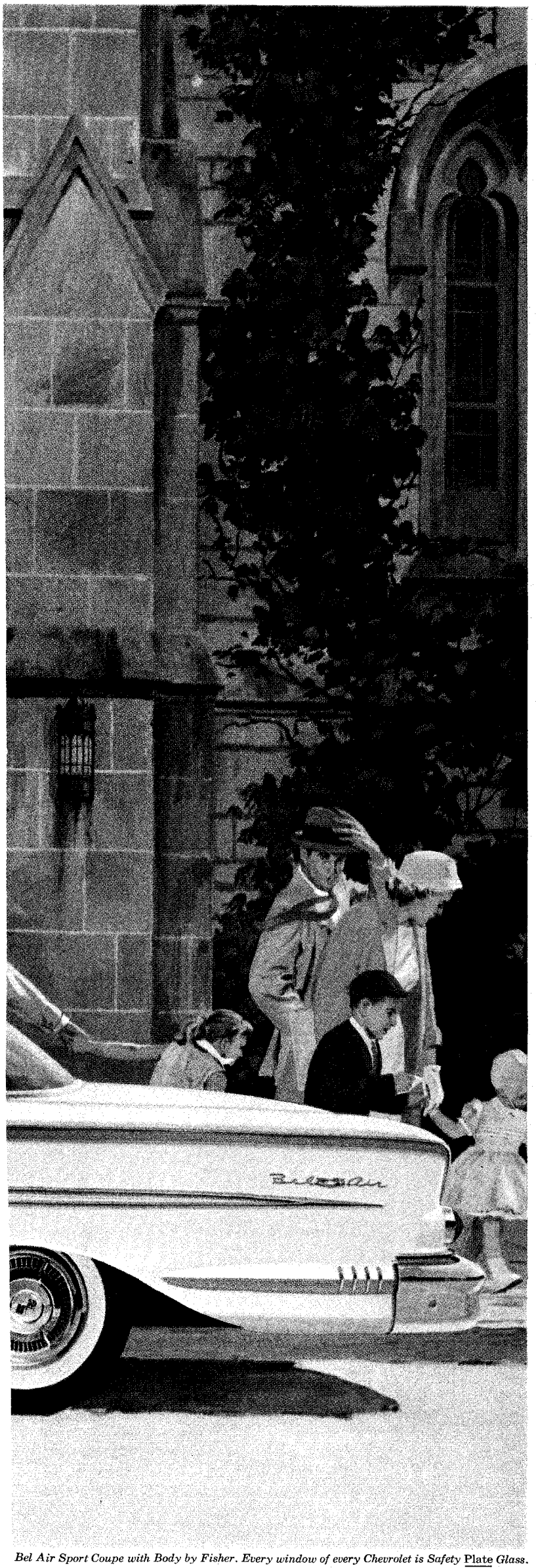


Bel Air Sport Coupe with Body by Fisher. Every window of every Chevrolet is Safety Plate Glass.

YOU LOOK YOUR SUNDAY BEST—AND YOU KNOW IT!

This stylish NEW CHEVROLET

gives you the wonderful feeling of being surrounded by beauty. And the way it rides and responds gives you still more to rejoice in.

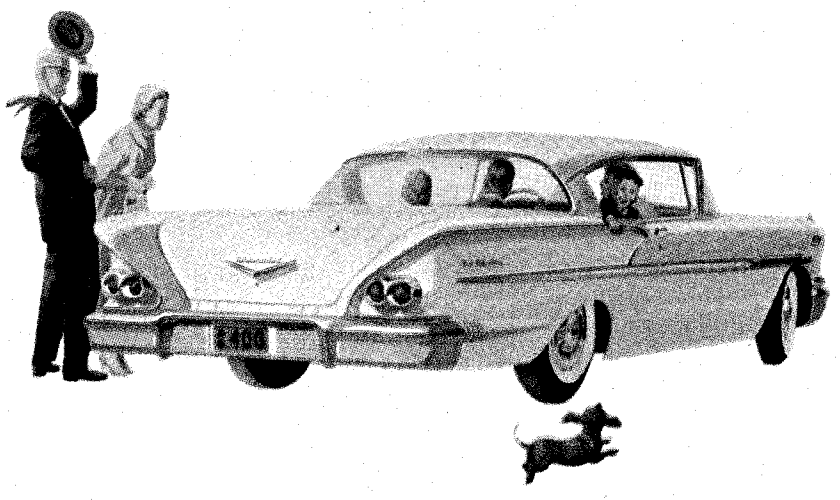
You look your Sunday best every day in the week when you're driving a new Chevy. There's not another car on the road that's dressed in finer style. Take that graceful gull-wing rear. It's so distinctive you can recognize it a block away. It says "Chevrolet"—and nothing else but.

You'll find Chevy's fresh new kind of beauty gets more than its share of admiring glances. Behind the wheel, surrounded by all the fineness of Body by Fisher, you couldn't be sitting prettier. And you're in the right place for real driving pleasure.

The alert way this new Chevrolet handles and responds makes all the motions of driving seem so much easier. The lightest steering pressure keeps you arrowing along in a straight line. Full Coil suspension takes you over ruts and rough spots with incredible smoothness. (Or you can even have a real air ride as an extra-cost option.) A new Safety-Girder frame, along with exceptionally good weight balance, accounts for Chevy's solid, road-gripping feel. And that sweet-humming surge of power—so quick, so quiet—could only come from one of Chevrolet's advanced V8's.

Stop by your Chevrolet dealer's sometime soon and see how good you look—and feel—in your favorite Chevrolet model. To make your satisfaction complete, you'll find that prices begin surprisingly low. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

CHEVROLET



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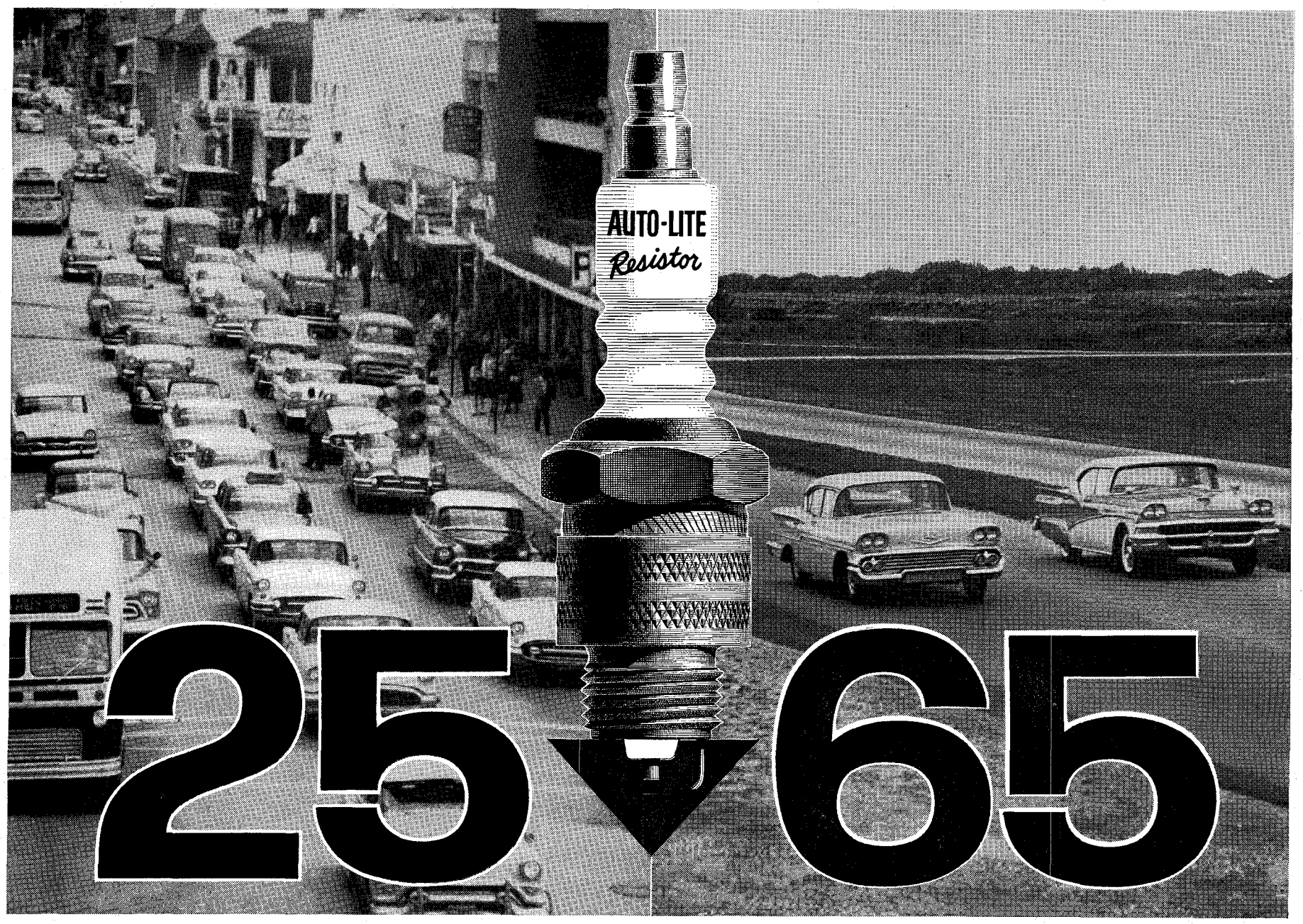
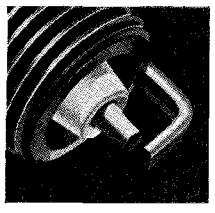


IN TOWN TRAFFIC . . . some spark plugs, designed for high speeds, become fouled and cause misfiring and loss of power when driven at low speeds.

ON THE HIGHWAY . . . some spark plugs, designed for low speeds, misfire causing power loss and invite destructive pre-ignition when driven at high speeds. Why gamble when . . .

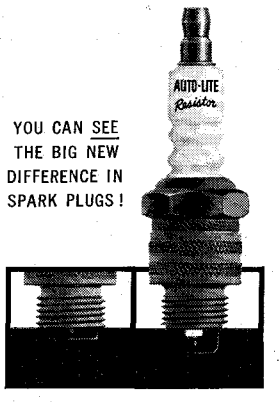
Auto-Lite Resistor Spark Plugs with POWER TIP "fire up" your engine* at all speeds!



If you drive at both town-traffic and highway speeds, here's why you should use Power Tip . . . the first spark plug ignition-engineered for today's engines and today's driving.

At low speeds, the projecting Power Tip is in the thick of combustion where it gets hot quicker and stays hot to burn fouling deposits away *clean*. At higher speeds, the projecting tip is in the path of the incoming air-fuel mixture where it stays cooler to effectively *check* power-robbing pre-ignition. Ask your garage or service station to install Auto-Lite . . . the *only* spark plugs with Power Tip . . . and start enjoying top performance and economy from your car at *all speeds*.

*Power Tip, with or without Resistor, is ignition-engineered for overhead-valve V-8 engines and for most overhead-valve 6-cylinder engines in all these cars—Buick, Cadillac, Chevrolet, Chrysler, DeSoto, Dodge, Edsel, Ford, Hudson, Imperial, Lincoln, Mercury, Nash, Oldsmobile, Packard, Plymouth, Pontiac, Rambler, Studebaker.



Power Tip protrudes farther into the combustion chamber for better ignition. Fuel burns more evenly and completely to give top performance and economy at *all speeds*.

AUTO-LITE® RESISTOR SPARK PLUGS WITH POWER TIP

Auto-Lite manufactures over 400 products, including Spark Plugs, Batteries, Wire and Cable, and Automotive Electrical Systems . . . sold throughout the United States and Canada.

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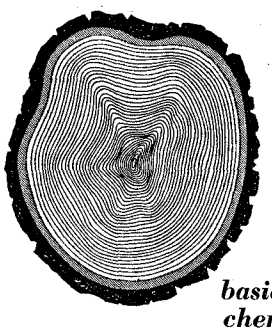
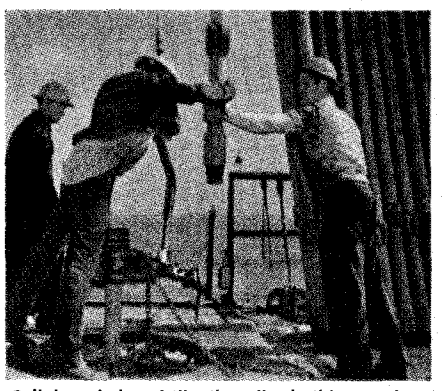
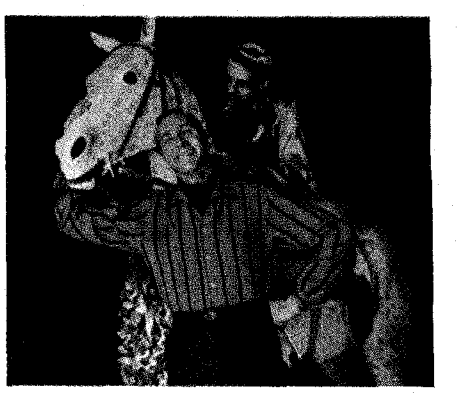


From its tree farms in the U.S.A. and Canada, Rayonier produces the basic raw material chemical cellulose from which the products shown here are made.

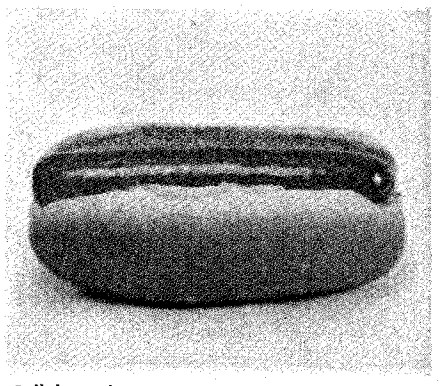


Cellulose helps drill oil wells, build pipe lines and make tough, durable rayon for top-performance industrial hose.

Cellophane —the essential packaging material that keeps foods, cigarettes and so many things fresh—is made from cellulose.

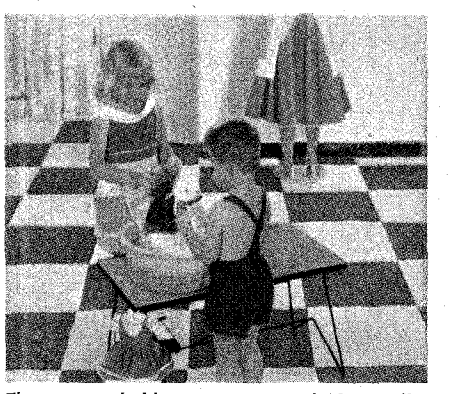


Cellulose is a he-man's world, too: shirts, ties, coats, pants, raincoats with new rayon or acetate blends. Jockey's "silks" too.

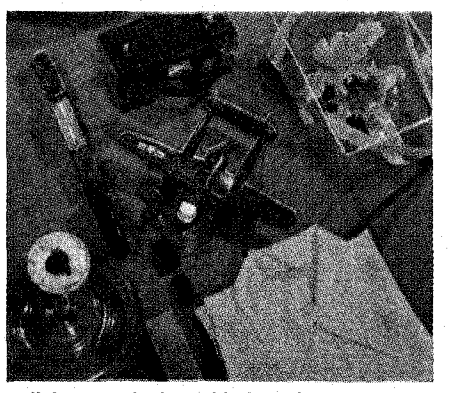


Cellulose shapes superior sausages, also finds its way into drugs, cosmetics, wine filters, surgical dressings.

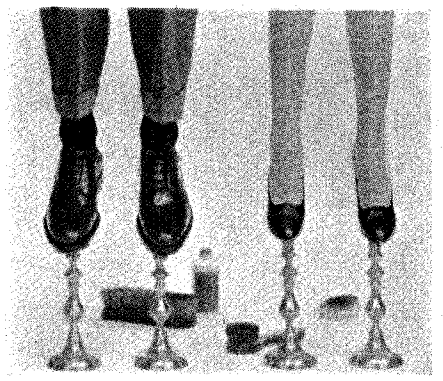
Cellulose is high fashion in rayon and acetate fabrics for gowns, linings, umbrellas, underclothes, robes, carpets, draperies and upholstery.



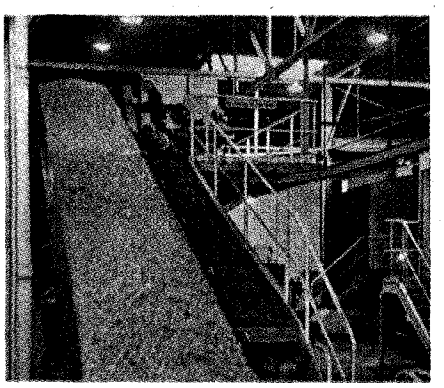
The new washable rayons are made from cellulose. And it appears importantly in detergents and children's clothing.



Cellulose is a building block for leading plastics and the popular sponge; for luggage, clear packaging and sporting ammunition.



New, more comfortable shoe innersoles and linings and those glamorous "crystal" heels on pumps are made of cellulose.

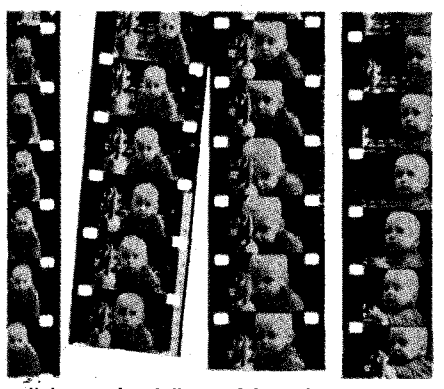


Cellulose runs in big conveyor belts, goes into industrial pipes and yarn, sets foundry molds and makes fine papers finer.

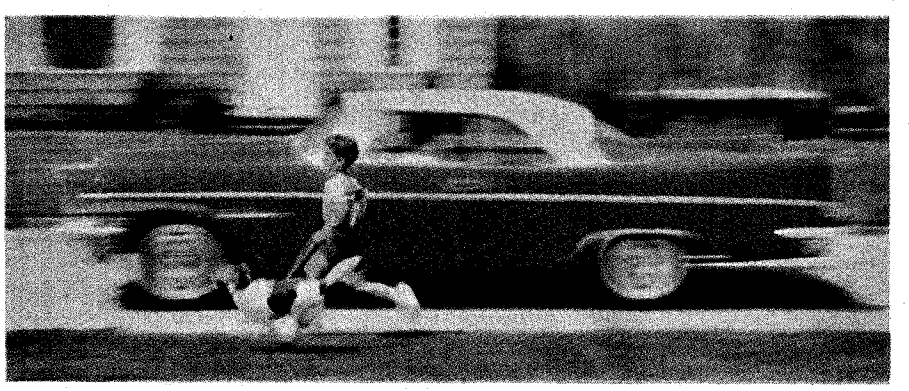
Cellulose is at home in your home in fabrics, plastic dishes, telephones, radio and TV cases, napkins and toilet tissues.

Cellulose helps make a woman's world. From hat trim to heel tip, cellulose-based fabrics are always correct, and a key to quality.

Welding rods work best when cased in a specially prepared Rayonier cellulose. So do modern tool handles made from cellulose.



Cellulose makes billions of feet of film. Movies, stills, X-rays and aerial mappings, color and black-and-white, photo printing paper, too.



Cellulose for your car! . . . in tail-lights, rayon hi-test tires, fan belt, battery plate separators, steering wheel, upholstery and lacquers.

PHOTOS IN THIS ADVERTISEMENT ARE FROM THE FILES OF THE AMERICAN RAYON INSTITUTE, THE LINCOLN ELECTRIC COMPANY AND RAYONIER INCORPORATED.

RAYONIER CELLULOSE - HOW TO USE IT

You have several hundred choices. In fact, if you're like most Americans, you already eat it, wear it, ride on it, wash with it—for cellulose is the natural resource from which some 500 everyday products are made.

You use 434 lbs. of cellulose a year, and Rayonier, as the world cellulose leader, sees this consumption going up. New products are on our customers' drawing boards, and familiar products are being improved at an astonishing rate. (Rayon hi-test tire cord, for example, has been made 50% stronger in the last five years!)

What's ahead? New, improved celluloses in huge supply and at very attractive prices. More products to make life more pleasant. Yes, for you and your family, Rayonier sees an even more wonderful "wonder world of cellulose." And we work toward it.

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RAYONIER

NATURAL RESOURCES CHEMISTRY

Rayonier Incorporated
Executive and General Sales Offices
161 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

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Stop at the Beautyrest sign

Wonderful comfort for the road weary!

After a tiring day on the road, what a comfort to spot the sign that says you'll *really rest*.

The welcome Beautyrest* sign is everywhere today, at all the finest hotels and motels—from coast to coast, border to border.

Only Beautyrest can give the comfort you crave plus the buoyant firmness you need. It's the way it's made. Unique. Completely different from any other mattress. Only in the Beautyrest mattress are springs separate and independent.

They can't sag together under your weight because they are not joined together. Each spring is free to push back up under you—for correct head-to-toe support.

This is what we mean by buoyant firmness—the kind that's best for your comfort, your rest, your back. So turn in at the Beautyrest sign. Better nights. Better days. Better vacation.

P. S. The hotel or motel manager can tell you about mattress values. Rest and comfort are his business. He'll tell you why he picked Beautyrest . . . why it's the best mattress buy today . . . and why it belongs in your home, too!

See Beautyrest listings on opposite page →

*Trade-mark Reg. U. S. Patent Office, Copr. 1958 by Simmons Co., Mdse. Mart, Chicago, Ill.

BEAUTYREST by SIMMONS

Makers of famous Hide-A-Bed® and new Back Care. First mattress with a Built-in Bedboard

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Enjoy Beautyrest comfort coast-to-coast . . . at these motels

Write for free Beautyrest Motel Guide Book
Simmons Company, Merchandise Mart, Chicago 54, Illinois

ALABAMA
Dothan — Walkers Deluxe Motel
Greenville — Reid Motel
Gulf Shores — White-Caps Beach Apts.
Haleyville — Lindley Motel
Jackson — Bolen's Court*
Luverne — Luverne Motel
Montgomery — Gatewood Farm Motor Inn
Opp — Young's Motel
Oxford — Mu-No Motel
Prattville — Town Motel
Scottsboro — Five Points Motel

ARIZONA
Holbrook — Motel Navajo*
Kingman — TraveLodge
Phoenix — TraveLodge
Seligman — Court Unique*
Tempe — TraveLodge
Tucson — TraveLodge
Wickenburg — Double "J" Court
Williams — TraveLodge
Yuma — Desert Lodge Motel*
Yuma — TraveLodge†

ARKANSAS
El Dorado — Canary Court
Eureka Springs — Morgan's Court
Hot Springs — Greenwood Motel
Hot Springs — Perry Plaza Motel
Hot Springs National Park — Arrow Motel
Jonesboro — Jonesboro Motor Courts
Little Rock — Alamo Plaza Hotel Courts
Paragould — The Paragould Motel
Pine Bluff — Gray's Motel
Pocahontas — Pocahontas Tourist Court
West Memphis — 20th Century Motel*

CALIFORNIA
Anaheim — Heidi Motel
Anaheim — TraveLodge†
Bakersfield — El Morocco Motel*
Bakersfield — Motel Whitson*
Bakersfield — Valley TraveLodge
Banning — Bonita Motel*
Banning — The California Motel
Barstow — The Plaza Motel
Barstow — TraveLodge
Berkeley — TraveLodge
Bishop — Piute Lodge Motel
Bishop — Sierra View Motel
Bishop — TraveLodge
Blythe — TraveLodge
Brawley — TraveLodge
Burbank — TraveLodge
Cayucos — Saxby's Motel
Chico — Rio Lindo Motel
Chico — TraveLodge†
Chula Vista — Borderland TraveLodge
Chula Vista — Rancho Del Ray TraveLodge
Coalinga — Motel Morada
Coalinga — TraveLodge
Corona del Mar — Kirkwood Motel
Coronado — Motel Del Island
Culver City — Banner Motel
Daly City — Cavalier Motel
El Centro — TraveLodge
Fontana — Paradise Motel
Fontana — TraveLodge†
Fort Bragg — Driftwood Motel*
Fresno — TraveLodge
Fullerton — Fullerton TraveLodge
Grant-Olancha — J. G. Motel
Greenfield — Motel Californian
Harbor City — TraveLodge
Hollywood — Hollywood Center Motel*
Hollywood — Hollywood TraveLodge
Hollywood — Sunset-La Brea TraveLodge
Hollywood — Vermont-Sunset TraveLodge
Indio — TraveLodge
La Jolla — TraveLodge
Lemon Grove — Grove Motel*
Lodi — Del Rancho Motel
Lomita — Lomita Motel
Long Beach — Nob Hill Motel
Long Beach — TraveLodge
Los Angeles — Eagle Rock TraveLodge
Los Angeles — Encino TraveLodge
Los Angeles — Temple View TraveLodge
Mojave — TraveLodge
Monterey — Rancho Monterey Motel*
Mount Shasta — Chandon's Motel
Needles — TraveLodge
Oakland — Bay Bridge TraveLodge
Oakland — Beverly Terrace
Oakland — Town House TraveLodge
Oakland — West MacArthur TraveLodge
Oceanside — TraveLodge
Ontario — TraveLodge
Palo Alto — TraveLodge
Pasadena — Hi-Way Host Motel
Pasadena — Pasadena TraveLodge
Paso Robles — Farmhouse Motor Lodge
Paso Robles — Marianna Motel
Pismo Beach — The Tides Motel
Pomona — TraveLodge
Rancho Mirage — "The Casbah" Apt. Hotel*
Red Bluff — TraveLodge
Redding — TraveLodge
Redlands — Hanson's Motor Inn
Redlands — TraveLodge†
Richmond — TraveLodge
Riverside — TraveLodge
Sacramento — Nicely Motel
Sacramento — TraveLodge
Salinas — TraveLodge
San Bernardino — Midtown TraveLodge
San Bernardino — San Bernardino TraveLodge
San Bernardino — Valley Motel*
San Carlos — TraveLodge
San Clemente — La Vista Motel
San Diego — Balboa TraveLodge
San Diego — Bayview TraveLodge
San Diego — Cabrillo TraveLodge
San Diego — Civic Center TraveLodge
San Diego — College TraveLodge
San Diego — Downtown TraveLodge
San Diego — Harbor TraveLodge
San Diego — Pacific Beach TraveLodge
San Diego — Park TraveLodge
San Diego — Point Loma TraveLodge
San Diego — Tourlodge Motel
San Diego — Town House Lodge
San Diego — TraveLodge
San Diego — Uptown TraveLodge
San Francisco — Auditorium TraveLodge
San Francisco — Fisherman's Wharf TraveLodge
San Francisco — Franciscan Motel
San Francisco — Golden Gate TraveLodge
San Francisco — Market Street TraveLodge
San Francisco — Motel Doyle Civic Center
San Francisco — Presidio TraveLodge
San Gabriel — Marty Motel
San Jose — TraveLodge
Santa Ana — TraveLodge
Santa Barbara — Sunset Motel
Santa Barbara — TraveLodge-Beach
Santa Barbara — TraveLodge-City Center
Santa Cruz — Salt-Air Court
Santa Maria — TraveLodge
Santa Monica — Pacific Sands Motel
Santa Monica — Santa Monica TraveLodge
Santa Rosa — TraveLodge
San Ysidro — TraveLodge
Scotia — Eel River Motel
South Gate — Lido Motel
Stockton — Hotel St. Leo
Stockton — TraveLodge
Susanville — Meek Motel
Tahoe City — Tamarack Lodge
Torrance — El Rancho
Vallejo — Vallejo TraveLodge
Victorville — TraveLodge
Visalia — TraveLodge†
West Sacramento — Sacramento TraveLodge
Whittier — TraveLodge
Williams — El Rancho Motel

COLORADO
Canon City — J's Motel
Manitou Springs — McLaughlin Family Lodge*
Monte Vista — Veteto Court*

DELAWARE
Laurel — Diamond Motel
Newark — Woodshaven Court
Rehoboth Beach — Sea Ranch Motel

FLORIDA
Bonifay — Sylvian Motel
Callahan — Rainbow Motel & Restaurant
Cocoa — Le Mar Motel
Daytona Beach — White Lady Motel
De Funiak Springs — Adams Motel
De Land — The Boulevard Motel
Fernandina Beach — Ocean View Motel
Flagler Beach — Ken-Mar Motel
Fort Walton Beach — Bacon's By The Sea
Gulf Breeze — Gulf Coast Court
Jacksonville — Cottington Court*
Jacksonville — Palm Garden Motel
Jacksonville — Starlite Motel
Jacksonville — TraveLodge†
Jacksonville Beach — Ace Motel
Jacksonville Beach — Golden Sands Motel
Jasper — Floridan Motel
Lake City — Ramona Park Motel
Leesburg — Haines Creek Cottages
Marathon Shores — Vaca Cut Motel
Melbourne — Neptune Hall Hotel
New Smyrna Beach — Ocean Air Motel
Ocala — Coral Motor Court
Orlando — TraveLodge
Pensacola — Motel Maria
Pensacola — Royal Ranch Court
St. Augustine Beach — Twin Palms Motor-Trailer Court
St. Mark's — St. Mark's Cafe & Motel
St. Petersburg — Ebb Tide Motel*
Sarasota — Dowler's Court & Restaurant
Starke — 301 Star Motel
Tallahassee — Dixie Motel
Tampa — Citrus Motor Lodge
Tampa — Luxury Motel*
Yulee — Winnie Vee Motel & Restaurant

GEORGIA
Atlanta — Town & Country Hotel Courts
Brunswick — Star Motel
Carrollton — Dixie Motel
Chatsworth — Chief Vann Motel
Columbus — The Outpost Inn
Darien — Fort King George Motel
Douglas — Blue Top Motel
Ellaville — Donna Lynne Motel & Restaurant
Eulonia — Sapelo Motor Court
Fitzgerald — Uptown Motel
Glennville — Cheerio Motel
Glennville — 301 Court
Griffin — Peter-Pan Motel*
Madison — Old South Motel
Royston — Royston Motel
Statesboro — Crossroads Motel
Swainsboro — Peebles Motel
Sylvania — Paradise Motel
Thomson — Cotton Patch Motel
Valdosta — Valdosta Motel

IDAHO
Arco — D K Motel
Arco — Lazy "A" Motel*
Ashton — Davis Motel
Boise — Green Gables Motel
Bonners Ferry — Deep Creek Motel
Burley — Green Well Motel
Caldwell — Frontier Motel
Coeur d'Alene — Hart's Motel*
Dubois Star Route — Lone Pine Motel
Grangeville — Camas Motel
Idaho Falls — Colonial Motel*
Kamiah — Dan-Dee Motel*
Kellogg — Trail Motel*
Lewiston — Hillary Motel
Lewiston — Sacajawea Lodge
Nampa — Parkview Motel*
Parma — The Court*
Priest River — Selkirk Motel
Rexburg — Calaway Motel*
Rupert — Fowler Motel

ILLINOIS
Bloomington — L & L Motel
Byron — Blackhawk's Trail Motel
Chatsworth — Motel Cave In Rock
Chatsworth — The Hangar Motel
Chicago — Fairview Motel*
Chicago — Phillips Motel
Chicago — Ranch Motel
Chicago — Shore Drive Motel
Downers Grove — Ranch Manor Motel
East St. Louis — Trail's End Motel
El Paso — Corn Belt Motel
El Paso — Stage Stop Motel
Frankfort — Abe Lincoln Motel
Frankfort — Valley View Motel
Franklin Park — Aragon Motel
Hume — Twilite Motel*
La Grange — Blackhawk Motel
La Grange — La Grange Motel
La Grange — Sunnyside Motel
Litchfield — Annex Motel*
Maple Park — Ron-Jo Motel
Morris — Park Motel
Mundelein — Alloa Motel
Oak Forest — Dreamland Motel
Oreana — The Oreana Motel
Palatine — Black Forest Motel
Pana — Nick's Motel
Peoria — Bel-Aire Motel*
Peru — Tou-Rest Motel
Pontiac — Pontiac Motel
Roanoke — Oak Ranch Motel
Rochelle — Charnock's Motel
Rock Falls — Sweeney Motel*
South Holland — Clover-Leaf Motel

INDIANA
Angola — Panorama Motel*
Angola — Webster Motel
Bedford — Blue Boy Motel
Brazil — Beacon Motel
Bridgeport — Pine Motel*
Crown Point — Gateway Motel
Crown Point — 40 Winx Motel
Dyer — Wheeler's Motel
Franklin — Land-O-Nod Motel
Highland — Bob's Deluxe Motel
Indianapolis — 38th St. Motel, Inc.
Indianapolis — TraveLodge
Jeffersonville — Star Motel
Kentland — Duncan Lodge Motel
Knox — White House Motel
Lafayette — Devon Plaza Motel
Michigan City — Christy's Hotel Court
Michigan City — The Golden Sands Hotel Court
Peru — Skyview Motel
Plymouth — Evergreen Motel
Portland — "J" Motel
Rolling Prairie — Bob's Bar B-Q & Court, Inc.
Rosedale — Elm Row Motel
South Bend — Kentre Motel
Tipton — Flamingo Motor Court
Valparaiso — Meier Motel
Vincennes — El Rancho Motel
Westport — Pine Lake Motel
Westville — Bob's Motel
Wheatland — Motel Vagabond*

IOWA
Centerville — Howdy Stranger Motel*
Davenport — La Fonda Motel
DeWitt — Cross Roads Motel*
Farley — Rainbow Motel
Keokuk — Chief Motel
Shenandoah — Tall Corn Motel
Spirit Lake — D & S Motel*

KANSAS
Cunningham — Knotty Pine Motel
Hiawatha — Sun Flower Motel*
Wichita — 96 Motel*

KENTUCKY
Berea — Wilderness Trail Motel
Bowling Green — Crossland Motel
Elizabethtown — Cardinal Motel
Fulton — Fulton Motel
Fulton — Park Terrace Motel and Restaurant
Glasgow — Glasgow Motel
Guthrie — Covington Motel
Henderson — Holiday Motel*
Hopkinsville — King's Court
Hopkinsville — Rock City Motel
Leitchfield — Frank's Motel*
Lexington — Keenland Motel
Lexington — Ranch Motel
Lexington — Sportsman Motel
Lexington — Stables Motel
Monticello — Monticello Motel
Pikeville — Mayo Trail Motel & Restaurant
Sturgis — New Sturgis Motel*

LOUISIANA
Homer — Claiborne Hotel Courts
Metairie (New Orleans) — Mardi Gras Motel
Monroe — Broadmoor Motel
Ruston — Motel Pines
Shreveport — Alamo Plaza Hotel Court

MAINE
Jackman Station — The Jackman Motel*
Kittery — Co-Z Motel
Lincoln — Thomas Court

MARYLAND
Baltimore — Colonial Motel
Edgewood — Motel Chase Manor
Edgewood — Motel Edgewood
Grantsville — Little Meadow's Motel
Hagerstown — Water View Motel, Inc
Oakland — Motel Oakland
Ocean City — Sunset View Motel
Perryville — Oakcrest Motel*

MASSACHUSETTS
Buzzards Bay — Bay Motor Court Motel*
Great Barrington — Golden Eagle Motel
Provincetown — Holiday Shores Motel
South Harwich — Stone Horse Motel*
Wellfleet — Ann's Motor Lodge
West Hatfield — The Triangle Motel
West Springfield — Langsyne Motel*

MICHIGAN
Alma — Motel Decker
Au Gres — Hammell Beach Motel
Barryton — Murphy's Motel
Battle Creek — Park Motel
Copper Harbor — Minnetonka Resort & Trading Post
Deerton — Pine Cone Motel
Eagle River — Swank's Motel
East Tawas — Carl's Motel
East Tawas — Holland Hotel
Flat Rock — La Rue Motel*
Holland — Speet's Motel
Manistee — Moonlite Motel
Marquette — Wahlstrom's Motel*
Midland — Gate-Way Motel
Newberry — Cedar Gables Motel*
Newberry — Green Acres Motel
Newberry — Orchard Grove Motel
Ontonagon — Hokans Motel
Paw-Paw, Lake Coloma — Schick's Motel
Royal Oak — Seville Motel
St. Ignace — Maple Rest Motel
South Haven — Aldo Motel
Tawas City — Sims Northwoods Motel
Whittemore — Rama Motel

MINNESOTA
Ely — Motel Ely
Grand Rapids — Riverside Motel
Little Falls — Clifwood Motel
Minneapolis — Clover Motel
Red Wing — Albrecht's Hiawatha Motel
St. Cloud — Kleis Motel
Worthington — Shady Lane Motel

MISSISSIPPI
Corinth — No-El Motel
Eupora — Skinney's Motel
Meridian — Morocco Lodge Motel
Natchez — Windmill Motel & Court
New Albany — Southland Motel
Philadelphia — Delphia Court*
Summit — Lake Motel

MISSOURI
Columbia — Show-Me Motel
Joplin — Joplin Motel
Lexington — Kopp's Motel
Mansfield — Mansfield Motel*
Poplar Bluff — Tower Motel
St. Charles — Monarch Motel*
St. Clair — Scully's Motel
St. Louis County — New King Bros. Motel
Van Buren — Hawthorne Motel

MONTANA
Belgrade — Three Cheers Motel
Bozeman — Rambler Motel
Butte — Eddy's Motel
Butte — Treasure Trail Motel
Columbia Falls — Bad Rock Canyon Motel
Columbia Falls — Cedar Lodge Motel
Coram — Evergreen Motel
Cut Bank — Glacier Hotel & Motel
Cut Bank — Terrace Motel
Hamilton — Sportsman Motel
Helena — Star Motel
Hungry Horse — Crooked Tree Motel
Kalispell — El Rancho Motel
Kalispell — Rest Inn Motel
Libby — Dalton's Motel
Libby — Evergreen Motel
Miles City — Sunset Motel*
Mountain View — Malone's Motel
Shelby — O'Haire Manor
Troy — Emily's Motel
Whitefish — View Mount Motel
White Sulphur Springs — Castle Motel
Yellowstone Park — Parker Lodge*

NEBRASKA
Arapahoe — McCoy's Motel*
Fremont — Downtown Motel
Kearney — Hammers Motel
Lexington — Plum Creek Motel*
Valentine — Ballard Motel

NEVADA
Carson City — Ormsby Motel
Las Vegas — Tumbleweed Motel
Las Vegas — TraveLodge
Las Vegas — Twin Lakes Lodge*
Las Vegas — Wittwer Motel
Las Vegas — Ye Kings Rest Motel
Lovelock — Star Motel
Tonopah — David L & L Motel
Yerington — El Corral Motel
Yerington — Ranch House Motel

NEW HAMPSHIRE
Charlestown — Indian Shutters
Hillsboro — Bear Hill Motel*
Keene — Motor Inn Motel
Mt. Sunapee — White Birch Motel
Nashua — Motel Nashua
Peterborough — Robbins Motel
Randolph — Mt. Jefferson Motel & Restaurant

NEW JERSEY
Absecon — Motel Tenacres
Allendale — Bel Air Motel
Branchville — Bennett's Motel
Branchville — Pink Lantern Motel
Butler — Roserne Motor Court
Clinton — Clinton Motel
Maple Shade — Patio Court Motel
Metuchen — Swiss Motel
Point Pleasant Beach — Windswept Motel
Somerville — Oak Hill Motel*
Somerville — Sunset Motel
South Amboy — Sauter's Motel
Springfield — Colonial Motor Court
Trenton — Clarksville Motel
Vineland — Hotel Vineland
Wildwood — Sun-Ray Motel*

NEW MEXICO
Alamogordo — TraveLodge†
Albuquerque — Albuquerque TraveLodge
Albuquerque — TraveLodge
Gallup — Ranchito Motel
Lordsburg — Yucca Motel
Raton — Maverick Lodge
Roswell — Central Motel
Roswell — Spring River Motel

NEW YORK
Barneveld — Beachley's Motel
Binghamton — Kirkwood Motel
Buffalo — Ellicott Park Court
Cohoes — Olendorf's Motel
Cooperstown — Deer Run Motel
Elmira — Shady Lawn Motor Court*
Kingston — Costello's Motor Court
Lake George — Sequoia Motel
Lake George — Swiss Village Motel
Lake Luzerne — Lamplighter Lodge*
Lake Placid — Riebel's Motel*
Liverpool — Ed Martin's Motel
Long Island City — Doyle Trucking Corporation
Monroe — James Deluxe Motel
Montauk, Long Island — Sands Motel
Montauk, Long Island — Wavecrest Apartments on Ocean
Monticello — Monticello Inn Motel
Morrisville — Kieffer Motel
Narrowsburg — Win-Hen Motel
Newburgh — Ka-Jax Motel
Newburgh — Rhoda Courts Motel
Niagara Falls — Honeymoon Motel*
Niagara Falls — Messer's Motor Court*
Niagara Falls — Sky-Port Motel
Niagara Falls — Traveler's Lodge
North Hudson — Larsen's Motel
North Syracuse — Klasen's Motel
No. Tonawanda — Russell's Motel*
Olean — El Rancho Motel
Oswego — Evergreen Motel
Riverhead, Long Island — Riverhead Motel
Riverhead, Long Island — Weeping Willow Motel
Skaneateles — Finger Lakes Motel
Sodus — "104" Motel
South Wales — South Wales Motel
Utica — Astafan's Motel
Valatie — Blue Spruce Motel
West Nyack — Nyack Motor Hotel
Woodstock — Farrell's Motel*

NORTH CAROLINA
Bryson City — Bennett's Court
Bryson City — Collins Motel
Bryson City — Rhododendron Motel
Charlotte — Casa Rancho Motor Lodge
Charlotte — Motel Osborne
Elizabethtown — Al-Bar-Mar
Harmony — Hayes Motel
Jacksonville — Coastal Motel
Jefferson — Sportsmans Lodge
Laurinburg — Pine Acres Motor Lodge
Mount Airy — Blu-Vue Motel
Reidsville — Monticello Motel
Rockingham — Jim's Motel*
Sharpsburg — Bright Leaf Motel
Sylva — Clark's Cottages*

NORTH DAKOTA
Bismarck — Hi-Way Motel
Devils Lake — R & L City Center Motel
Dickinson — Enger's Motel*
Hettinger — Motel Ray*
Jamestown — Wolf Motel
Minot — Halvors Motel
Minot — The Walsh Motel

OHIO
Aberdeen — Fenner Motel
Adelphi — Mahoney's Motel
Barberton — Macko's Motel
Bridgeport — Hillside Motel
Bryan — Colonial Manor Motel*
Cambridge — Frisbee City Motel*
Cleveland — Hillcrest Motel
Cleveland — TraveLodge
Clyde — Camp Grand Motel*
Columbus — Westlake Motor Court
Donnelsville — Adobe Motel
Fremont — Great Lakes Motel
Galion — Swiss Village Motel
Geneva — Betty's Motel
McConnelsville — Edlo Motel
Middletown — Dixie Motor Court*
Morristown — Star Motel
Newcomerstown — Frontier Motel
New Concord — Hughey's Motel
North Bend — North Bend Inn
Norwalk — Royal Motel
Sandusky — Rancho Pillow Motel
South Vienna — Vienna Motel & Restaurant
Steubenville — Floyd D. Lazear
Toledo — Ban-Rey Motel*
Toledo — Central Motel
Toledo — Swartz's Motel
Toledo — TraveLodge
Upper Sandusky — Days' Motel*
Wellington — Ranch House Motel
West Jefferson — Graham Motel
Youngstown — Mac-Mar Motel*

OKLAHOMA
Chickasha — Baker Motel*
Holdenville — Estes Motel
Oklahoma City — Shady Motel
Okmulgee — Bel-Air Motel
Tulsa — Toby's Beauty Rest Court*
Tulsa — Will Rogers Motor Court*

OREGON
Astoria — Bay-View Motel
Astoria — Sunny Lane Motel*
Bend — New Riverside Motels
Bend — Plaza Motel
Burns — Hi-Way Motel
Chiloquin — Melita's Motel
Clatskanie — Clatskanie Motel
Coos Bay — Bayshore Motel
Coquille — Myrtle Lane Motel
Eugene — Eugene Motel
Eugene — Manor Motel Motel*
Eugene — Mills Motel
Eugene — Texan Motel
Eugene — TraveLodge
Eugene — West 6th Motel
Eugene — Wil-Mar Motel
Gilchrist — Jack Pine Motel
Gold Beach — Elliott's Motel
Gold Beach — Leith Motel*
Klamath Falls — De Luxe Motel
LaGrande — Red Shutter Motel*
Lebanon — Gables Motel
Medford — TraveLodge
Medford — Wheel Inn Motel
Moro — Robies Motel*
Myrtle Creek — Bounds Motel
Newport — Welcome Traveler Motel
North Bend — Bay Bridge Motel
Oakridge — Hall's Motel
Ontario — Town House Motel*
Pendleton — Let'er Buck Motel
Portland — Cascade Motel
Portland — Dale's Motel
Portland — Engelwood Motel
Portland — Monticello Motel
Portland — Nordic Motel
Portland — TraveLodge
Portland — White City Motel
Port Orford — Shoreline Motel
Rhododendron — Snowline Motel
Roseburg — Sycamore Motel
Rufus — Arrowhead Motel
Salem — Capital Cottages Motel
Salem — Knot-E-Pine Motel
Salem — Minnesota Motel
Seaside — Emerald Court Motel*
Seaside — Like's Lodge Motel
The Dalles — The Dalles Park Motel*
Waldport — Deane's Oceanside Lodge
Yachats — Adobe Motel

PENNSYLVANIA
Allentown — Klein's Motel
Ardmore — Quaker Lodge
Bloomsburg — 4 Flues Motel*
Bloomsburg — Tenny Town Motel
Bradford — Lafayette Motel
Clearfield — Penn Laurel Motel*
Dallas — Dallas Motel
Ebensburg — Susan Durkovich
Erie — Flamingo Motel
Franklin — Sun-Set Motel
Girard — Jordan's Deluxe Motel
Greencastle — The Oaks Motel
Harrisburg — Shefford Court Motel*
Harrisburg — Stonecrest Motel*
Johnstown — Anderson Motel
Kittanning — Coach 'n Four Motel
Langhorne — Clover Motel
Meadville — Flaugh's Towne & Country Motel, Inc.
Monroeville — Holiday House, Inc.
Morgantown — Morgantown Motel
Mt. Pocono — Mount Pocono Motel
Myerstown — Lake's Motel & Service Station
North East — Dohler's Cottages
Portersville — Park View Motel*
Shippensburg — Wynkoop's Motel
Somerset — Roof Garden Motel*
Stroudsburg — Roxann Lodge & Motel
Tower City — The Barn*
West Springfield — Springfield Manor Motel
West Springfield — Ideal Motel
Wilkes-Barre — Carousel Motel

RHODE ISLAND
Lincoln — Clover Leaf Motel*
Wickford — Bob Bean Motel

SOUTH CAROLINA
Georgetown — Deason's Motel
McCormick — Oak Hill Motel
Santee — Mansion Park Motor Lodge

SOUTH DAKOTA
Aberdeen — Breeze-Inn Motel
Custer — Rocket Motel
Deadwood — Terrace Motel*
Murdo — Motel Boysen
Rapid City — Motel Rapid
Rapid City — Swiss Chalets Motel*
Rapid City — Town 'n Country
Spearfish — McColley Motor Court
Wall — Mills Badlands Lodge
Watertown — Scotts Motel

TENNESSEE
Chattanooga — Dixie Land Motel
Chattanooga — Fricks Motel
Chattanooga — Trade Winds Motel No. 1
Chuckey — Dixie Motel
Clarksville — A & W Motor Court Inc.
Columbia — James K. Polk Motel
Columbia — Julian Mays Motor Hotel
Dyersburg — Dyersburg Plaza Court
Harriman — Arrowhead Motel
Jacksboro — Tennessee Motel
Knoxville — Treemont Motel
Manchester — Park Motel
Martin — Martin Plaza Motel
Memphis — Rogers Motel
Memphis — Shelby Motel
Memphis — Silver Horse Shoe Motel
Memphis — Town Park Motor Hotel
Memphis — TraveLodge†
Morristown — Colonial Motel*
Nashville — Anchor Motel
Nashville — Mimosa Gardens Motel
Nashville — York Motel Court
Selmer — L and M Motel
Sunbright — Sunbright Motel

TEXAS
Amarillo — Colonial Manor
Ballinger — Motel Stonewall*
Beaumont — Edson Motor Hotel
Bowie — Hutchison Courts
Brownsville — Nel Roy Hotel Apts.
Clyde — La Siesta Motel
Dallas — Shamrock Motel*
Denison — Den-tex Motel
El Paso — Royal Arms Motor Hotel
Franklin — Reinhardt's Motel*
Gonzales — Warm Springs Motel
Houston — Buffalo Inn Hotel
Longview — Lone Star Motel
Palacios — Glendale Courts
San Antonio — Hot Wells Motel*
Sherman — Melton Motel
Texarkana — Texana Motel
Vernon — Western Motel

UTAH
Manti — Manti Motel
Moab — Canyon Motel
Ogden — Mountain View Motel
Panguitch — Bryce Way Lodge
Salt Lake City — Bradfield Motor Lodge
Salt Lake City — Brewster's Seagull Motel
Salt Lake City — TraveLodge
Springdale — Zionville Motel
St. George — Wittwer Motor Lodge
Tremonton — Marble Motel*

VERMONT
Burlington — Ho-Hum Motel
South Burlington — Cupola Motel
South Burlington — Redwood Motel & Coffee Shop*
Vergennes — New Haven Motel

VIRGINIA
Abingdon — Virginia Hills Motel
Alexandria — Virginia Motel
Bedford — Bedford Motel
Chase City — Country Squire Motel
Fairfax — Motel Washington*
Fredericksburg — Baldwin Motel
Keysville — Sheldon's Motor Court
Leon — Shady Grove Motel
Norton — Old Virginia Motel
South Hill — South Hill Motel and Restaurant
Virginia Beach — The Suntide Motel
Winchester Elms Motor Court & Dining Room*
Woodstock — Woodstock Motel

WASHINGTON
Bellingham — 2400 Motel
Cle Elum — Bonita Motel
Coulee City — Ala Cozy Motel*
Everett — TraveLodge
Forks — Prairie Motel*
Friday Harbor — Lonesome Cove Resort*
Grand Coulee — Charlann Motel*
Longview — City Center Motel
Mercer Island — TraveLodge
Moses Lake — Chief Moses Motel
Moses Lake — TraveLodge†
Packwood — Tatoosh Motel
Puyallup — Brad's Motel
Seattle — TraveLodge
Spokane — Wynne Motel
Sunnyside — Motel Unique
Tacoma — Biltmore Motel*
Tacoma — Home Motel*
Tacoma — TraveLodge
Vancouver — Fort Motel
Vancouver — Red Top Lodge Motel*
Vancouver Stagecoach Inn Motel & Restaurant
Walla Walla — A & H Motel
Walla Walla — Walla Walla Lodge*
Walla Walla — Wayside Motel
Woodland — Lakeside Motel
Yakima — Motel 97
Yakima — Red Apple Motel

WEST VIRGINIA
Aurora — Fairlea Motel
Aurora — Mill Stone Lodge
Berkeley Springs — Boyer's Off the Hi-Way Motel
Bridgeport — Roth Motel
Cairo — Rain Bow Motel
Clarksburg — Hedges Motel
Clarksburg — Suncrest Court
Grafton — Cozy Rest Motel
Huntington — Robinson's Lakeside Inn
Hurricane — Putnam Motel
Kingwood — Marleen Motel
Martinsburg — Pikeside Motel
Parkersburg — Jobes Motel*
Pennsboro — Pennsboro Motel
Sutton — Laurel Court Motel
Thornton — Elmlee Lodge
Weirton — Weirton Motel
Wheeling — Valley Motel

WISCONSIN
DePere — Niteway Motel
Eau Claire — Blue Dream Motel
Elm Grove — Sleepy Hollow Motel
Lake Geneva — Boulevard Motel*
Lake Geneva — Reichert's Motel
Lake Geneva — Shady Lawn Motel
Manitowoc — Manitou Motel
Mauston — The Willows Motel
Menomonee Falls — De-Lux Motel
Middleton — Lake View Motel
Oshkosh — Mi-Rae Motel
Oshkosh — Royal Motel
Park Falls — The Mason Motel*
Salem — Janssen's Motel
Sauk City — Ganser's Motel
Superior — Stockade Motel
Tomahawk — A & L Motel
Union Grove — Esmond Motel
Viroqua — Hickory Hill Motel
Wisconsin Dells — Landeck's Auto Court
Wisconsin Dells — McBryde's Motel
Wisconsin Dells — Olson Motor Lodge
Wisconsin Dells — Spring Hill Motel

WYOMING
Sundance — Circle S Motel

ALASKA
Seward — Vacation Villa Motel

CANADA
Victoria, B.C. — Islander Motel

CUBA
Nueva Gerona, Isle of Pines — Bamboo Motel Restaurant and Pool*

MEXICO
Tijuana — Agua Caliente TraveLodge

*Not 100% Beautyrest equipped
†Motel under construction

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ADDRESS_____

CITY & STATE_____

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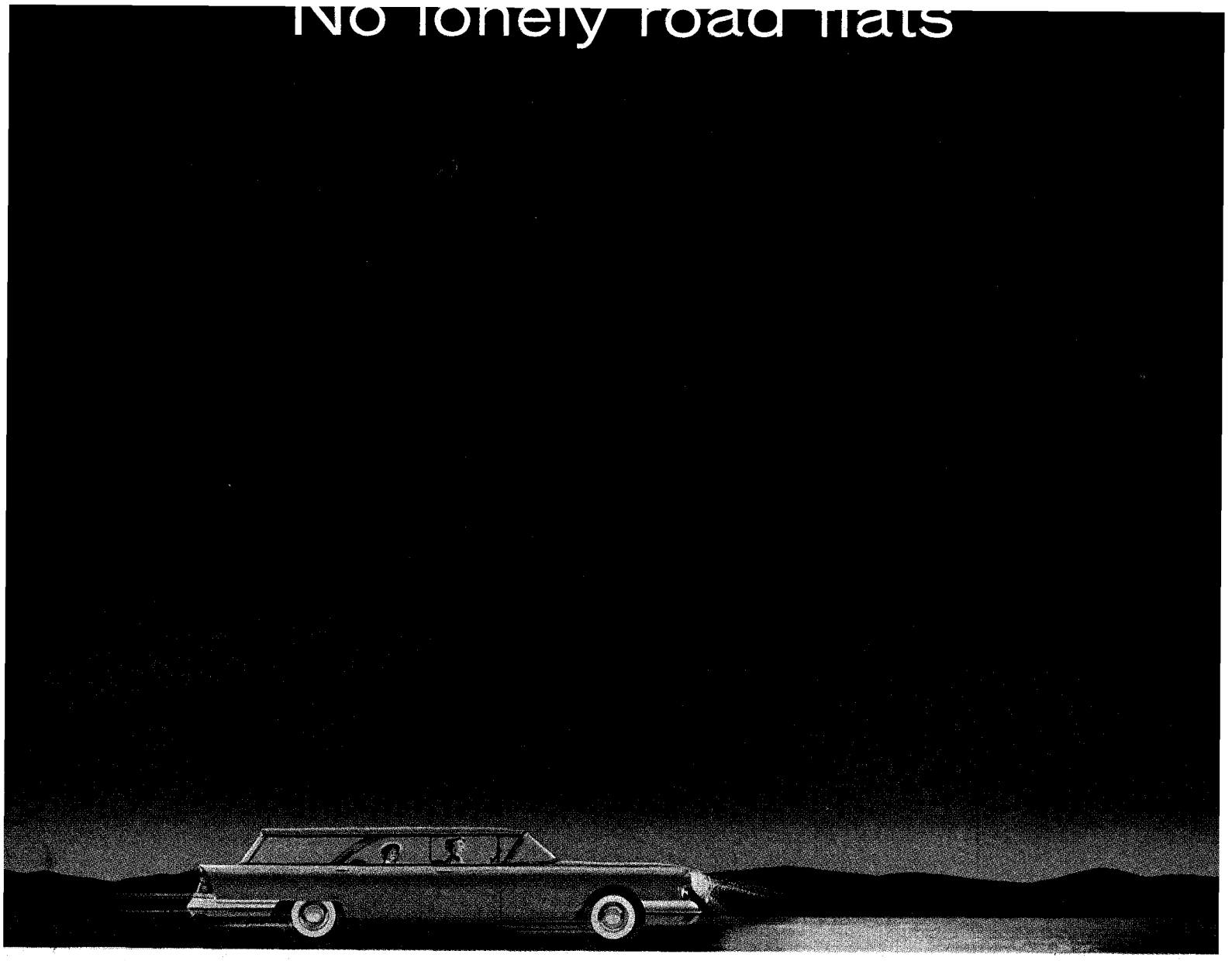

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I MARRIED MURDER

They said my wife was a killer and I called them liars. But then even I began to doubt . . .

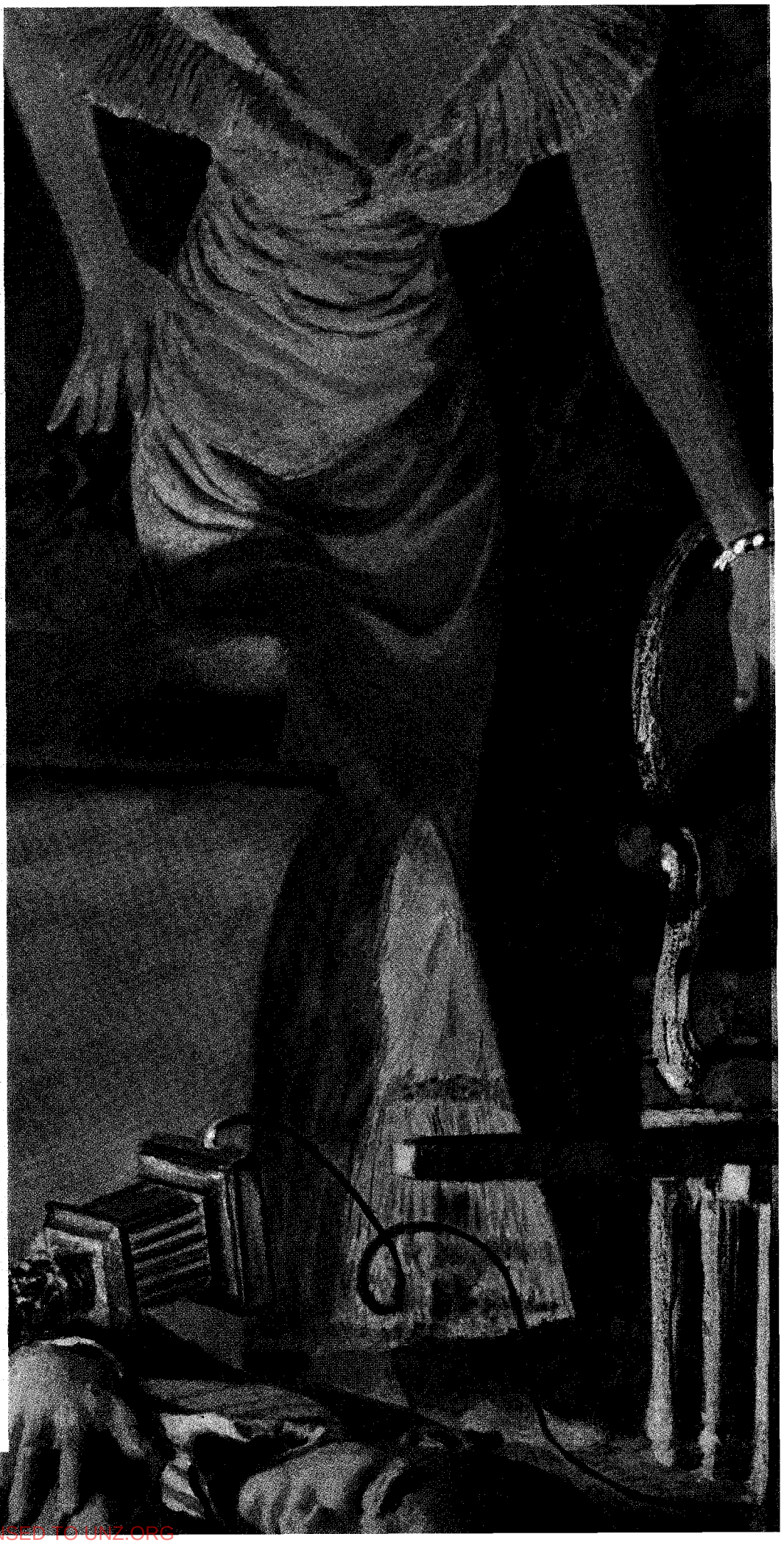
First of Eight Parts

By EDWIN LANHAM

I had sailed these waters since boyhood—the length of Long Island Sound and to the Vineyard and Nantucket—and the truth was that canvas and blue water had begun to lose their magic and one harbor had become much like another and the horizon had beckoned with a too familiar hand. But now it was all fresh again. There was a new enchantment and every port was a new port because I saw it through Stella's eyes. The perfect moment of each sailing day was entering a new harbor as we were now entering West Harbor at Fishers Island—sailing in and finding anchorage and sharing our meal under a boom awning as we watched the sun set—now on this, the last day of our honeymoon.

She was standing in the pulpit at the bow of the Kiewieden with the anchor catted as I steered between South Dumpling and the shore, and as I turned the red marker buoy and brought to view the network of spars and rigging in the harbor, she turned her head and smiled. Often on our long days on the water she had sat gazing off at the horizon; she had seemed lost to me in deep reverie, with her face in the masklike planes of someone quite alone and far from any other, but if I spoke or touched her hand, she had turned to me at once, as she turned now, with a quick, awakening smile.

I have always been inclined to be a conservative, even a conventional, man, and I must add that there have been the contributing influences of background (New England for many generations) and training (in the Stewart Brass Foundry, the family enterprise) (Continued on Page 25)



Stella stared down at Jim's body. He had been shot through the heart.

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Stella's lips were set in a tight line. Quickly she made the motion of drawing a gun from a holster and pulling the trigger.

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(Continued from Page 23) and education (Yale University, English major). My home was less than an hour's drive from the Yale Bowl, and Long Island Sound was at my doorstep. My life had always followed a conventional pattern which had acquired each year a more pronounced definition, and until I married Stella Prescott my every act had been predictable. But Stella was the variation in the pattern—the cryptic design and the flame of color on the field subdued, the intrusion of the unexpected, even the unknown.

I had the natural misgivings of any man who has introduced a bird of exotic plumage among plain domestic fowl, and I could not help being concerned about tomorrow, when we would be home again in the old familiar environment which no breath of scandal had ever touched. I thought that I had handled the situation rather well, but perhaps it was significant that I should regard my marriage as a situation; it showed at least how strongly I was rooted in convention.

I had been selecting our anchorage as I sailed into West Harbor—a place as remote as possible from the other yachts at anchor—but I steered away from my first choice when I saw the burgee of the Menasset Yacht Club on the masthead of a pale blue sloop, saw a girl in a canary-yellow sweater sitting in the cockpit. The sloop was a fifty-footer named Thunderbird and flew the same burgee as I did on the Kiewieden, and the girl, of course, would be Gladys Bevans.

I brought the Kiewieden into the wind two hundred yards from the Thunderbird. Stella had learned in two weeks of sailing and needed no orders; before I had dropped the sail she had the anchor overboard and had let out scope, and as I was furling the canvas she went below for the boom awning.

Helping me rig it, she said, "Tomorrow is the last day, Mike, but it's really over now—tonight. Tomorrow will be just the trip home."

"The last leg," I said cheerfully; then saw her shadowed eyes and the uncertainty of her sensitive lips. I went on quickly, to hide the uneasiness I also felt. "Our honeymoon will never be over, Stella." I laid my hand on hers as we faced each other with the boom and its bulky sail between. "That sounds fatuous," I said. "I suppose every bridegroom says it, but I happen to mean it and believe it too."

"You're sweet, darling," she said. "It's only that —— Well, tomorrow night we'll be back in your home town, with all your old friends. I'll be honest and say it scares me."

"I'm an average guy," I said. "I move around with an average group of people. You'll find them the same in St. Louis or Ashtabula or, as it now happens, here in Connecticut. They'll all love you."

"I pray so," she said. "I only know they're all dying to lay eyes on Michael Stewart's new wife."

"And she'll knock their eyes out," I said. "If she doesn't, I will."

It was better to end it on that note, to leave the rest unspoken. I did not want to communicate my own doubts to her. I was the husband, the protector, and what I had meant was that I would knock the eyes out of any gossips or talebearers; I even felt a wave of preparatory anger. But I smiled and squeezed her hand and, glancing away, saw a dinghy with a one-horse outboard mounted on its transom coming steadily our way. At the tiller was a stocky man with crew-cut white hair and a ruddy face.

"You'll be meeting my friends sooner than tomorrow," I said, nodding toward the dinghy. "That blue sloop over there is the Thunderbird from Menasset, Sam Bevans' boat. That's Sam in the dinghy."

"Then the girl with him is the one you told me about?" she murmured. "Your old flame?"

"They'll ask us over to the Thunderbird for cocktails, probably," I said.

She hesitated. "Mike, do we have to?"

"I'll stall them off," I promised.

I stood waiting in the cockpit with my hands in the pockets of my Bermuda shorts, and I suppose I looked inhospitable. If a man's home is his castle, his yacht is a castle with a moat around it; no one boards her without asking permission. I had kept my weight down and I was only five pounds heavier at thirty than I had been at twenty-two, but nevertheless I had the bulk of a Yale left tackle, sufficient to make a man tower like a battlement on the deck of a thirty-five-foot sloop.

Gladys was in the bow of the dinghy and as it drew near she waved and tossed her head back in a characteristic way that was poignantly familiar. I felt uneasy, even embarrassed. My marriage had been sudden and unannounced beforehand, and Gladys had a right to feel a certain pique, although we had never had what might be called an understanding.

Sam cut off the motor as the dinghy came alongside, and Gladys said gaily, "We came over to congratulate the groom, Mike. And meet the bride, of course."

I was alert for any undertones. Possibly no one in Menasset knew anything about Stella, but if they did, what difference did it make? I had given myself such reassurances again and again, but still I set my jaw for an instant, then relaxed the muscles in a grin as I realized that I had not responded to Gladys' greeting.

"What are you two doing here at Fishers?" I asked.

"We came up for the New London Regatta," Sam Bevans said. "Joe and Molly Downs are aboard."

"I forgot about that race," I said. "Who won?"

"Yale, naturally." Sam grinned.

The setting sun did very nice things for Gladys' blond hair, and her smile worked its own magic on her face. "Come over for cocktails, you two," she said. "Please, Mike."

"I'd like to, Gladys, but we're pretty bushed," I said. "We had a long day's sail up from Cuttyhunk and it was pretty rough out there in the ocean."

"You going to introduce us, or not?" Sam said. "I gather that lovely creature is your bride."

Stella produced the smile for the occasion, with hardly any sign of strain.

I said, "Stella, I want you to meet two old friends—Sam Bevans and his daughter, Gladys."

"I know," she said. "Mike has talked about you two and I saw your beautiful sloop as we came in."

"That beautiful sloop is just waiting for you people to come aboard," Sam said cheerily. "Joe Downs is over there cracking the ice."

"Sam, I wish we could," I said. "Give us a rain check for back in Menasset, will you?"

"My boy, I understand," he said. "What kind of dolt do you think I am? We didn't really expect you to come over, but give us E for effort, will you?"

"We're G for grateful, Sam," I said. "But another time."

Gladys had sat silent in the bow of the dinghy. She had given Stella a friendly smile, then had busied herself with lighting a cigarette. I was G for grateful to Gladys for the quality of that smile. She was a truly sympathetic woman and I felt that I could count on her loyal support in Menasset.

"Sailing home tomorrow?" Sam asked. "How about we meet offshore at eight o'clock? I'll race you."

"You be there at eight," I said. "We'll start at seven. If we're going to race, I want a handicap."

"For ten bucks?" he asked.

"For ten bucks," I said.

He pushed the dinghy clear and pulled the starter cord. The motor purred and Stella waved once, then went below. I followed her down to the cabin, and she murmured, without looking at me, "Well, it begins now, Mike."

(Continued on Page 91)

"George," I said, "do you think she shot him?"

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Richard Nixon and Stewart Alsop

NIXON ON NIXON

On these two pages the Vice President of the United States reveals his aims and ideals with unprecedented candor. Post Editor Stewart Alsop interviewed Mr. Nixon at length when he was gathering material for the article that follows on page 28.

Here, for example, is politician Nixon, talking about the role of the politician in our kind of society:

"The function of a politician is, after all, to make a free society work. When I've been abroad, I've often been impressed by the way men with good intentions and high ideals but without political experience tend to fail when they try their hand at the practical business of government—take Indonesia, for example, or Burma. There's a quotation that expresses what I mean exactly. A German—was it Bismarck? No, I don't think so. [Editor's note: It was Frederick the Great.] It goes something like this: 'The way to punish a province is to allow it to be governed by philosophers.'

"You've got to be a politician before you can become a statesman—a lot of people have said that before me. In my own case, when I first came to Washington in 1946, I was a bit naïve about public service, I suppose, a kind of dragon slayer. Then when I got here, I was soon disillusioned. You know, you come to Washington, you have great ideas, and there you are in the committees or on the floor of the House, and you have an inability to implement your ideas. You see men who are—well, I don't want to sound pious, but less well motivated, and who know how to play the game, and they accomplish what they want. Then there are the Don Quixotes, the idealists—like Jerry Voorhis, my first opponent, a man of very high ideals—who never accomplish anything much.

"You've got to learn how to play the game, if you're going to implement your ideas, and you've got to fight it out. You find often you've got to take a half a loaf when you want the whole loaf. The best example of a combination of idealist and practical politician is Theodore Roosevelt. When he wanted to get something done, he would compromise all over the place, if necessary. Read the autobiography of Bob La Follette. La Follette throws off on T.R., says he's not a true liberal because he compromised too much. But who accomplished more, Roosevelt or La Follette?"

Alsop said that what had impressed him most in his reporting for the article was the extraordinary drive and ambition Nixon had displayed from boyhood. One of Nixon's law-school classmates, for example, remembers Nixon as the hardest-working man he ever met. How did Nixon get that way? Quaker background, family, economic circumstances as a boy, or what?

"Well, I suppose it was a mixture of all the factors you mention. There was always a tradition of hard work in our family. My grandmother on my mother's side was an extraordinary woman—she came all the way across the country in an old automobile at the age of eighty-eight to see me graduate—and she had a lot of influence on us. She wrote a lot of poetry, and in a sort of gentle Quaker way she was always trying to inspire us all to amount to something.

"My mother had a lot to do with my doing well at school too. She knew German and Latin, and it was because of her that I took Latin all through high school, and got straight A's. Then there was my father. He had a tough time as a boy, very tough. He had to leave school very early—fifth or sixth grade—and go to work. He was a fighter. He loved to argue with anybody about anything. He always instilled this competitive feeling in all of us—I guess I got my competitive instinct from him.

"Both my mother and my father instilled in us this desire to get going, to be good at not just one thing but at everything. We had a disciplined family too—always had to clean

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up our plates at every meal. My father was a real disciplinarian.

"My mother is the complete opposite. My mother is the gentlest, most considerate woman—I suppose everybody thinks that about his mother, but it's true. She would never turn a tramp away from the door. That was one of the things she and my dad used to argue about. My father thought they ought to be made to work before helping them out. But mother ran the house like a charitable operation.

"It's been said our family was poor, and maybe we were, but we never thought of ourselves as poor. We certainly had to learn the value of money. I was dressed in hand-me-downs mostly in grammar school. We never had vacations—well, once in a long while a week at the beach, maybe. But we had a pretty good time, with it all.

"Then there was the illness in my family—my older brother died with tuberculosis. He was sick for five years and the illness was very expensive. We all worked hard—we had to. There was a drive to succeed; to survive, almost. Then there was the atmosphere of the times, of course. One of my jobs at the store was to add up the bills on an adding machine. We had to carry a lot of people on credit—sometimes for years—and I saw at first hand the problem of people out of a job, who couldn't pay their bills.

"But it was a sort of tradition in the family that whatever you did you did as well as you could. I was a lousy football player, but I remember Chief Newman, our coach, saying, 'There's one thing about Nixon, he plays in every scrimmage as though the championship were at stake.' That's the competitive instinct—I suppose it goes back to my old man. I remember my first debate, in fifth grade at school. The subject was 'Resolved, that it is better to own your own home than to rent.' I was on the renting side, and my dad sat down and did a lot of figuring and proved that it was more economical to rent than to own—he wanted me to win very much." [Editor's note: He did.]

Alsop asked Nixon how he felt in Peru and Venezuela, when he realized he was in physical danger from the Communist-led mobs. Was he scared?

"How did I feel? Well, that's hard to describe. Generally speaking, my reaction . . . to stress, a challenge, some great difficulty—it is sort of chemically delayed. While it is going on, I feel cold, matter-of-fact, analytical. At Lima, for example, when I saw the mob before the university, I made the decision to get out of the car and walk up to the mob on foot. I tried to analyze each face, to separate the Communists from the neutrals or the friendly ones. And I kept asking, 'Where is your leader?' It was deliberately calculated to put the Communists on the spot. Then when I saw the soft answer would not work, that they wouldn't let me speak, I allowed myself the luxury of showing my temper and called them cowards. It was deliberate, letting my temper show—not that I didn't really feel it; it was a terrible thing the Communists were doing, using these poor, often ignorant people in that way. Then after a crisis like that is over, I feel this tremendous letdown, a fatigue, as though I'd been in battle."

Alsop asked Nixon where he saw himself on the political spectrum, between left and right, and remarked that his own view was that Nixon was an instinctive conservative, in terms of respect for the status quo, but at the same time a flexible and highly practical conservative.

"You're talking about domestic affairs only, or international affairs? Because I'm not necessarily a respecter of the status quo in foreign affairs. I am a chance taker in foreign affairs. I would take chances for peace—the Quakers have a passion for peace, you know. I think my record on foreign affairs is directed to an understanding of the meaning of international Communism—I see the Communist danger at home as part of a foreign-policy threat primarily.

"On domestic matters, I'm of course partly influenced by my early upbringing. I have a strong emotional feeling for the problems of what I'd call ordinary people; I've known unemployed people, for example, and I know what their problems are. I've always taken an advanced position on medical care; we had that terrible sickness in my family, and I know the medical problems ordinary families face. Then again, because of my own experience, I feel very strongly about educational opportunities for people in the lower brackets. I would say I was not especially conservative as regards civil rights; again, that is a matter of family feelings, we have a strong family tradition against discrimination. But in some other ways I suppose I am conservative, yes."

Alsop said that he had amassed a formidable anti-Nixon dossier, and suggested that "the case against you boils down to the charge that your experience as a college debater spilled over into your career as a politician. It's a college debater's function to win by scoring debating points, often specious ones, against the opposition. But a politician's function is a lot more than that." Nixon thought for a long moment.

"Yes, that may be a legitimate criticism. But what I have said has to be considered in the context of political debate. The other side had attacked, and when somebody launches an attack, your instinct is to strike back. Nowadays I counsel younger politicians to ignore attacks, to take a positive line, as I did in 1956.

"Even so, I don't believe in letting the opposition select the battleground, either domestically or internationally. Take Khrushchev and the leaders of international Communism. How did they qualify? By clawing their way up through the Communist jungle, fighting every inch of the way. We've got to realize that, besides being entirely ruthless, these men are very, very able. I don't believe in adopting their methods. But I don't believe, either, in taking a strictly defense attitude in letting them select the battlefield every time. If you're always on the defensive, you always lose in the end."

Alsop said that he was surprised to find that a lot of Nixon's boyhood contemporaries considered him shy, which seemed an odd adjective to apply to an aggressive and extremely successful political figure.

"Yes, I suppose that's still true in a way. I remember when I'd just started law practice, I had a divorce case to handle, and this good-looking girl, beautiful really, began talking to me about her intimate marriage problems. I was so embarrassed I turned fifteen colors of the rainbow. I suppose I come from a family too unmodern, really. Any kind of personal confession is embarrassing to me. I believe in keeping my own counsel about personal matters.

"You know, the hardest thing for me in politics is to go out and ask for a job, or political support, or contributions. I just can't do it. Now I don't mean I'm a shrinking violet. I'm certainly not above seeking office—public service has always appealed to me more than making money—and I'm always willing to take a chance, to go for broke. I think that has been a hallmark of my political career. In 1950, for example, almost all my friends urged me not to run for the Senate—I had a safe seat in the House. Everybody expected Sheridan Downey to run again, and nobody thought I could beat him. Then Downey withdrew, and Helen Douglas was easier to beat. But when I went for it, I thought it would be Downey.

"But I do have this aversion to going up to a stranger, or someone I don't know well, and asking for political support. I remember in 1952, when Bob Taft came to my office and said he would like my support for the nomination. I explained why I was for Eisenhower, and Taft, who was a big man, didn't resent it. But for me that would have been terribly difficult, to go to a senator, to his office, and ask for his support. Or take raising money. I can make a speech on television to millions, but I can no more go up to a single individual and ask for a ten-dollar political contribution than I can fly. I suppose it is shyness, in a way.

"Anyway, the more you stay on this job, the more you realize that a public figure is a lonely man—the President very much more so, of course. But even in my job, you can't enjoy the luxury of intimate personal friendships. You can't confide absolutely in anyone about your personal plans, your personal feelings."

Alsop remarked that, whether it was a result of shyness or not, he believed that Nixon had a major weakness as a potential Presidential candidate—"the public image of you lacks warmth, and depth, and humanness. In a way, like Tom Dewey, you're too competent for your own good."

"Well, there are some things you can't do anything about. You've got to be what you are. You can't pretend to be something different. You know, I suppose I'm about the only major public figure who's never had a public-relations man. I write all my own speeches. I make up my own mind what to say. A lot of people have told me that what I need is a public-relations expert to 'humanize' me, and so on. But I'm not going to do it. I'm not going to have a lot of public-relations people working on me, with pictures of me doing silly things I wouldn't do naturally, and so on.

"I suppose it's true that I'm fundamentally rather reserved. I do meet a lot of people, and I think this image of me as being cold or withdrawn is partly a sort of myth of the press. But it is true that it doesn't come natural to me to be a buddy-buddy boy, a backslapper. When I am meeting a lot of people in a crowd, I tend to give special attention to the shy ones.

"I'm kind of a fatalist about politics anyway. Political positions have always come to me because I was there, and it was the right time and the right place—that's how I got into politics in the first place. And you can't run for the Presidency, you can't push for it—look at Bob Taft or Harold Stassen. It depends on what the times call for. If the time comes when the Republican Party and the voters are looking for an outwardly warm, easygoing, gregarious type, then they will not want the sort of man I am. But these are serious times, and they may not call for that kind of personality. Anyway, as I say, you've got to be what you are, and you can't pretend to be something different."

The above excerpts from a Post editor's notebook suggest why many Washington reporters consider Nixon one of the most interesting political figures in the country. For a deeper understanding of Nixon, read editor Alsop's study in depth of this brilliant and complex man, who seems somehow remote to most people, and who may one day be President of these United States.

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The President welcomed the Nixons back from their harrowing South American "good will" tour last May.

The Mystery of Richard Nixon

A Post editor's penetrating examination of one of the most disputed figures in America—the man who at the moment probably has the best chance of becoming the next U.S. President.

By STEWART ALSOP

Reception committee at Caracas. Even Nixon's enemies admitted that he faced the mobs courageously.

There is at least one point about that much disputed figure, Richard Milhous Nixon, which no sensible person can now dispute. Despite a surface blandness which sometimes makes him seem quite ordinary, Vice President Nixon is a most extraordinary man. Consider one measure of just how extraordinary he is.

Since 1836, when Martin Van Buren inherited the crown from crusty old Andrew Jackson, no Vice President has been nominated as his party's Presidential candidate. Yet already, two years in advance, Vice President Nixon has the 1960 Republican Presidential nomination sewed up in a nearly puncture-proof bag. And even allowing for the current low state of Republican fortunes, he unquestionably has a better chance than any other

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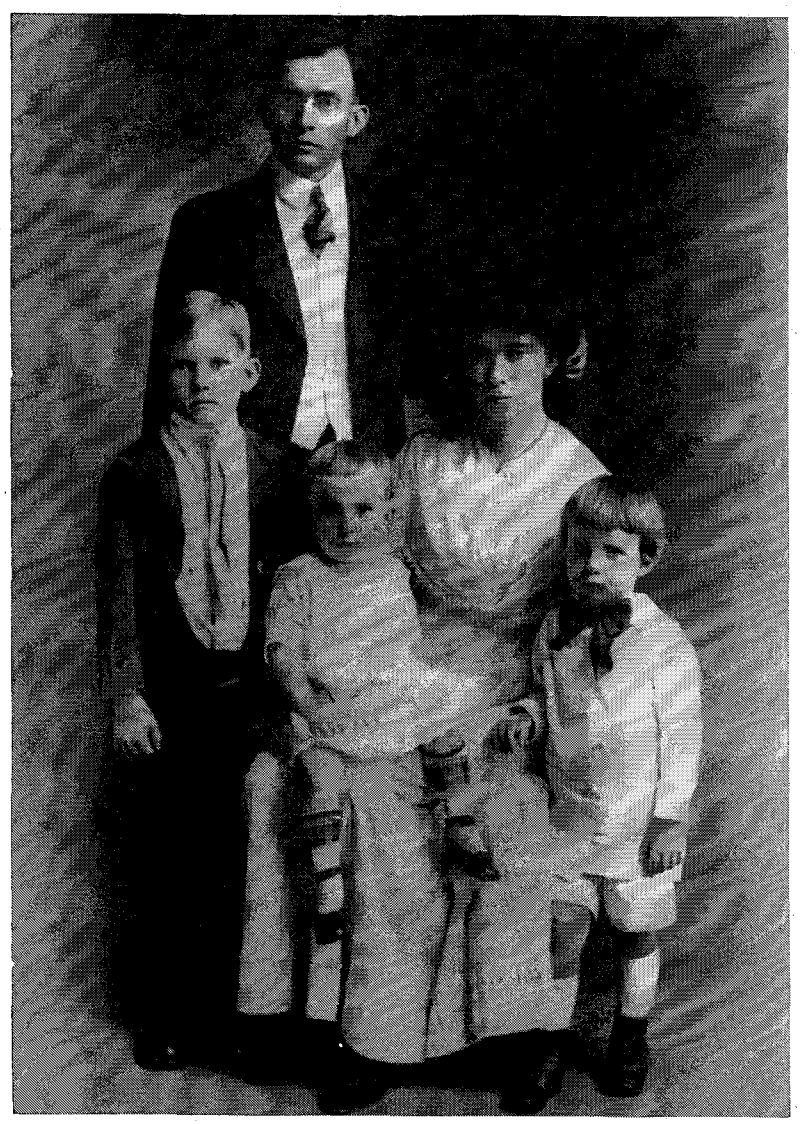
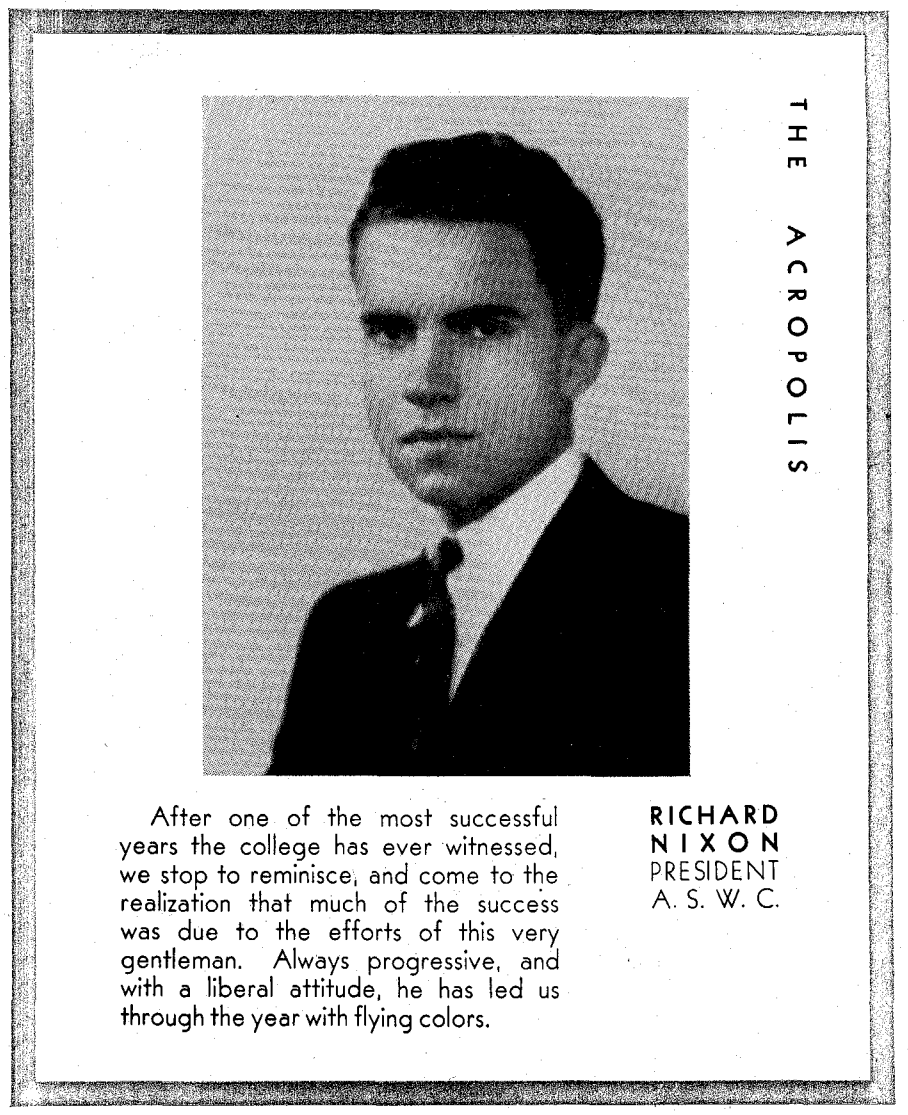


The young Nixon (right) with his parents, and brothers Harold (left) and Donald. Their father lived to be 77. Harold died of tuberculosis in his youth.


THE ACROPOLIS
After one of the most successful years the college has ever witnessed, we stop to reminisce, and come to the realization that much of the success was due to the efforts of this very gentleman. Always progressive, and with a liberal attitude, he has led us through the year with flying colors.
RICHARD NIXON
PRESIDENT
A. S. W. C.

Nixon became student-body president of Whittier College by advocating on-campus dances. He personally disliked dancing but, as a good politician, knew how to pick a winning issue.

man to be the next President of these United States.

Yet to the vast majority of Americans, this extraordinary man remains a cardboard figure, oddly inhuman and impersonal. To his enemies—and he has, probably, more enemies than any other American—he is a cardboard devil, utterly without scruple or conviction. To his admirers—and they also number in the many millions—he is a cardboard saint, whose strength is as the strength of ten because his heart is pure.

Sometimes the dislike of Nixon is pure bile, undiluted by rational content, as in the case of the elderly lady in Whittier, Nixon's home town in California, who telephoned this reporter to say: "I know it's against religion to hate anybody, but I just can't help hating that Nixon." The worship of Nixon can be equally irrational, for a case against Nixon—in some respects a strong case—can certainly be made.

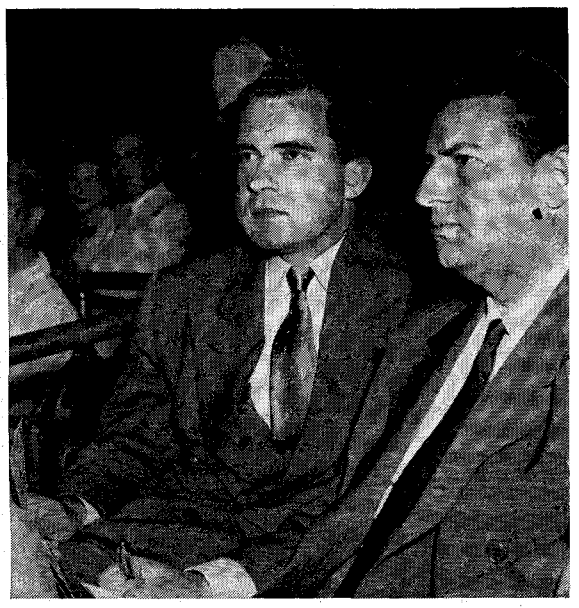
The purpose of this report is not to please the old lady from Whittier, who will certainly go on hating Nixon to the end of her days. Nor is its purpose to please those to whom any criticism of the Vice President is tainted with treason. What follows is, instead, an attempt—doomed to partial failure, since a part of any man always remains hidden—to see through the cardboard figure to the human being underneath.

The maker of such an attempt should give his credentials at the start, since Nixon is one of those men—like Franklin D. Roosevelt—about whom no one can pretend to be wholly objective. Until rather recently, I inclined more to the view of the old lady in Whittier than to Nixon worship. Nixon seemed a shrewd, tough, ambitious politician, and not very much more. But especially in the second Eisenhower Administration, like many other Washington reporters, I found myself, almost in spite of myself, increasingly impressed by Nixon.

In certain almost impossibly difficult situations—notably President Eisenhower's illnesses—Nixon has handled himself brilliantly. Reporters who have covered him on his trips abroad, some of whom started as strong anti-Nixonites, have come back praising him for his deft sense of personal diplomacy; and, after his trip to South America, for plain physical courage in the face of that most terrifying of phenomena, a mob gone wild.

What is more important, Nixon has repeatedly displayed a knack—useful in a potential President—for being right. In the pre-Sputnik era (Continued on Page 54)

Nixon wept on Senator Knowland's shoulder during the 1952 campaign-fund crisis, after Ike said, "Dick, you're my boy."



Nixon remains loyal to Murray Chotiner (right), his controversial ex-manager.

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A whole bunch of Indians jumped out of the bushes and grabbed her.

THE TAMING OF THE SQUAW

By JOHN ED PEARCE

She wasn't afraid of any man, white or red . . .

If we are a stubborn family, as some people say, we come by it honestly. Great-grandpa Silas Haley was the stubbornest trader along the Upper Missouri in the days following the Civil War, and by the time she was sixteen his daughter Matilda had the reputation of being the strongestheaded, as well as the prettiest girl around Haley's Landing. It was that combination that caused the trouble.

While other girls were learning to cook and flutter their eyes at the boys, Matilda was riding horses bareback, and could knock a squirrel out of a tree at fifty yards and whip half the boys her own age in a fair fight. The fact that she had a lean, well-curved young body and eyes as brown as buckeyes didn't impress her. She wore pants, pulled her long black hair into a plain knot at the back and insisted on working in her father's trading post because it gave her something interesting to do.

"It doesn't look right for a nice girl," her mother protested. "Down there haggling with Indians and fur trappers."

Matilda stuck out her jaw. "I'm better off there than sitting in the parlor with that silly Will Henderson," she said, and her mother rolled her eyes toward heaven.

"Will's a fine young man," she stated. "Studying so he can open a law office down in St. Louis."

The mothers of unmarried girls, as well as most of their daughters, had a high opinion of Squire Henderson's only son, but the opinion was not shared by Matilda.

"I can lick him with one hand," she snorted.

So she kept on wearing pants and shooting squirrels. And she kept on working at the trading post, partly because her mother got tired of arguing, and partly because Silas found that she was as shrewd in a bargain as he was. The mothers of the village shook their heads, and said they pitied the man that tried to tame that one. (Continued on Page 108)

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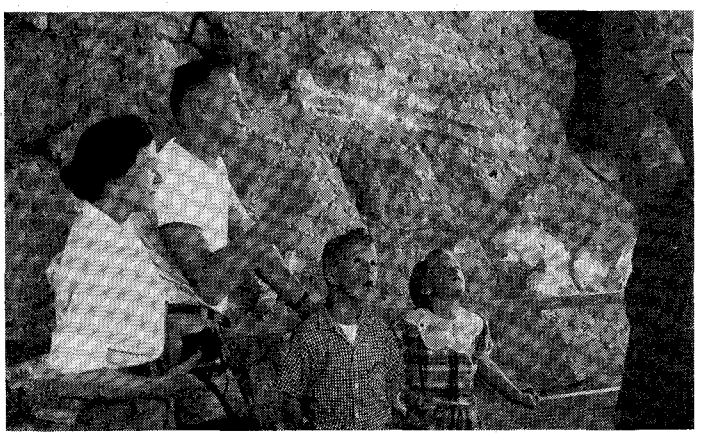
Mammoth Cave, Ky. Sometimes tourists ask the ranger (at left, paddling) such questions as, "Is this cave all underground?"

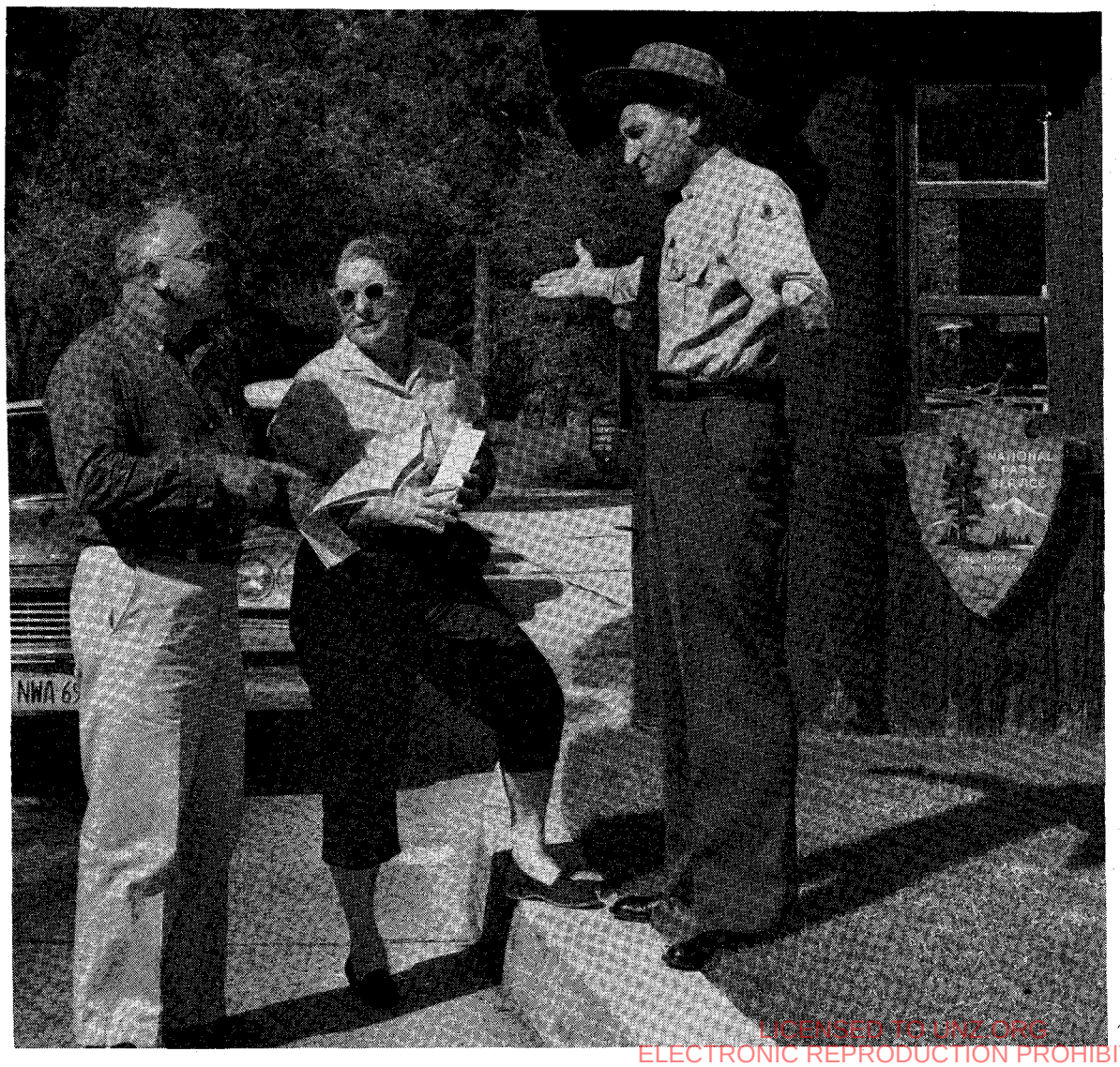
"SAY, RANGER..."

By ROBERT M. YODER

"Do you keep Old Faithful running in winter?"
"How much of this cave is unexcavated?"
Here are the unbelievable questions tourists ask
the patient guides in our national parks.

Dinosaur National Monument, Utah-Colo. The insatiable curiosity of 60 million park visitors a year keeps rangers on their toes.





The tourist was gazing pensively upon a silent, dreamlike city built in a great recess high in the wall of a cliff, up where you might expect swallows' nests, but not apartment houses. He was looking across a canyon in Mesa Verde National Park, Colorado, to Cliff Palace and lesser buildings, the home in olden times of 400 cliff dwellers.

It is a sight to stir the imagination, as millions know, and to induce philosophizing. Many questions might have been running through the visitor's mind. This dead city is the work of prehistoric Indians who dwelt on this plateau six or seven centuries ago, about the time Europe was intent on the Crusades. The construction—some of the buildings are four stories high—suggests a high order of civilization.

Apparently "the Ancient Ones," as the Navajos say, took to this strange mid-air existence for safety from raiders. Why, with all their skill, couldn't they stand firm? Are peaceful people always in retreat from the more barbarous? Why did the cliff dwellers flee all this or desert it, leaving a fine city intact? Such clues as there are suggest that they were starved out by drought. At any rate, they went away—in a sad mass exodus one cruel day?—and vanished. (Continued on Page 132)

Yosemite Park, Calif. "Mister, it may look like a road on the map, but even a burro would have a tough time on that trail."

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DO YOU KNOW THE ANSWERS TO THESE QUESTIONS ABOUT CANCER?

1. What is the recovery rate today?
2. What are the new chemical treatments?
3. How far have we advanced against leukemia?
4. What are the prisoner-volunteers showing us about "cancer immunity"?
5. How close is science to finding the "cause of cancer"?
6. How do normal cells become malignant?
7. How often do "metabolic errors" occur?
8. What role do viruses, genes and enzymes play in causing cancer?
9. How can glandular activity cause cancer?
10. What makes cancer come back after "recovery"?
11. Can hormone control subdue breast cancer?
12. How can surgery be made more effective?

In this article—the result of many interviews and exhaustive investigation—Mr. Spencer provides the latest information available, in response to the questions most frequently asked (above).

Hormone therapy: At New York Hospital, Dr. Bronson Ray (left) performs a pituitary excision to help a breast-cancer victim. Here he removes a section of skull.

THE NEW WEAPONS AGAINST CANCER

By STEVEN M. SPENCER

Progress is slow, painful and often discouraging. But each year the doctors come a little closer to solving the mysteries of cancer. A Post editor reports on the latest achievements.

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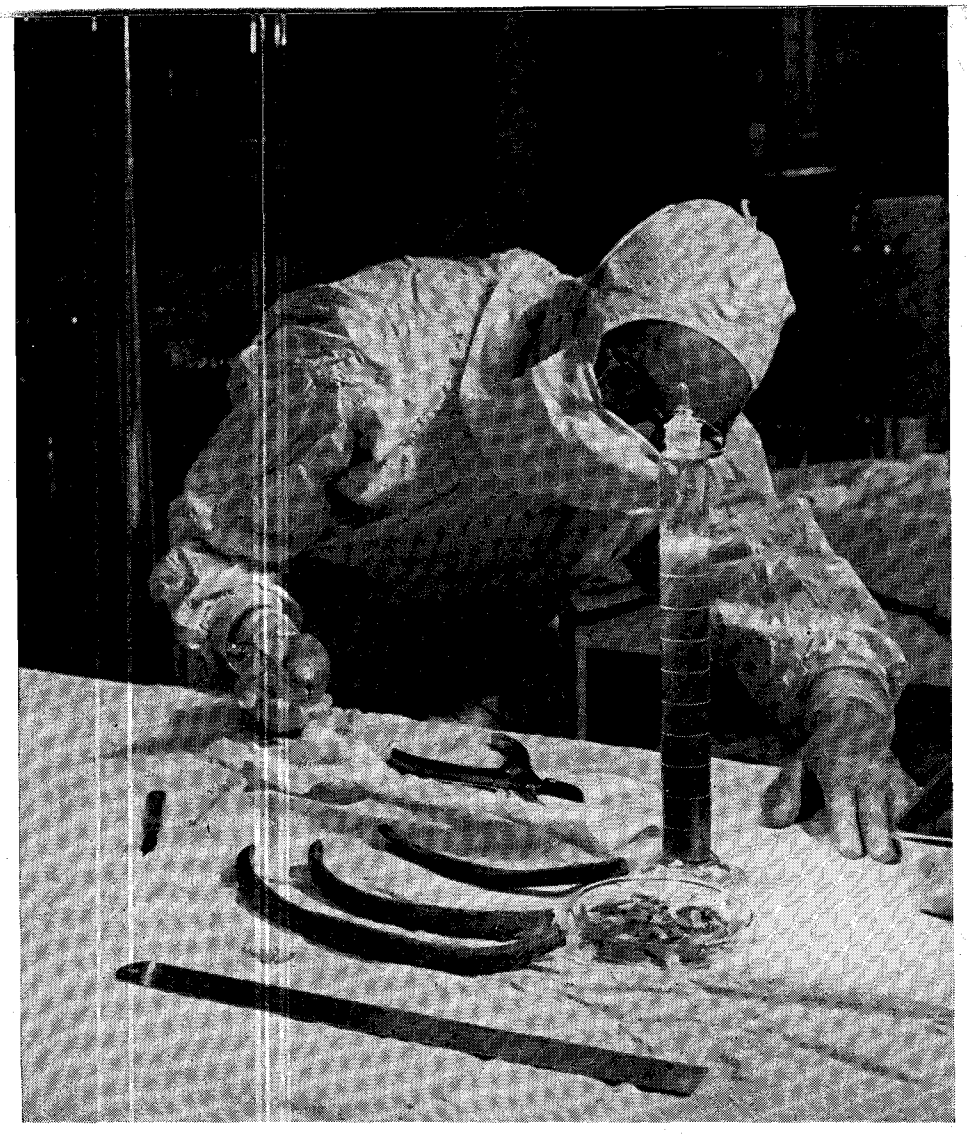
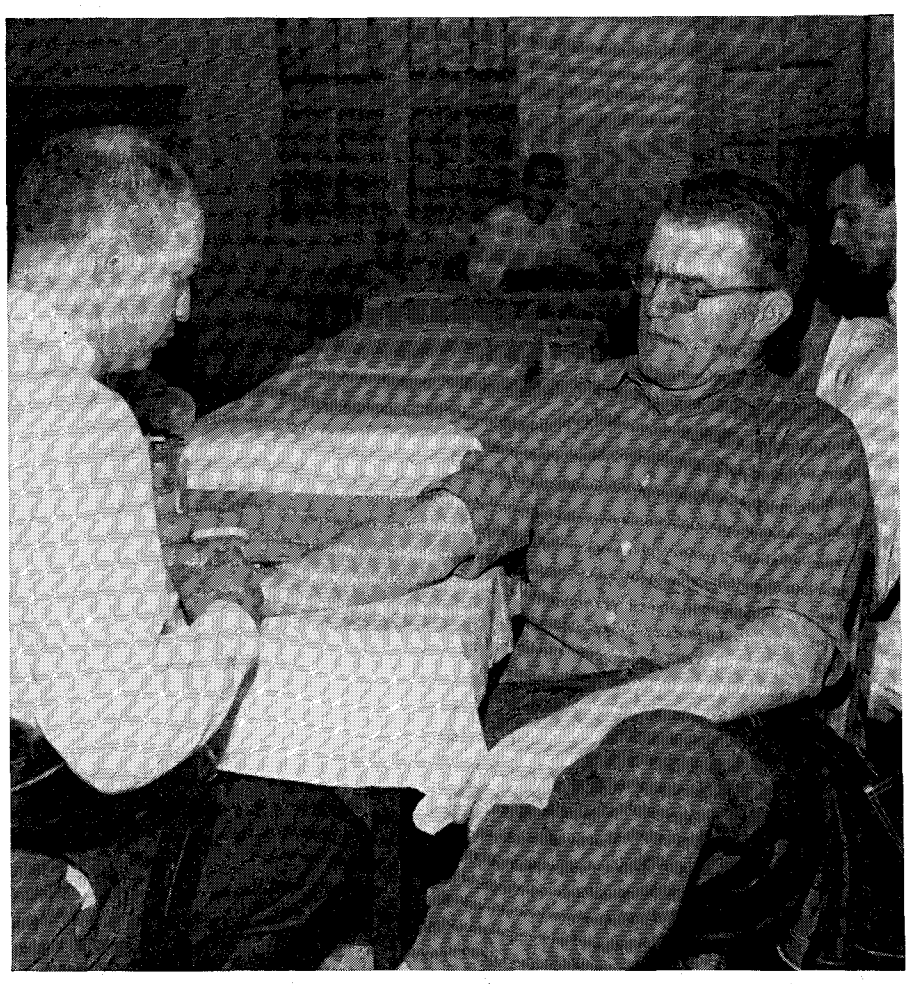


A researcher at Philadelphia's Jefferson Medical College measures a human bone-marrow suspension taken from donors' ribs for use in treatment of leukemia.



Dr. C. M. Southam (left), inoculates an Ohio prisoner-volunteer with live cancer cells to learn whether he can build up immunity against cancer.

In 1898 Dr. Roswell Park, a professor of surgery at the University of Buffalo, assured the New York legislature that he could find the cause of cancer in two years and thus solve the problem for all time. All he needed was $10,000 to work with. The lawmakers, swayed by his enthusiasm, appropriated the requested amount and set up the first laboratory in the world with a full-time staff devoted to cancer research.

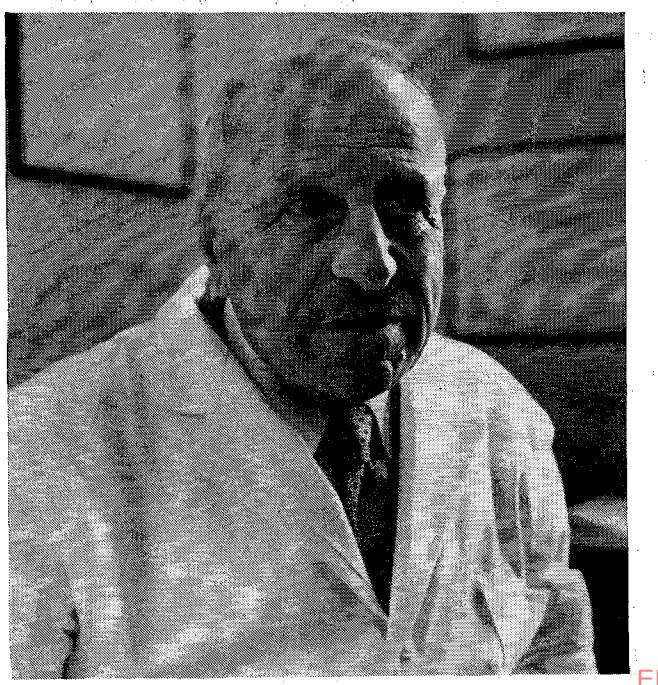
Today, sixty years and many millions of dollars later, the problem is still unsolved. But no one with faith in the power of medical science begrudges the funds channeled into the Roswell Park Memorial Institute, as it is now known, or into the hundreds of other laboratories searching for the cause and cure of cancer. We should use the plural form, for cancer is not one disease, but many, and more than one type of treatment will be needed to conquer it. In any event, this effort has become the largest research program in modern medical history, and the most varied. During the current year more than $50,000,000 will be spent to keep 5500 scientists and an equal number of technicians at work on cancer in this country alone. These are combined estimates of the American Cancer Society and the National Cancer Institute, a unit of the United States Public Health Service. Cancer is also a high-priority research goal, of course, in many other countries.

Never before have so many millions of dollars and so many trained men and women converged upon that microscopic package of evil, the cancer cell. And never before, in their quest for lifesaving answers, have the searchers probed so deeply and from so many directions.

Biochemists are ingeniously synthesizing "bogus" compounds that resemble natural nutrients, aiming to fool the cancer cell's metabolic machinery and stall its growth. Pharmacologists have screened upward of 40,000 chemicals against human and animal cancers grown in test tubes and in animals and have found about thirty promising enough to try in human patients. In New Orleans a group of doctors has devised a method of piping a high concentration of anticancer drug through the tumor without letting it spread to sensitive organs elsewhere in the body. A combination of chemicals and surgery has shown some preliminary value and is now undergoing a large-scale test.

To study the phenomenon of immunity—a subject of interest to the Buffalo laboratory nearly fifty years (Continued on Page 104)

Dr. George Papanicolaou. His smear test for uterine cancer has helped save thousands of women.



Chemotherapy: Drs. Anthony Curreri (pencil in hand) and Fred Ansfield, of the University of Wisconsin, study lung-cancer victims' response to the new compound called 5-fluorouracil.

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THE STRANDED BLONDE

She was beautiful, single and alone – in a city where romance takes precedence over everything else.

By EDWARD LIND

When I read Mr. Graham's letter, it seemed hard to believe that three years had passed so quickly. I had been district manager of Trans-Atlantic Airlines' off-line sales office in Florence on a three-year assignment, and here was a letter from the boss in New York giving me the choice of another three years there or returning to the Wind Tunnel.

I knew it would probably be best to go back to headquarters, because that's where people notice you if you're worth noticing. Then I thought of my apartment with the balcony, and the Arno six floors below, and the view of the Duomo, the tower of the Palazzo Vecchio with its one-handed clock approximating the time, and down to the left the tiny gold shops lining the old bridge.

It was a simple and good life in Italy, where bus drivers, waiters and policemen take the time to be pleasant and polite. Leaving Italy would not mean giving up my Italian car, but I knew I would miss the uncrowded roads twisting through the gentle Tuscan hills silvered with olive trees and spiked with lonely, ghostly cypresses. It would mean leaving the narrow, uneven streets of Florence, and the *palazzi* that have been bathing in the gold of Florentine sunsets for five hundred years. It was a tough decision, particularly for a Monday, and I wished Mr. Graham had left out the part about "an immediate reply."

I had pushed the letter aside, promising myself to give it more thought later in the day, when Ubaldo Casali, my assistant, pushed the door open. He closed it and leaned against it, smiling, his eyes closed and his head dramatically back.

I waited, watching him. That's the only way to handle one of Ubaldo's productions.

Softly he said, "A lady wishes to speak to the manager. A young, lovely, *simpatico* American lady with a problem."

"What sort of a problem?" I asked suspiciously.

Ubaldo looked at me sympathetically. "She has lost her baggage; and you," he said with a small bow, "are the only person she will discuss it with."

I felt myself frowning. I had other things to do. "Why can't you take care of it?" I asked.

Casali said, "Because the lady insists on speaking with the manager." He stood away from the door and said, "Come on, boss. You won't be sorry."

I followed him into the passenger lobby, which is just outside my office. Ubaldo gets a little excited at times and exaggerates, but this time his description of the girl was an understatement, if anything. She was standing at the counter, with her blond hair, aquamarine eyes and a concerned but very sweet smile.

Ubaldo said, "This is Mr. Jerry Denton, the manager, Miss"—I saw him glance at the ticket envelope as he handed it to her—"Miss Helen Robbins."

I invited her into my office, where we could solve her problem more comfortably, and when she sat down I said, "Ubaldo says you have a problem. Something about misplaced baggage?" I couldn't stop smiling, she looked so nice.

Calmly and not in the least unpleasantly she said, "Yes. Trans-Atlantic Airlines seems to have lost my baggage."

I felt the grimace of pain at that word "lost." That's a word we never use. "Well," I said, "I'm sure we can find it for you."

Confidently and trustingly, with sort of a sad little smile, she said, "Oh, I'm sure you can." I had the feeling that she was almost pleading with me to find her luggage.

"Would you tell me exactly what happened?" I asked, pulling a note pad and pencil closer.

She sat up a little straighter and became very grave. "Well," she said with a little sigh, "I checked my baggage when the flight left Athens last night, and when I went to claim it this morning in Rome, it wasn't there. The plane was a little late and I didn't want to miss my train to Florence. So when I found out that your company has an office here, I decided to come ahead and let you take care of it for me." She beamed at me.

I could have told her that that was her first mistake, but it wouldn't have done any good. Too late for that, now. I said, "If you'll give me a description of the missing pieces, I'll get some telegrams off. I presume you have the claim checks?"

"It's a rawhide fortnighter," she said, and read the number off the claim check she had slipped efficiently out of her ticket envelope. I was impressed with that, because some passengers put their claim checks in empty cigarette packages or use them for bookmarkers to make sure they'll remember what they did with them.

I took down all the information and said, "Well, it doesn't sound as bad as it did at first. Only one suitcase is missing?"

Her eyes widened. "My only suitcase," she said sadly.

That was worse than I had thought, and I admitted it.

"You see," she went on, "I've been in Athens for three years with the Foreign Aid program. I had my heavy things sent home by ship and brought (Continued on Page 112)

Illustrated by Joe De Mers

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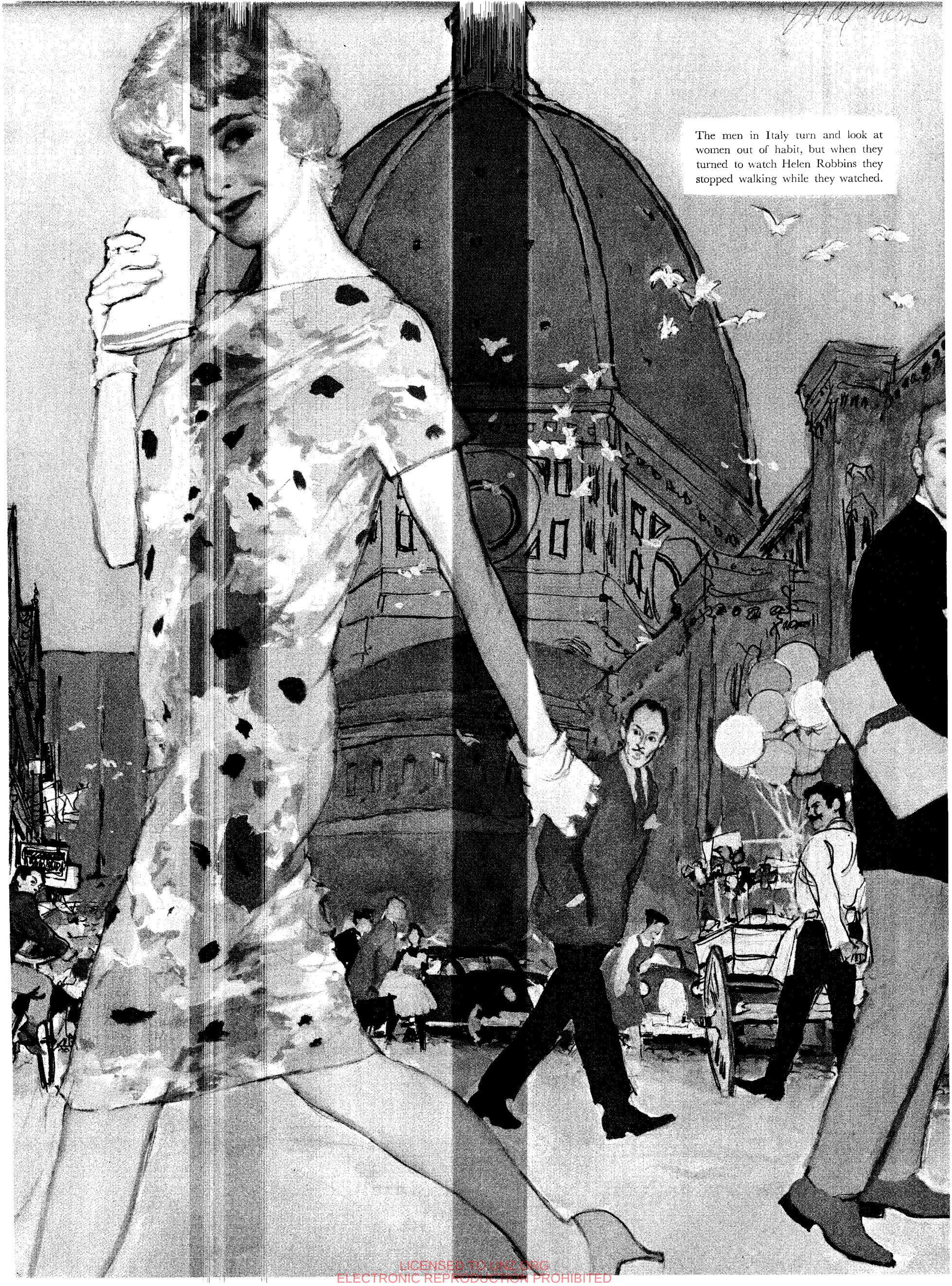

The men in Italy turn and look at women out of habit, but when they turned to watch Helen Robbins they stopped walking while they watched.

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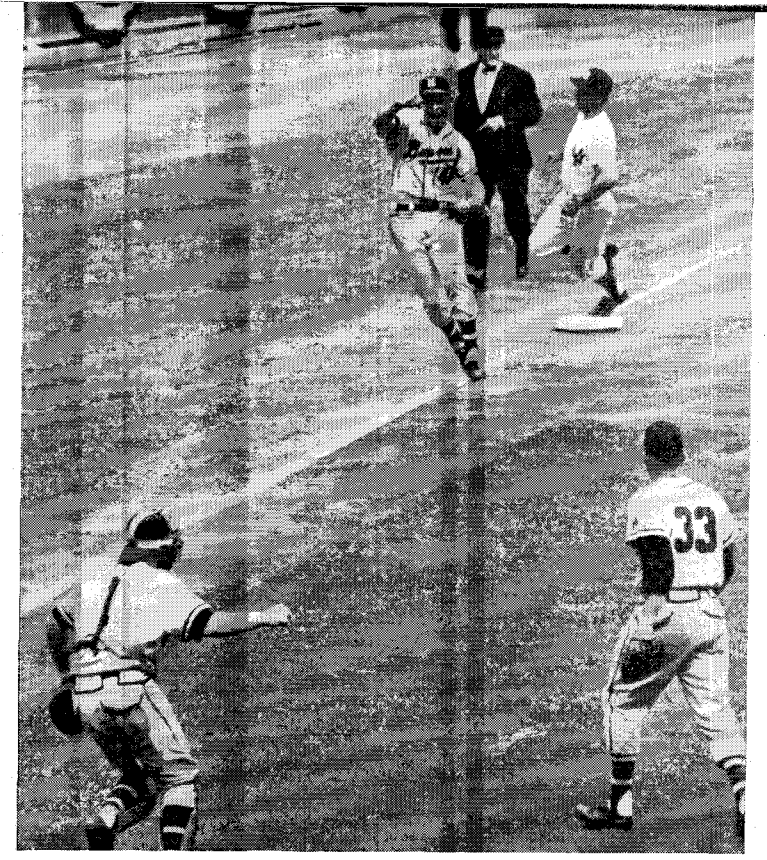

An exuberant Mathews jumps for joy after he ended the 1957 Series against the Yankees by fielding a grounder and forcing Jerry Coleman at third.

"It's comforting to have a family to welcome you home whether you've been a hero or a bum," says Eddie, here with his wife Virjean and their children, Edwin, Jr., (left) and Stephanie.

I've Grown Up and So Has Milwaukee

"I regard baseball as a pleasant, profitable occupation," says the Braves' mighty third baseman, "but hardly the most overwhelming thing in my life." Here he explains why he was booed by the game's most ardent fans.

By EDDIE MATHEWS

as told to Lou Chapman and Joe Reichler

"I think I hustle—but in my own way. I'm not the type to make a big production out of it," says Mathews.

I've had some pretty bad publicity in Milwaukee in my day. A good many people got the idea that I was the club's problem child. I've even been accused at times of not hustling.

I don't agree with any of this—I feel that it was a matter of a few episodes being blown up all out of proportion. But I can see now that with better judgment on my part, I could have kept the publicity from getting out of hand. Believe me, I've grown up a lot in the last few years. And so have the Milwaukee fans.

Don't get the impression that I've ever regretted being in Milwaukee. There isn't a ballplayer on the club who hasn't thanked his lucky stars that the Braves moved there from Boston in 1953. But the fans really overdid things at first. From the day we came to town, the Milwaukee people went absolutely wild.

Crowds of 30,000 or more turned out for every game. The fans swarmed around us for autographs and (Continued on Page 101)

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THE LIAR

What can you do with a kid like this? How do you make him tell the truth?

By CHARLOTTE ARMSTRONG

The office had a desk and a girl in it, and some comfortable chairs. The girl said, "Oh, yes, Mrs. Gleeson. Mr. Bowman expects you. Will you please wait a few minutes?"

So Mary Gleeson sat down. Her white-gloved hands were tight on her black handbag. In the bag was the letter, stamped, ready to mail. If she mailed the letter, there would be a wire, a phone call, a plane ticket. A beginning. An end. In perhaps half an hour, she would either mail it or she would not mail it.

The office had a window through which Mary could see a playing field and a huddle of small boys on it. This boarding school was a very pleasant place. This job, as housemother, offering living quarters and small boys to look after, was the one, the only, and the ideal job. Her white gloves clasped each other. Mustn't be nervous. Mustn't care so much. Poise. Calm.

She tried to remember that her dress was dark and decent, her gloves were perfectly clean, no wisps were falling out of her white bun. She was only fifty, well and strong. She had never earned a penny in her life, but she had done one thing, one thing most successfully. She had raised boys.

Mary bent her head. *If I do not get the job, I must mail the letter. Help me, help me either way.*

A door opened. A woman came out of an inner room. Mary's eyes snapped to her. Was this an applicant?

The woman was younger than she, slim and tall, wearing a gray suit with touches of soft green at her throat. She said in a modulated voice, with poise and calm, "I am to wait."

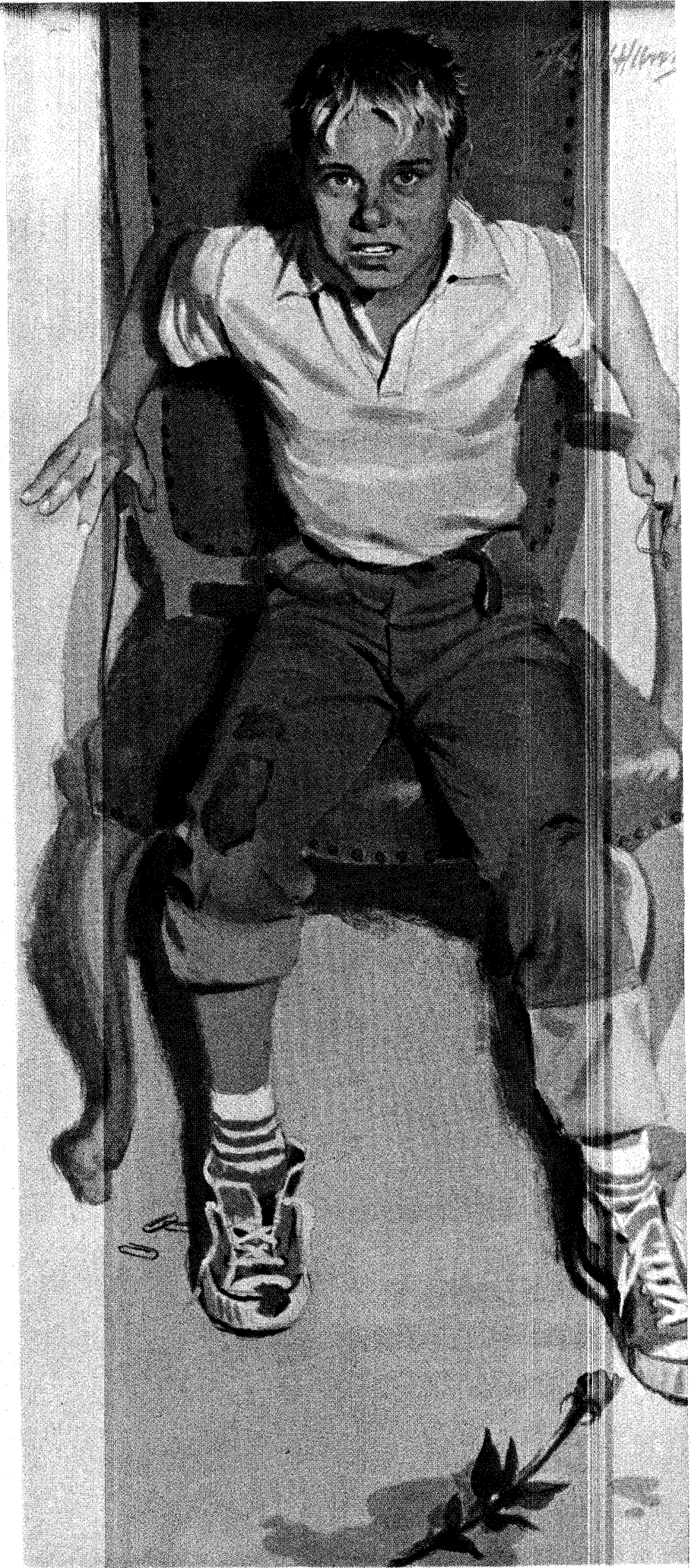
"Of course, Mrs. Jarvis. Sit down, won't you?" The girl went into the inner office.

Mrs. Jarvis sat down as if she had learned to do it at modeling school. She smiled at Mary Gleeson, who at once felt lumpy and unkempt. "Isn't this a lovely place?"

"Yes, it is," squeaked Mary.

"Will you come in now, Mrs. Gleeson?" The girl beckoned. Mary lurched to her feet.

The inner office held a desk and a man who rose. "Mrs. Mary Gleeson? I am Charles Bowman. Sit down, please. We find ourselves in a bit of a crisis," he told her genially. He was well mannered and did (Continued on Page 52)



"I dint," Georgie said shrilly. "I dint do it." His eyes defied the entire universe.

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The Face of AMERICA

Amidst the Madding Crowds

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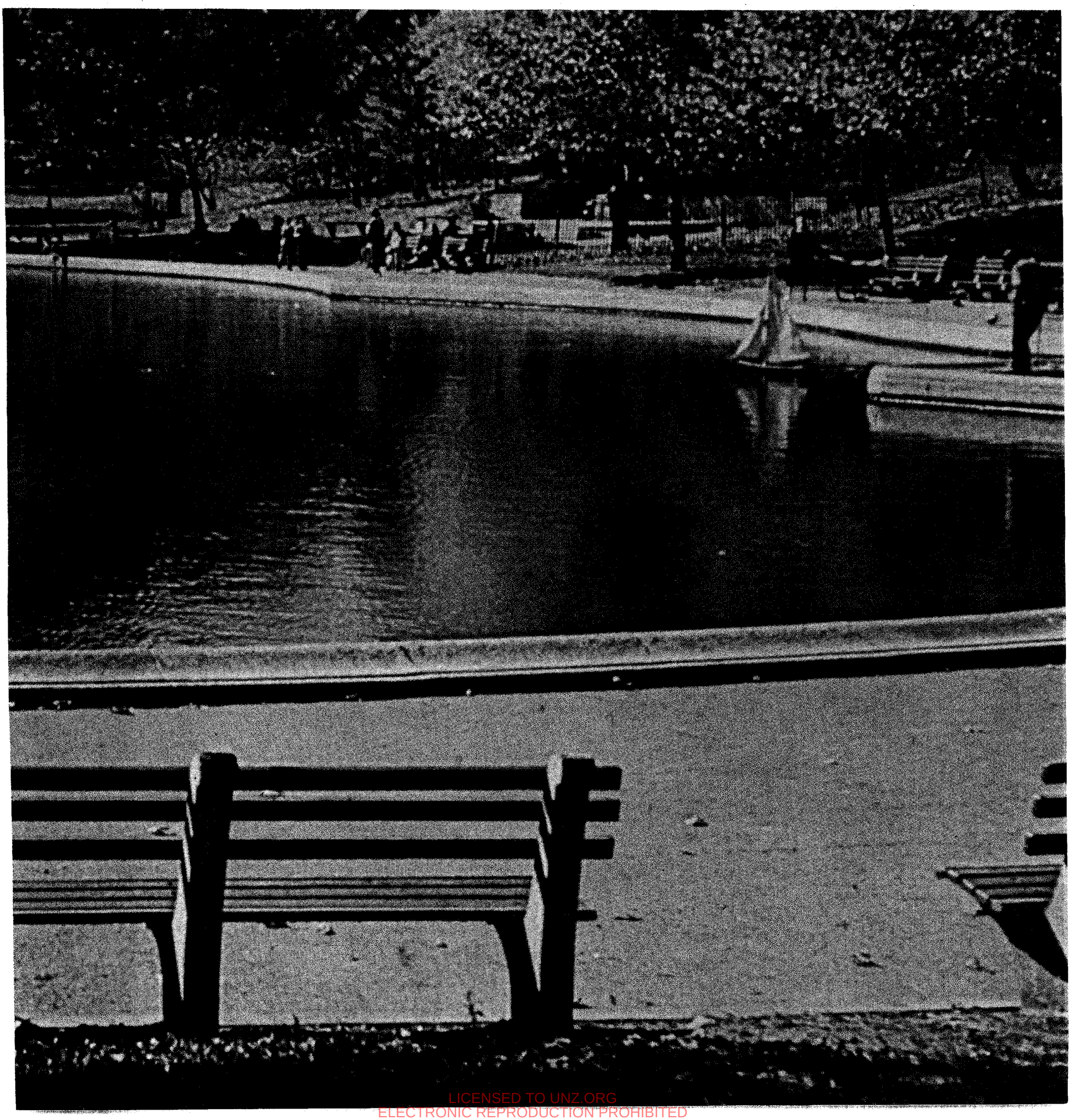
A few yards away there's the city—millions of people, the crush and growl of New York's traffic and the unrelieved bulk of thousands of massed buildings. On a lazy, balmy day this mother took her babe into Central Park and rested on a bench at Conservatory Lake near 74th Street, a favorite gathering place for youngsters (and oldsters) who like to sail model boats. There, the mother relaxed to the magical patterns of the miniature sails, the gently moving trees and the breeze-rippled water. Perhaps New Yorkers are able to survive the pressures and tensions of their metropolis so well because they're never very far from a spot of nature. There are 727 park areas spotted around the five boroughs. In Manhattan alone there are 178, ranging from thimble-sized oases to two-and-a-half-mile-long Central Park, where one can refresh himself, surrounded by greenery. • Photograph by Jack Fields



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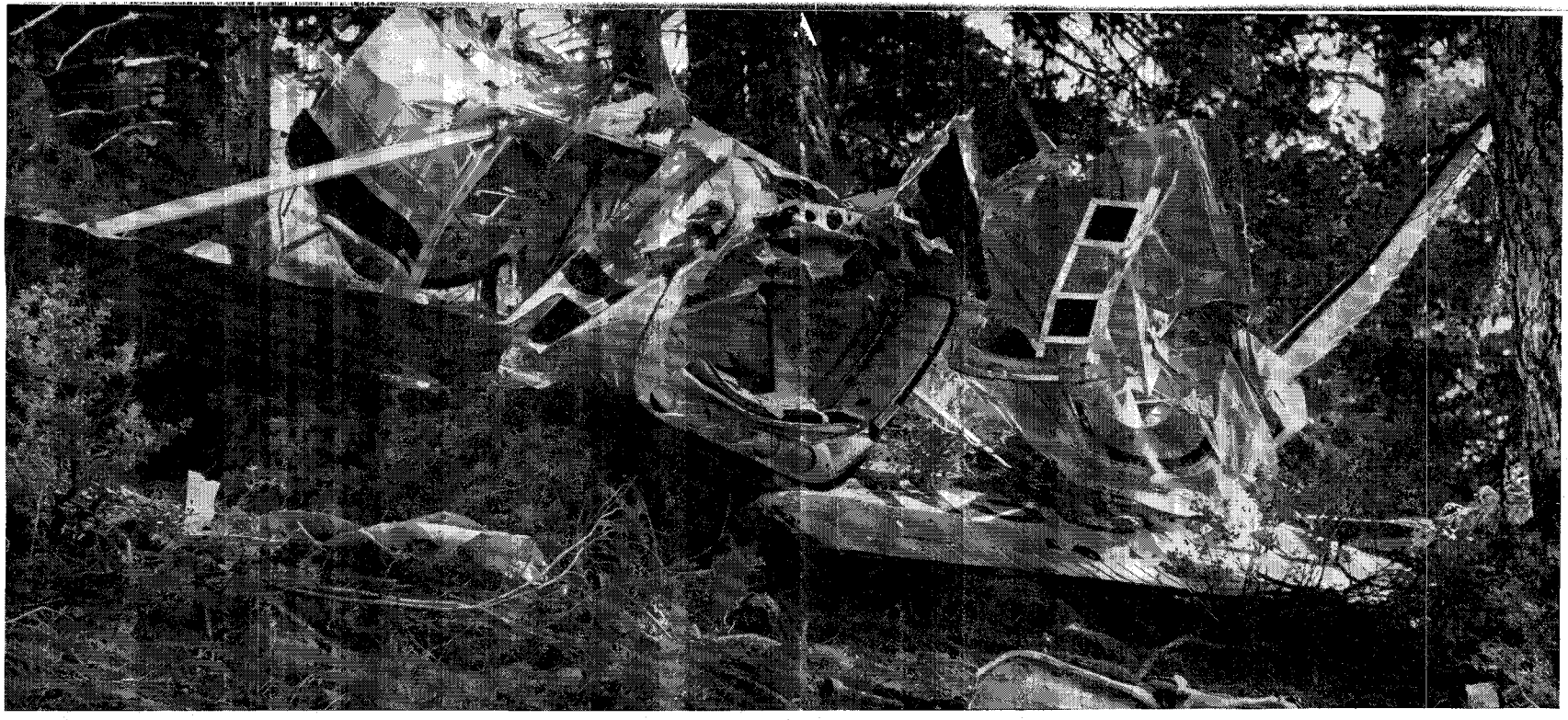
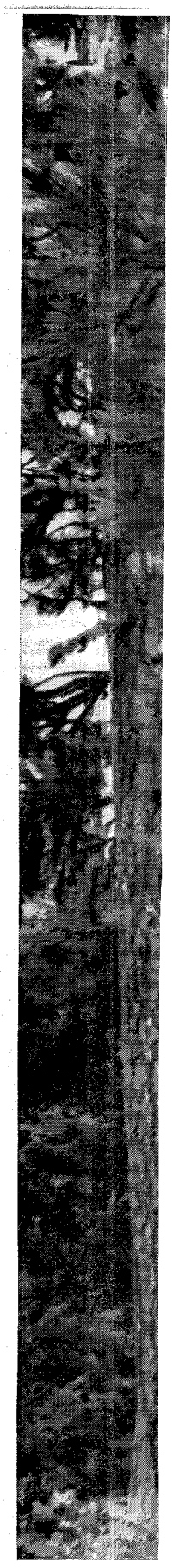


The wreckage of the Davises' single-engined plane atop 6988-foot Aldrich Mountain in Eastern Oregon. They crashed in a blinding blizzard last April.



Our Days of Horror

By BRUCE DAVIS
as told to Bruce Lee

A husband's gripping story of how he had to leave his injured wife alone on a snowy mountain after a plane crash. His journey for help turned out to be nearly fatal.

My wife Patty kissed our two children good-by with particular fondness that Monday morning, last April twenty-first. She and I were leaving to visit my parents in Spokane, Washington, flying there in our own small plane. Twelve-year-old Kim and ten-year-old Scott would stay at home in Fresno, California, with Patty's mother to look after them.

"Be good, kids," Patty told them. "We'll be home on Friday."

Actually, it was six weeks before I saw the children again, and Patty hasn't come home yet. We're lucky to be alive. At 4:30 that Monday afternoon, lost in a storm over sparsely populated Eastern Oregon, I wrecked our plane on the top of 6988-foot Aldrich Mountain. For three days and nights of pitiless snow, rain and wind, Patty lay alone, in shock, her pelvic bone broken and with only two candy mints for food, while I hiked an agonizing thirty-four miles to get help.

Perhaps you read about it in the newspapers. If so, you know we're both in our mid-thirties. I might add that neither of us is what you'd call the rugged outdoor type. As a matter of fact, I can barely see across a room without my glasses—which were broken in the crash.

The author's wife, Patty, badly injured and nearly frozen, was rescued by an Air Force helicopter. She couldn't have lasted another night, said the doctor who treated her.

According to my flight log, we took off from Fresno at 10:19 A.M., heading for Klamath Falls, Oregon. The plane was a single-engine Cessna 182 which I had bought in August, 1957, to help me cover my beat as entertainment director for the Hacienda Motel chain in California and Nevada. I had already logged some 300 hours in it, flying about 45,000 miles.

Now in Klamath Falls, I added thirty-six gallons of gas, to fill the two wing tanks, and checked the weather. I was advised to fly over Eastern Oregon toward Pendleton because there was a storm at Portland. Pendleton is about an hour and forty minutes' flying time from Klamath Falls. Although the storm was moving east, I was assured we would beat it to Eastern Oregon by a good three hours.

An hour out of Klamath Falls the storm hit us. Visibility dropped from thirty-five miles to zero. In the fog (Continued on Page 125)

Right: Davis, here being helped from the plane which led the 'copter to the crash site, was still unaware that Patty was alive.

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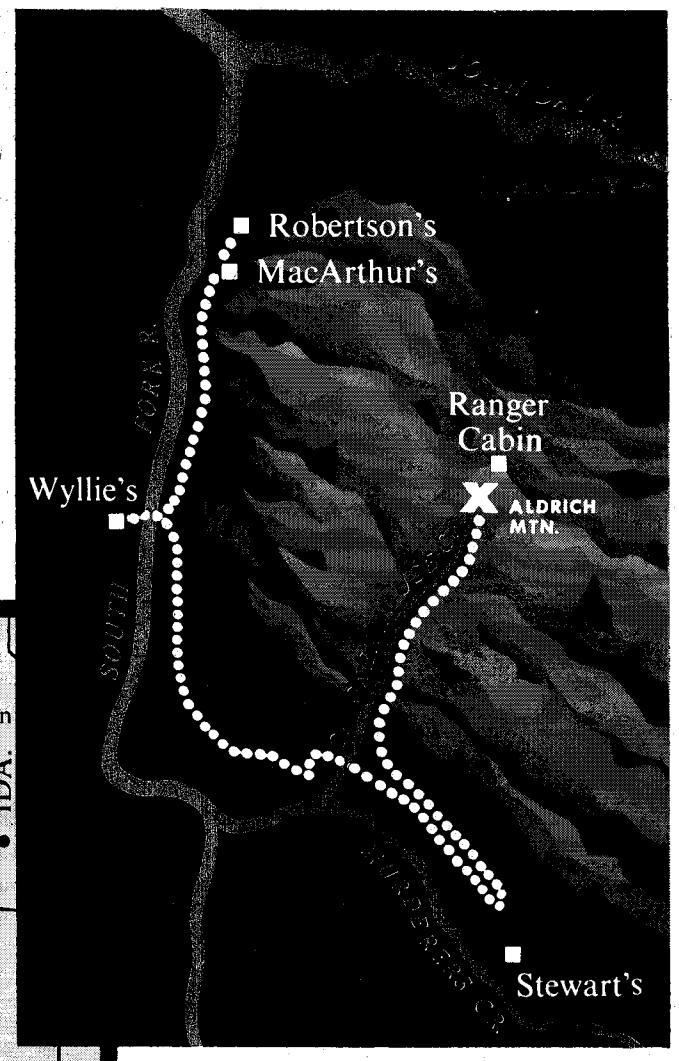
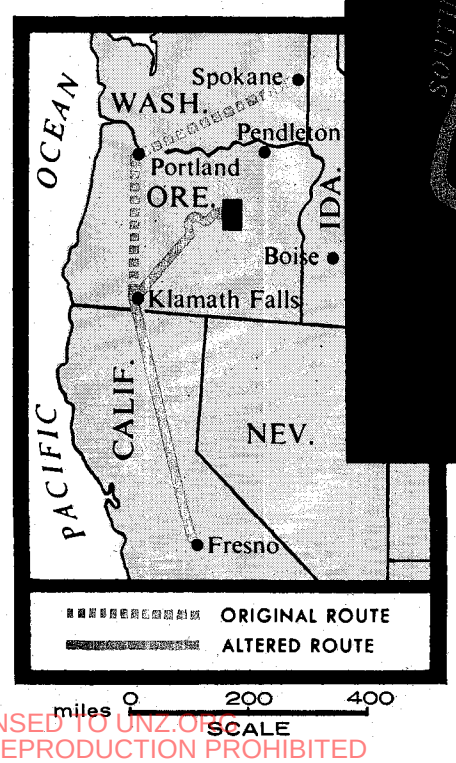
hotograph, finally smashed into deep snow covering the ground.

The Davises near the end of their stay in the hospital. Patty's left foot, and part of her right foot, had to be amputated.





The map at left shows how the storm swept the Davises off their course (Fresno to Spokane) at Klamath Falls. Shown above is the author's painful, 72-hour trek from the wreckage on Aldrich Mountain to Gus Robertson's ranch, where he finally got help.

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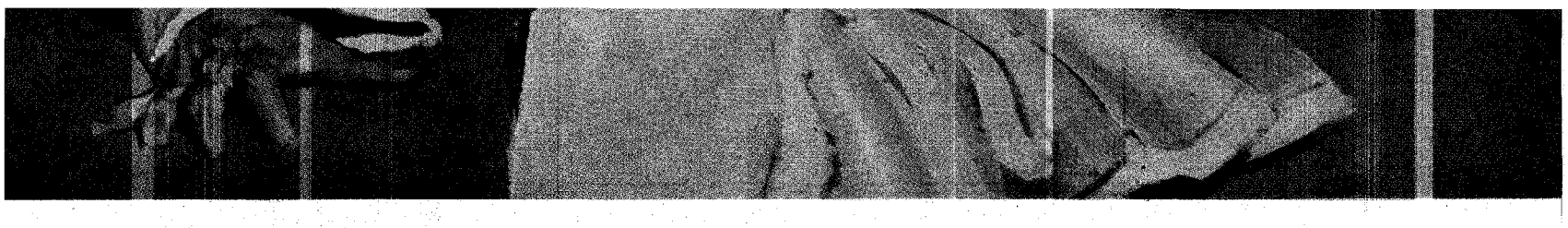

Remember who you talkin' to. Mah name is

Henry Jackson—

Champion of the Whole World!

By TOM McMORROW, JR.

I've been training old Henry so long I can pretty near tell you whenever he's going to yawn or maybe stand up and say, "Let's take us a walk." But I surely never figured him to say that about the Frenchman. When he did, I went fast to look for Mr. Louie Ray, because this was big trouble.

I found out Mr. Louie Ray was having his dinner at the Penguin Club, and so I got to a telephone. Them Penguin Club folks wouldn't welcome me there, because I am a colored man.

This is one of the high-tonest clubs in New York. You get a call, they just plug you a phone by the table. "You better come quick," I tell him. "Champ wants to fight the Frenchman."

"Wha-at?" says Louie Ray.

"Henry says he's gonna fight the man."

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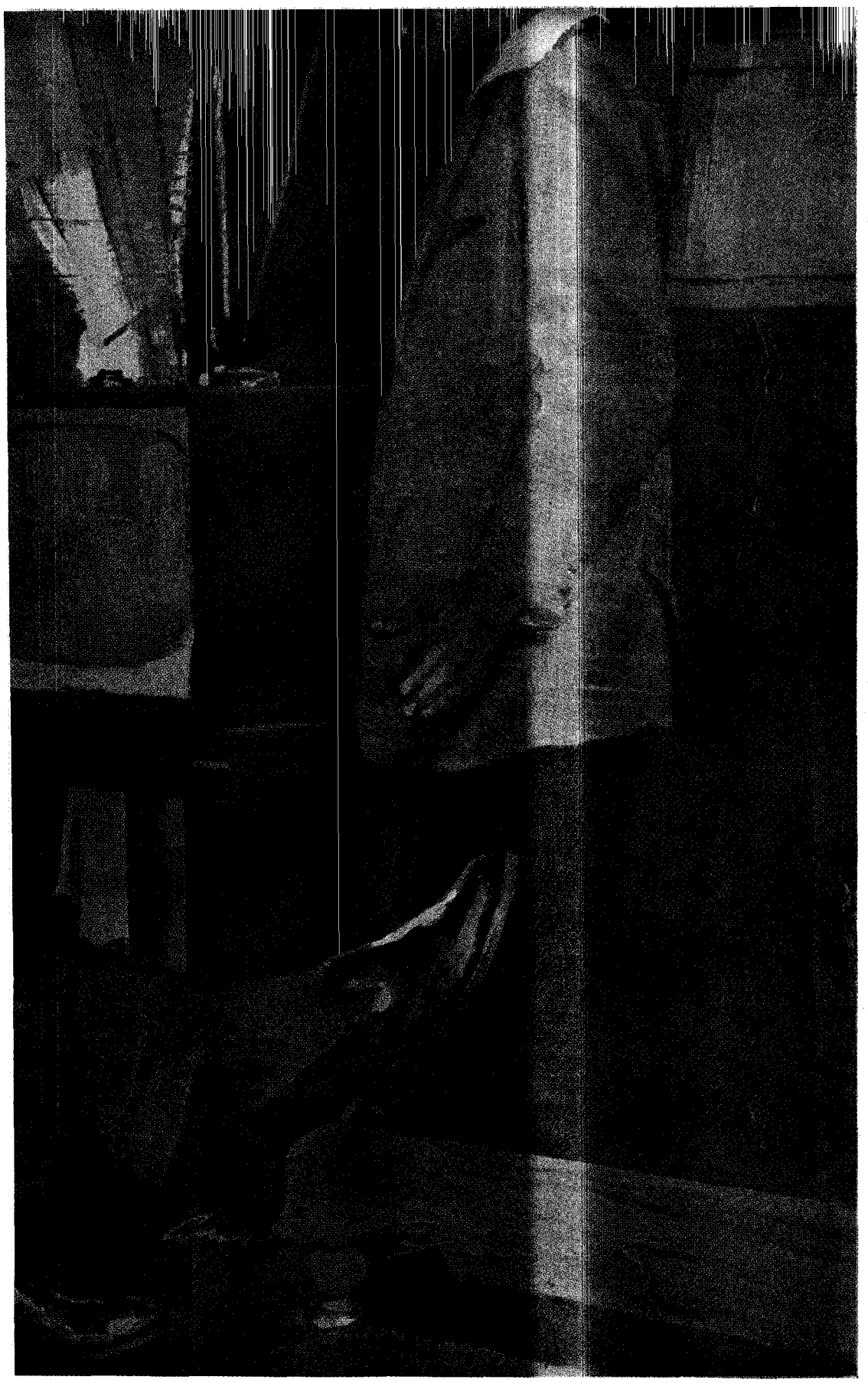

"Fight him? What's he wanna do, roon me? Maybe the bum's gettin' punchy. Hah? Come on, you're his trainer."

"He heard the Frenchman talk on the television. He says it's honor."

"It's what? Too much noise in this joint."

"Honor. He says the Frenchman's right. If he ain't got honor, he ain't no champion."

"If he ain't got what? I don't understand you."

You couldn't really blame Mr. Louie Ray, not getting my meaning. It's a word you don't hear much in this line.

Maybe you seen that picture of him in the ring with Henry the night we win the title, up on his tiptoes so as to get his face up to Henry's shoulder and in all the pictures. You don't run on many managers you could call Stretch.

Us trainers, we're mostly no account, too, when it comes to size. Only we're mostly skinny where the managers are fat, because we run with the fighters. They're pretty friendly boys, and they don't like to do their runnin' alone.

After the managers, and the trainers and the fighters, there's one other bunch you're liable to see if you hang around this business. Movies and television got fancy names for them, but we just call them the Tough Guys. When these boys come around and tell you they are going to take away your fighter, you say, "Yessir. Thank you kindly."

They don't trouble me and old Henry, because he is not a banger, which is what brings in the crowd. This is good one way and not so good another way, because these are the boys who get you in big time.

Henry and me, we learned our business together, stepped in blood in them small-town dressing rooms where you don't see no commission doctor, cleaned up many's the boy Henry beat our own self because the manager done skipped out.

Main thing about Henry, he's a doer. What we mean by that, he'll do what you told him, and he'll keep on doing it till you say, "Do something else." Might be he'll get hit, get the brain all jarred up; if he ain't a doer, he'll stop doing right there, maybe start to slug, stick-and-go, something you don't want. But a doer, he'll keep right on.

So Henry, he win here, he win there, and the next town maybe he lose, because the man done told him, "You want a payday, boy? We got a kid we're building up. You stick your chin out nice, we'll take good care of you."

It's after we done one of them kind of jobs, Mr. Louie Ray walks in our dressing room. A big operator. First, I think maybe he got the wrong room.

"You got a pretty good boy there," he says. You'll take notice he talked to me, not to the fighter. Managers, they mostly talk just to managers.

"Yessir." I keep right on cutting at the tape on Henry's hand. A Louie Ray don't visit no club fighter's dressing room to inquire, "You think we're gonna get rain?" But I don't let on. Times like this, a sharp man, he'll play it like he's dull.

Louie Ray looks up at the cracked ceiling, like he's wondering is it going to fall down. "I'll lay the odds you don't get no squawks from the newspaper guys," he says.

I still don't talk none. He keeps after me. "Now don't try to tell me you didn't do business tonight."

"Do business? Don't rightly get your meaning, boss."

"Oh, sure you don't. Why, you guys wouldn't know a barney if yez fell over one. That's why I like to work with you black boys. When you clam up, you're all clam." He throws his cigar butt in the slop bucket and she goes, "S-s-s-s-s-s." He slips the holder back of the big handkerchief in his show pocket.

Now he walks across the room with his sparkly shoes and sits down on the prelim boys' bench. That round little vest sticks out in front and he says, "Ah-h-h!"

I go to unlacing Henry's shoes. "Ya-a-as," says Louie Ray, "I like this boy. Got all the moves. Could of chopped that kid up. Like the way he slipped them build-up punches, and then, when the crowd was hollering nice, he took the finisher right on the whiskers."

"Tough punch." I pull off a shoe.

"Go on, it don't bother this bum. I seen his eyes. But he stuck that chin out real nice. No ki-yi in this boy."

"Yessir." Old Henry got a cut over the eye where the kid done butted him. I spread it now to see if she needs a stitch.

"I'm taking him over."

She don't need a stitch. I look at old Henry. He lifts his head and talks his first words. Old Henry talks real Deep South. "I don' go without Billie goes too."

Mr. Louie Ray makes his answer to me. "I got you figured in for his trainer. They tell me you're O.K. We'll break it up like this: I cut the fighter in half, but I pay all expenses. You take five per cent."

(Continued on Page 74)

Illustrated by Austin Briggs

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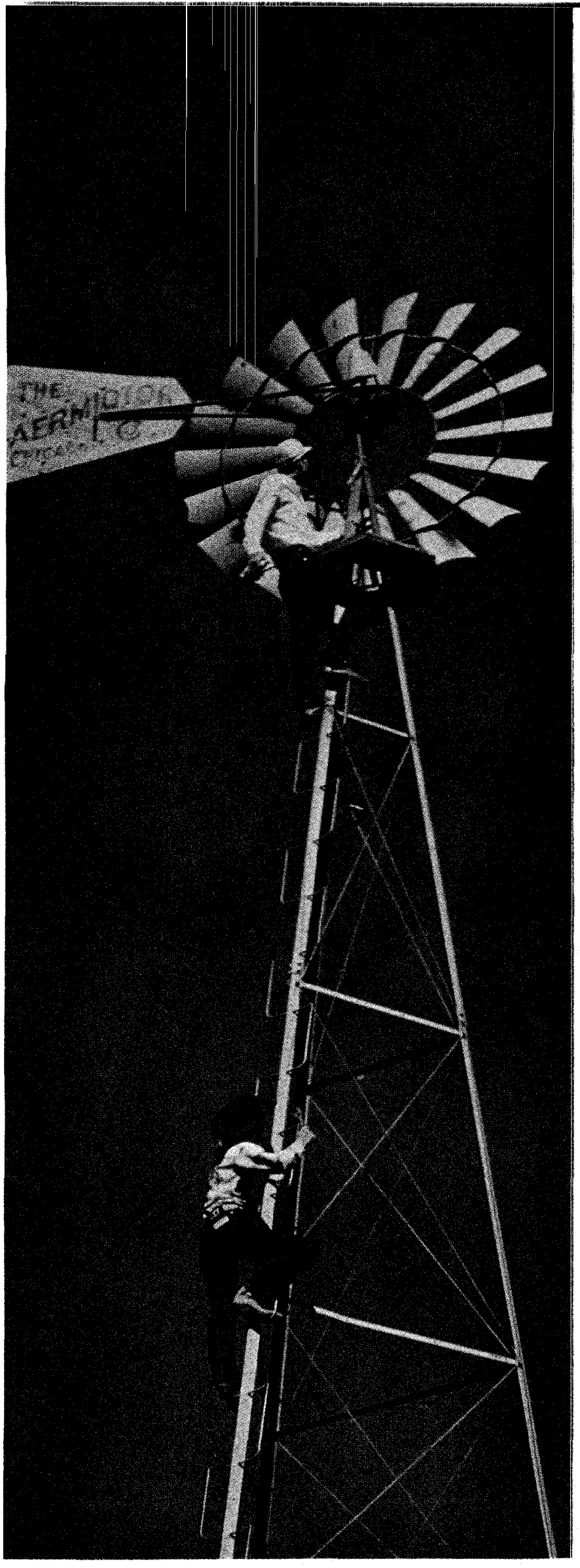


A wind machine typical of the type designed for stock watering on Western ranches. It adjusts itself to changes in wind direction.

Requiem for a Noble Engine

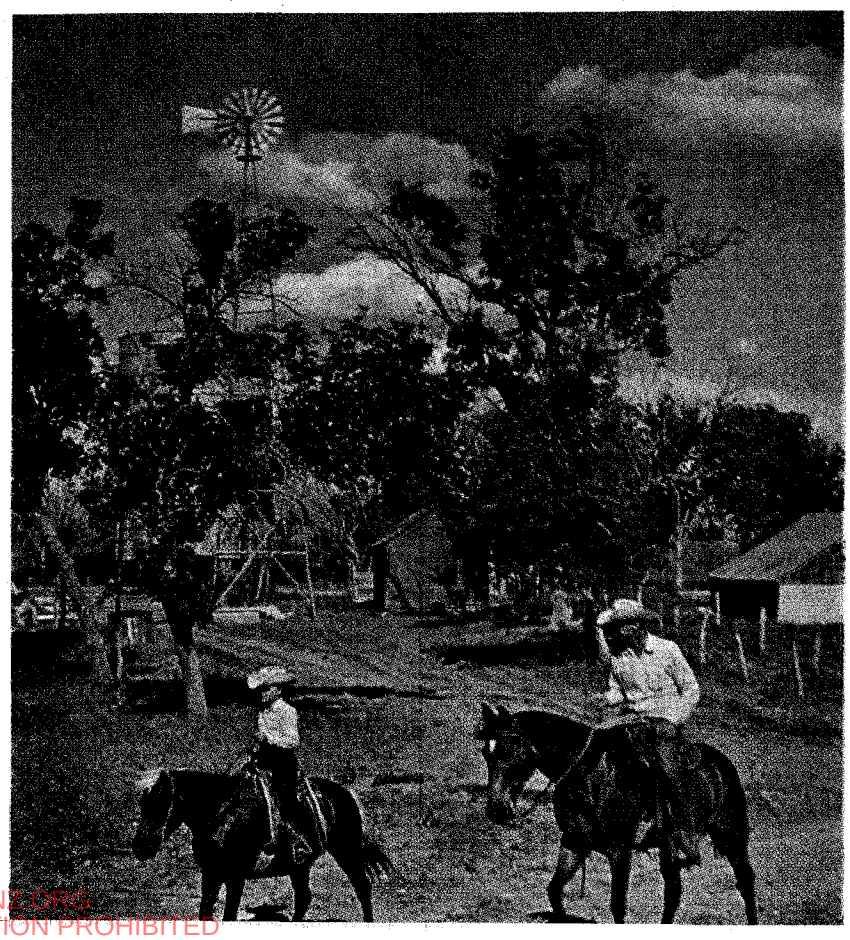
By CRAIG THOMPSON

Until recently the working windmill has been a familiar sight on millions of American farms. Now this fickle but picturesque machine is becoming extinct.

For possibly two thousand years the windmill has drawn man's water, hewn his wood, ground his grain, made his salt and inspired his poets and painters. In Holland it has helped push away the sea to enlarge man's foothold on this planet, and it was nearly as important as the railroads in assisting him to settle on our own Western plains. Though the evidence is inferential, the sketchbooks of Leonardo da Vinci and other aviation pioneers indicate that from the windmill men drew some of the ideas that led to the age of flight.

Along the way, the word came to have a variety of meanings to people of different times and places. To Shakespeare it suggested a witless, flighty person. In France, *moulin à paroles* or "mill of words" described a garrulous woman. More latterly, in London, where the Windmill Theatre specialized in body-beautiful displays, the (Continued on Page 130)

Fading from the American scene, the once ubiquitous American windmill is yielding to the electric pump. This survivor is on a ranch near Cassoday, Kansas.



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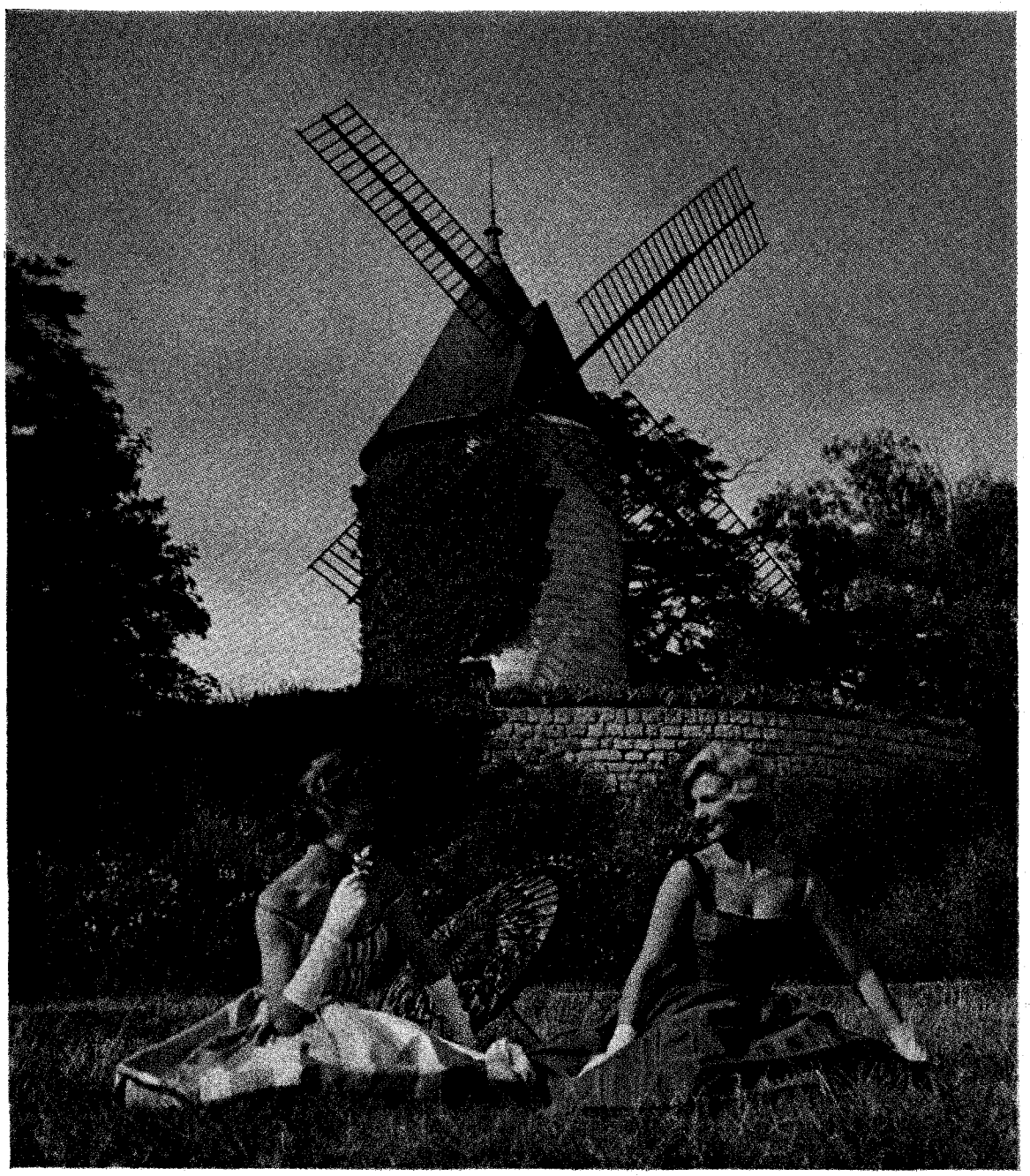
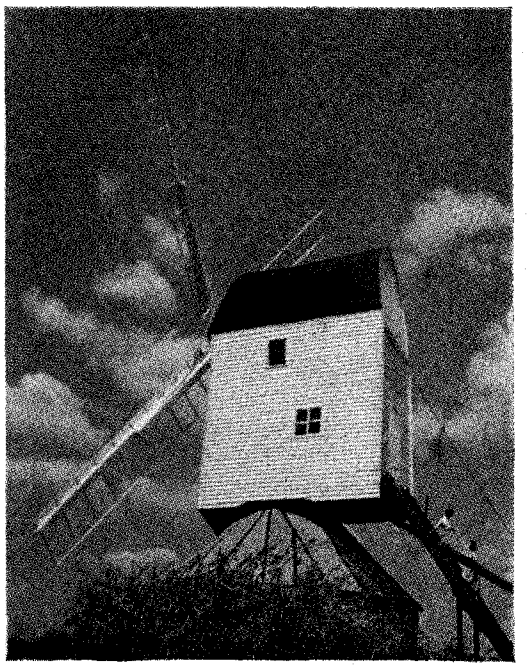
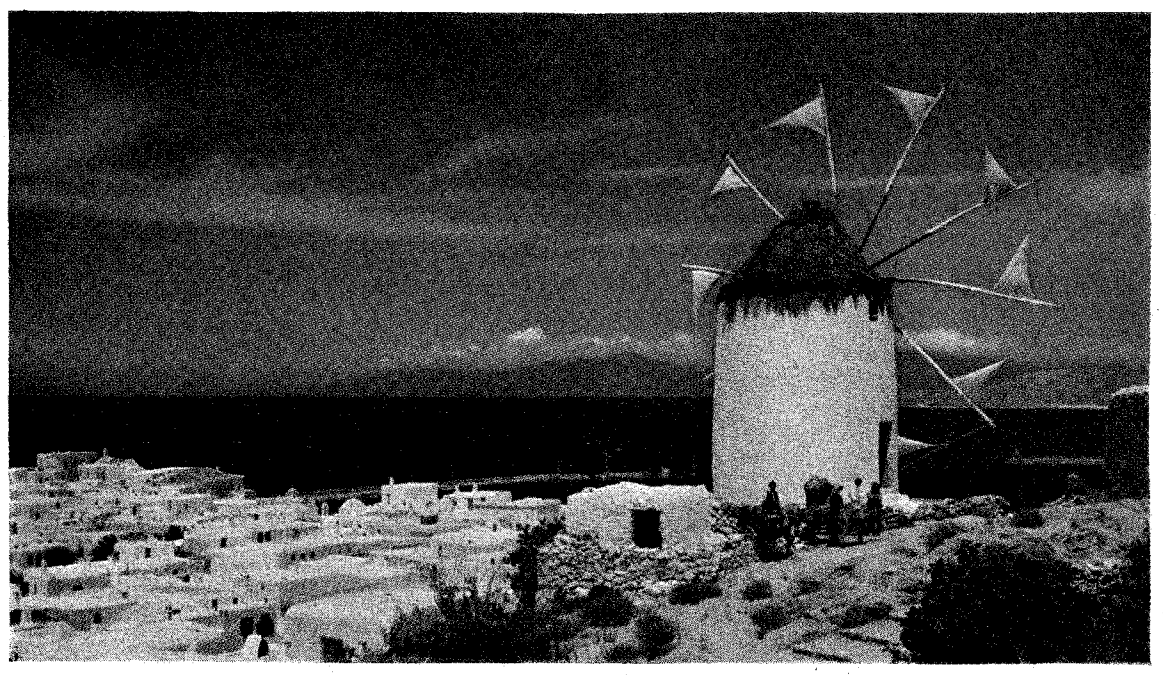


France: This elegant little mill stands guard over the fashionable Longchamps race track outside Paris. Originally built in the 14th century and restored many times since, it now serves as a scenic attraction for tourists and race-track visitors.

Holland: For centuries windmills pumped back the invading sea. Now the work is done by diesel engines.



England: One early use was to pump sea water onto the land so the salt could be evaporated.



Greece: An island mill grinds away in response to Aegean zephyrs. The sails are reefed here to keep the wheel from turning too fast. In lighter airs they can be unfurled from the spars to take full advantage of the wind's force.

Sweden: These mills ground corn a century ago. Now they are only sentimental relics.

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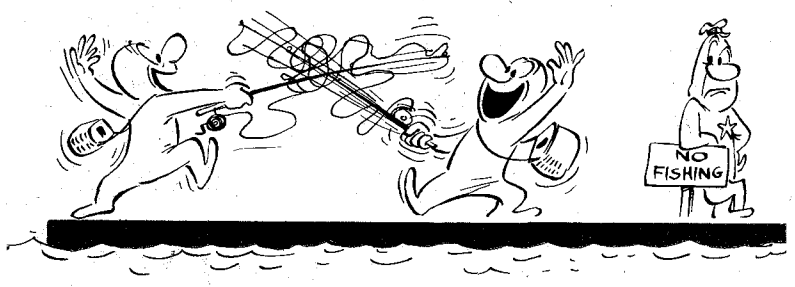
Post Scripts



And Then He Says—— (My Favorite Movie Speeches)

"Roughing up the old man and scaring the kid was one thing, but murder ——"

"Cover me, Tom. I'm going to try to reach the stables."

"There's just a chance it might work, at that. If you can find me a six DB negatron with a filik-sassaphran ——"

"Would you mind showing us once more where you were standing when the gun went off?"

"Wait a minute. That's not war drums. It's code! Harry must've got through. '*S-e-n-d h-e-l-p* ——'"

"I know you can't talk now, so just listen. Whatever you do, don't eat any of the birthday cake. I'll explain when I get there. Remember, don't eat any of the cake. Now hang up and pretend it was a call from your mother."

"Tom, if you can hear me up there, this is Helen. You've already proved you can fly higher than any other man. Now come on down. Tom, come on down—to Penny and me!"

"Jim, I'm sorry it had to be this way—but I told you not to draw on me—you crazy, dumb fool, you."

PAUL C. LAW

"Rough day?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

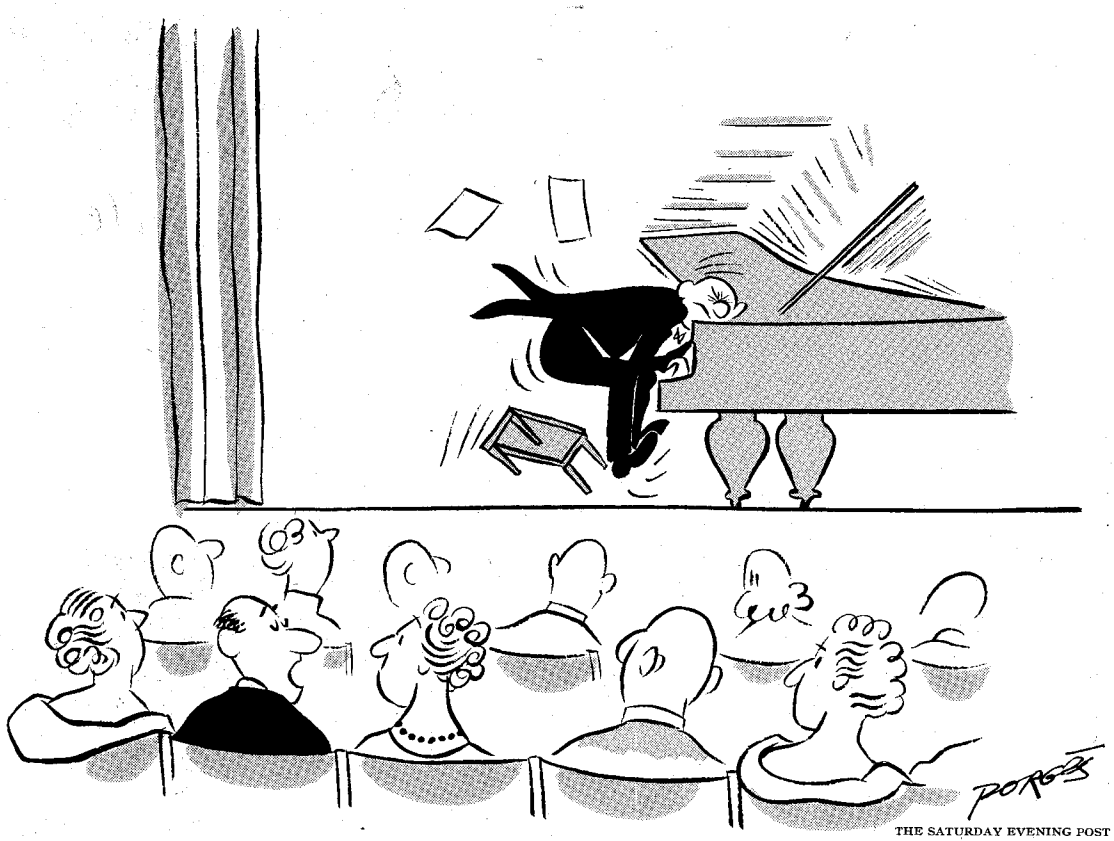
Better Men

I love you, dear, but why pretend
  It simply has to follow
That I regard you as a blend
  Of Brando and Apollo?

For there are better men than you,
  So quell your male complacence.
Why, I could name a dozen who
  Rate feminine obeisance.

Yes, there are better men, my lad,
  And few the faults that spot 'em.
And no one but a cad would add
  That better girls have got 'em!

PENNY PENNINGTON



"Well . . . that's show business!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Split-Level Decision

When I heard this ruckus in front of my corral here at Sunnyside Acres, I lit me one of those long, cool ranch-type cigarettes, and then I drifted outside.

Out near the main trail I saw a posse of my neighbors, including Ben Sickles, Curley and Lefty, while smack in the middle stood a man and a lady I didn't rightly know by sight.

"We was just gonna call you," said Ben. "This fella here is named Stranger, and his woman is Mrs. Stranger, I reckon."

"Howdy, Strangers," I said. "Welcome to the Acres."

"Thankee," said Stranger, giving his belt a hitch. "We'uns aim to build us a spread over yonder on that lonely acre."

"A ranch-type spread, sure enough?"

"No," growled Mrs. Stranger. "Split-level spread, sure enough."

Well, sir, it settled down so quiet you could hear the shadows lickin' across the grass. I looked at the boys, and the boys looked back at me. Finally, I said right out, "Strangers, this here is ranch-type country. Us homesteaders came out here in '53, blazing a trail with our ranch wagons, and I for one don't aim ——"

"Wait, now," said Ben, easy-like. "Stranger, I like your looks and I'm gonna call you Shorty. What is this split-level layout, Shorty?"

"Thankee," said Shorty Stranger. "Well, it's a house with a sunk-down living room, two bedrooms up on stilts, and a kitchen halfway in between."

"Say," said Ben. "A friend of mine built hisself one of them things, back in town. He came home likkered up one night, and he forgot which way the living room went—up or down."

"On the level?"

"Split-level, I hear," said Ben.

Shorty turned to his wife and said something nasty-like, and she flared right back at him. The posse and I drifted away, and that was the last we saw of them Strangers.

That lonely acre is still there, but if you've a mind to build, you'd better see me first. Or Ben, Curley or Lefty.

A. R. SWINNERTON

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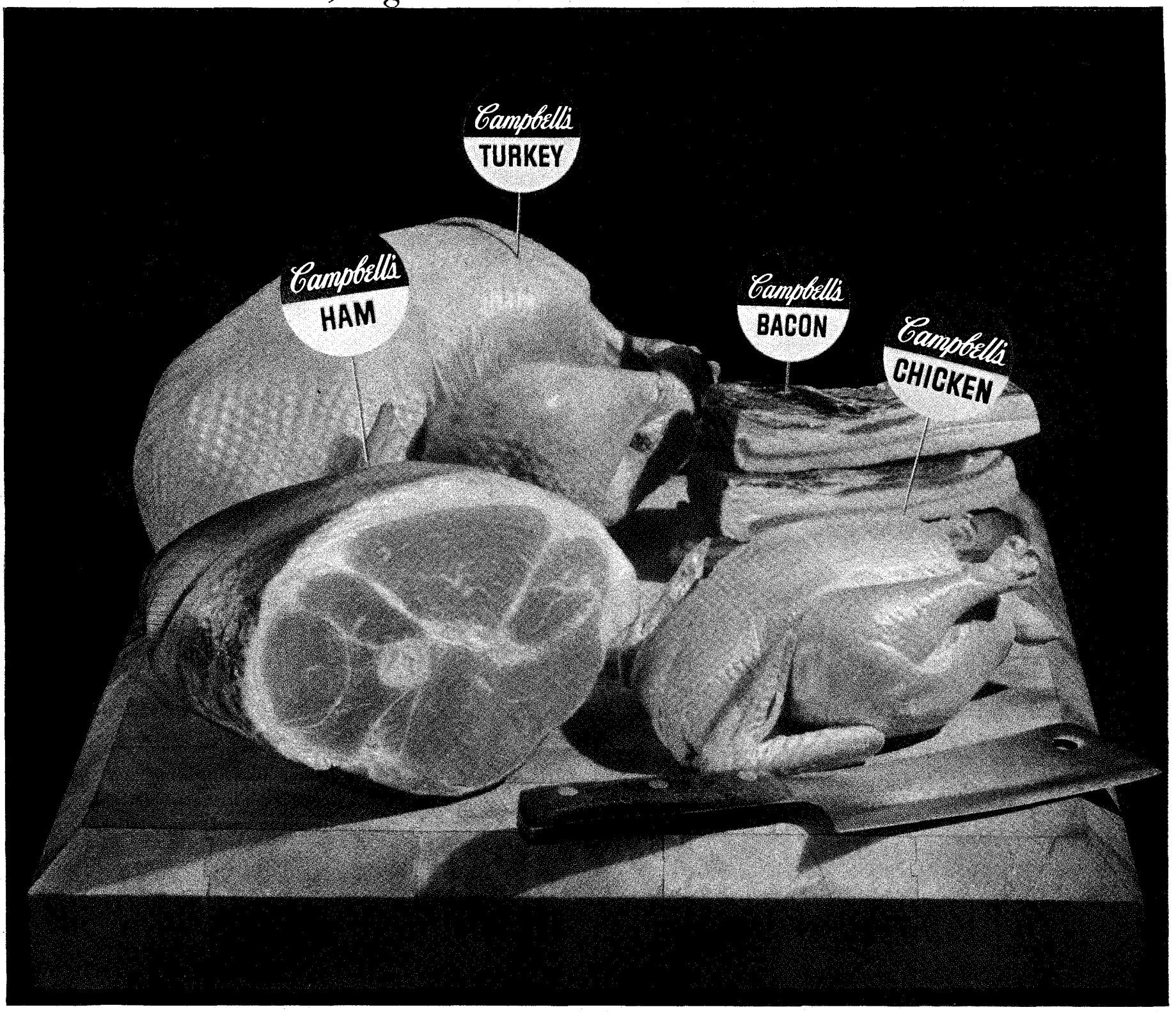
"To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care."



Good meat headed for Campbell's Kitchens

Campbell Chefs like to work with the best of everything

As any good cook knows, many a soupbone has turned out many a fine kettle of soup. But here at Campbell's we go a lot further than that to make sure our soups are extra good.

Real Sunday-eatin' quality

Take ham, for instance. Campbell's buys whole hams, hams that are specially smoked and cured for old-time flavor. Then our butchers dice up the entire ham, center slices and all, for Campbell's Frozen Green Pea with Ham Soup.

And bacon. It's bits of choice, smoke-cured breakfast bacon that puts its special touch to our Bean with Bacon Soup. Quality you want yourself for your own mealtime enjoyment.

The chickens—the turkeys—we're fussy as a wet hen about them. Only fine plump birds will do. After they're used to prepare a rich broth, all the good meat, breast meat and all, goes into the soup. Into Campbell's five varieties of Chicken Soups. Into Campbell's new Turkey Noodle. Into the many fine Swanson Frozen Foods.

No substitute for the best

A lot of people might think this sounds a bit lavish, perhaps. But it's typical of the lengths Campbell's goes to, to make everything that comes from the Campbell's Kitchens extra good. You see, we take this motto very seriously indeed: "To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care."

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Greek troops (above) fought a losing battle against Hitler's army in the Balkans. Marina stayed behind to nurse the wounded, while the author covered the campaign.

MY COURTSHIP IN CODE

By C. L. SULZBERGER

A famous American foreign correspondent tells the true story of how he wooed and won a wartime bride by radio messages across enemy lines.

Above: *Marina in 1942 after her escape from Greece and subsequent marriage to the author (right). This photograph of Sulzberger was taken on board the fishing boat that spirited him out of the country to Turkey.*

Athens is inspiring in the spring. The orange trees are in fruit, flower stalls sway with blossoms, and the gregarious Athenians gather in the sunshine, as they have since time immemorial, for political argumentation. Towers of logic are erected and destroyed over countless little cups of coffee.

In April, 1939, I was introduced to this splendid scene by the first freshet of that war which was soon to sweep across the northern mountains and engulf the Greeks.

On Good Friday of that year, Mussolini seized Albania. I had an understanding with the United Press, for whom I had previously worked, that I would rejoin them temporarily in the event of war. So, when Webb Miller, of U. P., located me by telephone in Bulgaria, I set off to join King Zog's miserable army. But Zog fled to Greece with his queen, his new-

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Albania's King Zog and Queen Geraldine, whose mother was American. After Mussolini's 1939 coup they fled with most of the country's gold reserves.

born son and most of the national gold reserve. While everyone wondered whether Italy intended to press its invasion southward, I flew to the Greek capital.

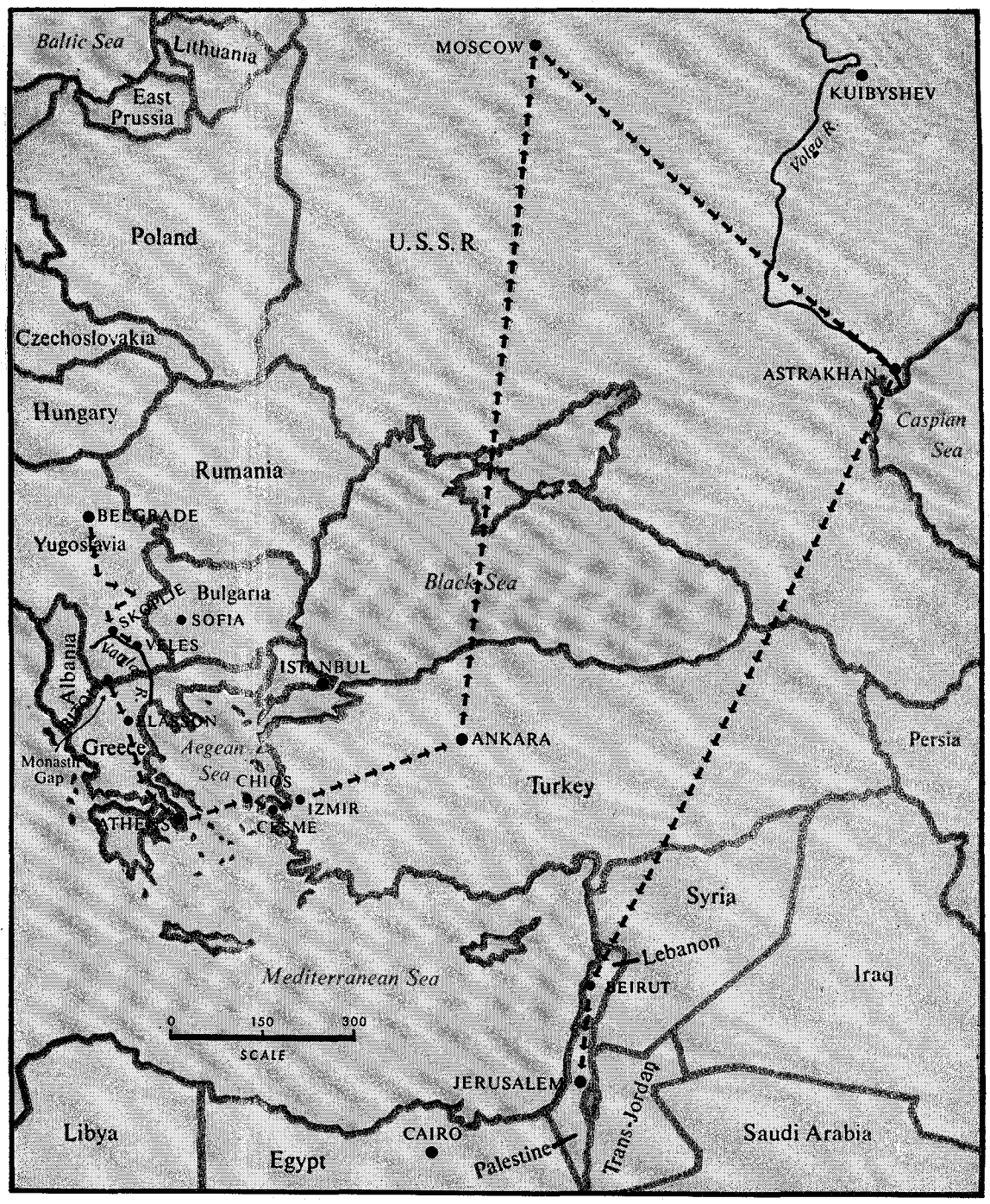
Hitler was not yet ready for war. His colleague, the Duce, was hardly the man to start it all alone. The temperature cooled off, and during this period I inspected the lovely countryside with my good friend A. C. Sedgwick, correspondent of The New York Times.

It was through Sedgwick that I first met his nineteen-year-old niece, the slender, dark-haired Marina Lada. Although I was myself only twenty-six in those days, Marina seemed exceptionally young to me. Like all proper Greek girls, she led a sheltered life. Indeed, it was only by accident that Marina had her first lunch alone with a man. I had invited her with the Sedgwicks; at the last minute they fell ill.

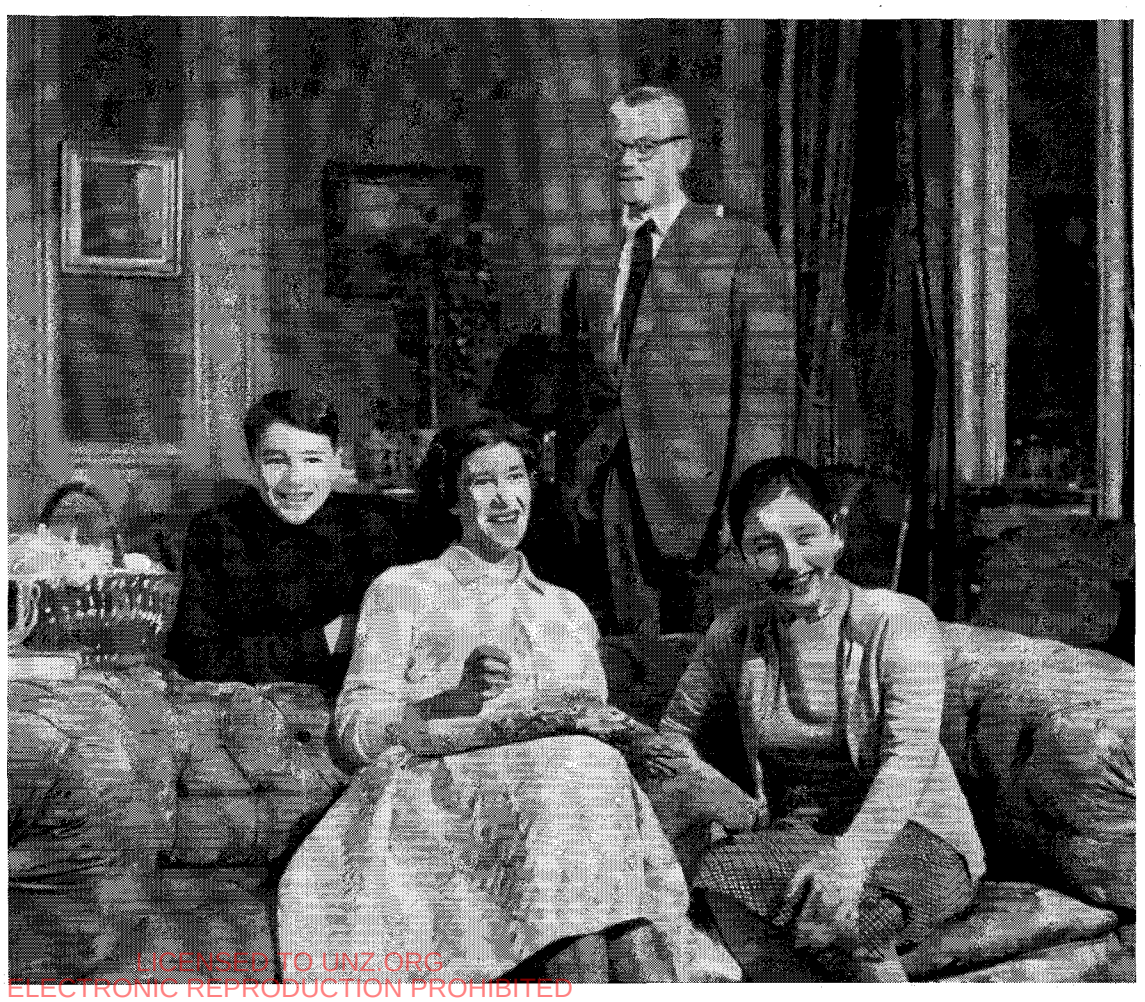
However, we were soon parted. Calm again descended on the Greco-Albanian border, and I skipped off to the Slavic countries of the Balkans. World War II began September first, and for a while Italy's imperial ambitions were forgotten as the Germans expanded eastward.

It was only after Mussolini invaded Greece on October twenty-eighth, 1940, that I again began to spend much time there. Between visits to the battle front and to the islands, I lived in Athens. Marina's home was in the country a few miles away, but she had volunteered as nurse-lieutenant in a hospital, and was living at the Sedgwicks'. As the war progressed, I saw her with increasing frequency.

That was an exhilarating moment of history. The Greeks forgot their incessant bickering and united to expel an invader. At the front, peasant troops rattled into the Albanian mountains on comically outdated trucks, flowers behind their ears, screaming, "On to Rome!" Women carried ammunition on their backs through the Acroceraunian peaks. A division in Crete went on hunger strike until its soldiers were moved into line. The Fascists, cold and frightened, ran. (Continued on Page 82)



This map shows war correspondent Sulzberger's travels (without Marina) from Belgrade, April 5, 1941, to Jerusalem, where the reunited couple held their wedding reception January 22, 1942.



The Sulzbergers today in their Paris home. At left is son David, 11, and at right, daughter Marina, 13. He is a foreign-affairs columnist of The New York Times.

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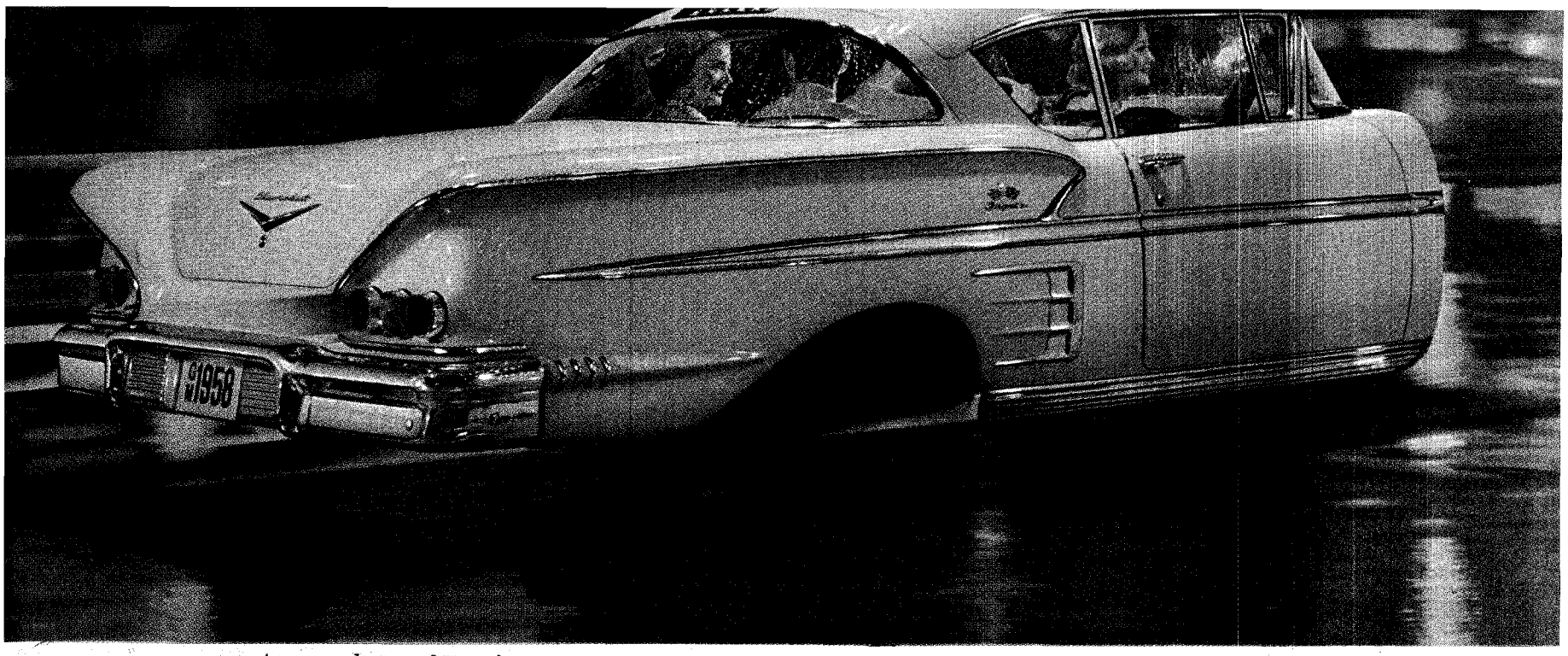

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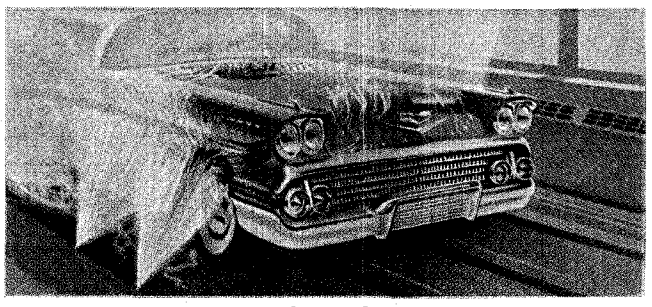

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THE CHAINS OF FEAR

In cold blood, Lyubkin at last took his revenge.

By NIKOLAI NAROKOV

Lyubkin, high on the ladder of Stalinist power, began to lose his faith in Bolshevism. His mistress, Elena, had unnerved him when she told him that she loved him. Then, too, Lyubkin realized that the "enemies of the people" whose liquidation he and his deputy, Suprunov, supervised were actually the people themselves. He was haunted by a vaguely remembered statement from the Gospel concerning salt. He wanted desperately to find that Biblical quotation, but he didn't know where to find a Bible.

Even after Evlalia Grigorievna knew that her father, Grigory, was responsible for her husband's imprisonment, she wanted to help free Grigory from the NKVD. To the amazement of her mysterious and powerful friend Semenov, Evlalia threatened to "go to Lyubkin himself" if Semenov would not help. Semenov, humbled by the courage of the little typist, promised to speak to Lyubkin for her. Shortly afterward, Grigory was released. He returned home eager to atone to his daughter for his failure as a father. But Evlalia, sickened by the knowledge of her father's treachery, found Grigory's overtures unendurable.

CONCLUSION

At Evlalia Grigorievna's apartment, the sound of Grigory Mikhailovich's steps in the corridor had died and the door at the front entrance had long since banged, but Evlalia Grigorievna still stood hesitantly in the same place. Depressed and confused, she stepped back from the door and sat down at her typewriter to work.

Two hours went by. She kept on typing, but glanced more and more frequently at the clock. *A half hour to get there, an hour there and another half hour to return. It's time he were back. Why doesn't he come?* At last she got up. She would go to Sophia Dmitrievna. The old woman was sitting, knitting, while Shurik was reading to her from his "A B C."

"Sophia Dmitrievna!" exclaimed Evlalia Grigorievna. "Papa's not home yet!"

"He's been held up somewhere," yawned Sophia Dmitrievna in feigned indifference. "It's still early, after all. What time is it?"

"It's three o'clock already!"

"Well, there you are; it's only three o'clock."

As the time passed, Evlalia Grigorievna's uneasiness increased. When evening came, she began walking about the room, burning with anxiety to rush out and try to discover what had happened. Shurik looked at her in alarm, burst into tears and hid his eyes in the folds of her dress.

"Where will you go at this time of night?" reasoned Sophia Dmitrievna. "Who will you find to tell you anything now? Nothing can have happened to him."

"They must have arrested him again!" Evlalia Grigorievna cried. "He went to them and they ——"

"Even so, it won't help to run out now! Wait till tomorrow."

"Till tomorrow? But what if ——"

"There's no 'but' about it. What can you do now? What can anyone do until morning?"

The two women stared bleakly at each other.

At six o'clock the next morning, Evlalia Grigorievna dressed quickly and left the house. At the NKVD they kept her waiting for a long time. At last an official on duty took pity on her and made a few telephone calls. She could not hear what was being said over the telephone, but she derived from his frown and his blinking eyes that something terrible had happened.

"What is it?" she murmured, paling.

"Go to the anatomical amphitheater. They'll tell you over there." He turned away as if he did not want to look at her. Numbly she got up.

At the anatomical amphitheater she was received attentively, sympathetically, even warmly. She did not know who the tall, thin, tow-haired, still-youthful man in the white coat was, but he spoke to her with great gentleness. "Come back later," he said quietly. "You can't look now."

As she fell across the bed, Lyubkin raised his revolver.

And Evlalia Grigorievna sobbed into her gloves. She knew she was being told the truth. As far as this man knew, he was telling the truth. In her life she had met truth so seldom that she had an instinct which responded as soon as truth was present. "An accident—the train." But what Grigory Mikhailovich had been doing trying to take a train, she could not imagine. Nor did she try to think what else it might have been.

"Can you go home alone?" the young man asked almost shyly. "Couldn't I go with you?" Without waiting for a reply, he shouted into the adjoining (Continued on Page 116)

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The Liar (Continued from Page 37)

not stare. Mary had no doubt he saw everything, just the same. "Our housemother is being called away, today. It has been very short notice. I liked one or two letters. Yours was one of them. Now, you would be free to come at once?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"What has been your experience?"

"I have raised two boys of my own," she said.

"I should have said what jobs have you held?"

"None, sir. But I love little boys. I believe that I understand them. I am anxious to be useful. I am quite strong." The white gloves prayed of themselves. She could not stop them.

"You have been living how?" asked Mr. Bowman. "Forgive me for asking."

"I understand," she said. "I have been living on an income that is—that is unexpectedly becoming inadequate."

"Where?"

"In a—a room."

"Mrs. Gleeson," he said in a moment, "I am sure you realize that there is the matter of experience. Perhaps not necessarily in our field, but in the—er—discipline of a regular occupation. How have you occupied your time?"

"Why, I—I read. I go about. I enjoy the world." She thought despairingly, *How can I explain the discipline it takes to keep yourself alive and alert when you live all alone and have no work? Does he know anything about that?*

"What will you do," he inquired kindly, "if you do not find a paying job?"

"I have sons," she said. She could see him jumping to the thought that her sons would begrudge her their homes. Should she say that her younger son was abroad, for the Government? But her older one had an apartment in New York, a working wife, a dog? Should she tell him that she was absolutely sure of the telegram, the plane ticket? That Mary did not for one instant doubt her well-raised and beloved sons, but doubted herself? She was not sure she wanted to live in the apartment with the dog. She was not sure she could fit into another woman's scheme of things with the necessary grace. *My sons will take care of me*, she longed to say, *but, don't you see that it isn't easy to let yourself be taken care of? It's demanding.* She couldn't say it. "I feel very sure," she said fervently instead, "that I could be useful here."

"I wonder," he said smoothly, "if you would be kind enough to wait for a little while?"

He rose. She found she had risen. She was in the outer office. "I am to wait," she quavered.

The girl smiled and nodded, and then, summoned by some silent signal, went into the inner place and closed the door.

Mary Gleeson sat down. Mrs. Jarvis was quietly erect in her chair. Mary felt her nerves quivering. She had not done well, had not said the right things in the right way. White gloves tightened on the black purse. But there were things that could not be explained to a total stranger in five minutes.

They waited, both of them.

A young man in a sweat shirt opened the hall door and thrust a small boy into the room. "You sit down," he said severely. Then, "I beg your pardon. Isn't Miss Jones ——"

"She is with Mr. Bowman, I believe," said Mrs. Jarvis pleasantly.

"I see. I've got a class on the field. Would either of you ladies mind telling Miss Jones that this lad is here to be disciplined?"

"Not at all," said Mrs. Jarvis.

"You sit tight, Georgie," the young man said. "Mr. Bowman will tend to you." He went away, looking harassed.

The boy was perhaps nine years old. His hair was a pile of straw. His nose was scratched. He sat on the edge of a green leather chair, one dirty sneaker flat, the other dangling. The broken lace, the rip at the canvas toe, the shabbiness and the chubbiness of the young foot almost made Mary Gleeson cry.

Georgie was not exactly calm, but he was poised enough. In defiance. Law and order were his enemies today. He took a rubber band and some paper clips out of his pocket.

Zing!

Mrs. Jarvis munched her lip. "I wouldn't do that," she said sweetly.

Georgie's eyes were pools of perfect scorn.

Mrs. Gleeson thought to herself, *He knows she wouldn't do that.* A kind of interior bubble of love and mirth was coming up inside her. *Oh, the little ruffian!* she thought.

Zing!

A paper clip whizzed across the room and fell upon the small table between the ladies. On the table stood a tall thin vase with one rose bud in it.

"Mind you don't hit anyone," said Mrs. Jarvis a little sharply.

Georgie's eyes said, *I'm not hitting anybody. I've got to divert myself. I'm in trouble. I can't just sit here and think.*

Mrs. Gleeson began to turn in her mind what sentence could persuade Georgie to cease and desist.

Zing! Crack!

Over went the bud vase. Mrs. Jarvis sprang to her feet, brushing frantically at the gray wool of her skirt where the water had spattered it.

Mrs. Gleeson said flatly, "Well, now that's too bad. Better put them away, Georgie."

The door of the inner office opened and the girl and Mr. Bowman came out. "What happened?" Mr. Bowman asked.

Mrs. Jarvis looked up and smiled. "A young man brought this boy here for discipline, or so he said. The boy shot a paper clip and hit the vase."

"Oh, your skirt!" said the girl.

"It's not important," said Mrs. Jarvis, brushing hard.

"Georgie, did you knock over that vase?" asked Bowman.

"No, I dint," said Georgie. "I dint." He had fallen back into the chair that was too big for him, staring up at Mr. Bowman as if he stared at Judgment Day. Georgie was scared. "They did it themselves. I dint do it."

"Well, of course, he did," said Mrs. Jarvis patiently.

Mr. Bowman looked at Mary Gleeson.

"It was just a lucky hit," she said. She could have bitten her tongue. What a thing to say! The bubble, however, was up into her throat.

"Georgie?"

"I dint," said Georgie shrilly. "I dint do it." His eyes defied the entire universe.

Mrs. Jarvis compressed her lips. Mary Gleeson was watching Georgie. Mr. Bowman said, "Georgie, go into my office. Miss Jones, go with him. Now." He remained standing. "This boy. What would you do about him, Mrs. Jarvis?"

"I believe," said Mrs. Jarvis, "that honesty is one of the most important things. The skirt, of course, doesn't matter. The boy's falsehood does. Honesty is basic."

"The boy is not lying," said Mary Gleeson.

Somebody murmured, "Really!"

But Mary had forgotten all about herself. "You must understand," she cried. "Of course he knocked over the vase. We know that. But he honestly doesn't think so. Don't you see? He wishes he hadn't and he didn't mean to. So he wipes it out. He is a little boy. He is not lying. He is only saying what he wishes were true, and he wishes it so hard that he believes it. You can't discipline him for telling a lie until he knows that he has told one. You must lead him to realize. Otherwise he will think you are unjust. It won't help him. It will only turn him away. He has to be shown where he made his mistake. When he was warned, he ought to have heeded. When a grownup warns him, there is usually a reason. That is the point to make."

"Simple honesty is the point, I should think," said Mrs. Jarvis.

"Honesty isn't simple," snapped Mary Gleeson.

Mr. Bowman intervened. "Then you, Mrs. Jarvis, would punish him for lying?"

"Why, certainly. I think one must."

"But you would not?"

"I would not," said Mary. His face was giving no judgment at all. "But I would show him ——" she began, and then her hand, raised in appeal, began to fall. Too much to explain to a total stranger in five minutes. You couldn't compress a lifetime.

"Come into my office, Mrs. Jarvis, just a moment, please."

Mary Gleeson sat down because she was trembling. All right, she hadn't been able to help it. She'd had to say what she felt, what she knew. But she had been too sharp. She'd muffed her chances. And there wasn't anything right about it, because now they would punish Georgie and confuse him, and she, Mary Gleeson, knew this wasn't the way.

Well. Her heart hurt. She took the letter out of her purse. There was a mailbox on her way to the bus.

Then the inner door opened and Mrs. Jarvis walked out. Walked through. Walked away. Mr. Bowman said, "Mrs. Gleeson, will you come talk to Georgie, please?"

"I?"

"I'm sure you can straighten him around." Mr. Bowman was smiling. "You've obviously had some experience."

The letter fell on the floor. Mary forgot it. She walked into the other office. "Hi, Georgie," she said. "I am Mrs. Gleeson. You and I better see if we can't figure this out."

Georgie raised eyes that were pools. Pools of self. Pools of a peculiar honesty. Mary steeled herself to meet those eyes. Little boys! Oh, the little ruffians! God's darlings!

Mr. Bowman picked up the letter, glanced at it.

"Shall I put it in the outgoing?" asked the girl.

"I think not," Mr. Bowman said thoughtfully. "She'll want to tell her son she got the job." THE END

Mournful Numbers

The budget we've been
keeping shows
Exactly where our money
goes
And that we don't indulge
in frills—
We merely spend too much
on bills!

Thomas Usk

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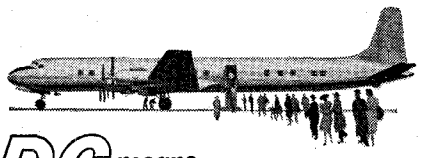

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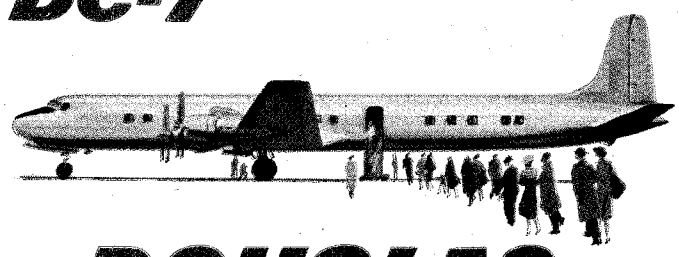

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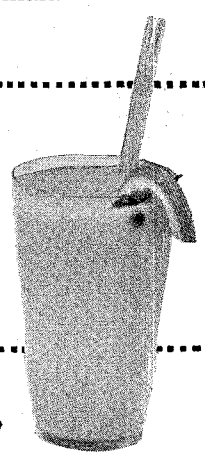
ORANGE BUTTERMILK COOLER

Combine 1 large scoop of Borden's Orange Sherbet with each cup of chilled Borden's Buttermilk and beat until smooth and creamy. Decorate with an orange slice and a bright maraschino cherry.



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Borden's

Milk • Fine Cheeses • Ice Cream • Starlac

See Borden's TV shows, "The People's Choice" and "Fury" over NBC. ©1958, The Borden Co.

The Mystery of Richard Nixon

(Continued from Page 29)

last summer, Nixon's was almost the only voice in Administration raised against the policy of defense cutback and slowdown. He instantly recognized and publicly acknowledged the real meaning of the first Soviet satellite, when other Administration spokesmen were smugly attempting to laugh it off with weak jokes. He was the first to recognize that the recession was a serious matter, demanding a serious Government policy to deal with it. And it has been difficult for even the most cynical of the anti-Nixonites to detect a political motivation in some of the positions Nixon has taken, like his strong advocacy of the politically unpopular foreign-aid program.

I also discovered something else—that Nixon is a most interesting man to talk to. Unlike so many denizens of the Washington zoo, he never wraps himself in the American flag or recites his latest speeches verbatim to a restless audience of one. He talks politics sensibly and well. Indeed, where the subjects of politics and government are concerned, Nixon is something of an intellectual, as the excerpts from my notebook which accompany this article suggest. He has read a great deal, and he has thought a great deal about what he has read.

Nixon also has another quality which is hardly characteristic of most politicians—he listens. An interviewer is apt to find himself suddenly transformed into interviewee, with Nixon taking notes on a large yellow pad. State Department officials who have briefed him before his trips abroad, accustomed as they are to the glazed eyes and unstifled yawns of junketing politicians forced briefly to listen to the facts, have been amazed by Nixon's incisive questions, his intense determination to master the essentials.

Nixon, in short, is certainly far more than just another tough, shrewd, ambitious politician. But then, what kind of man is he? The best way to try to answer that question is to consider the kind of man, and the kind of boy, he has been, and then to try to understand the ways in which he has changed, and the ways in which he has not changed.

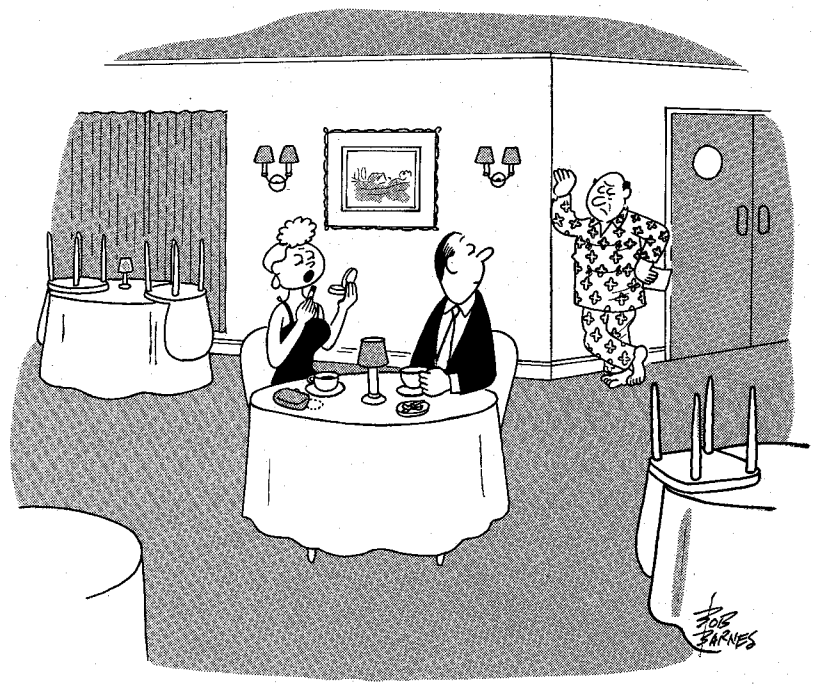
Among Nixon's critics and rivals, it is fashionable to scoff at the notion that Nixon has changed at all. And in one sense they are right. There are ways in which men do not change. The psychologists have proved that a boy's intelligence quotient at the age of nine will be about the same when he is forty-five. A born fool or a born coward will almost always so remain. As the Bible warns, a man cannot "by taking thought . . . add one cubit unto his stature."

Yet time and experience do change a man, not in his inner nature, but rather as saline deposits change the outer size and shape of a barnacle exposed to the sea. It is silly to suppose that a man of Nixon's intelligence and capacity to learn has been in no way affected by the extraordinary experiences through which he has passed. The following attempt to understand how Nixon has changed and how he has not, takes the form of a drama in three acts.

In Act One we examine the original barnacle—the boy who was father of the man. In Act Two we consider Nixon in midpassage, in the greatest crisis of his life, when charges in the 1952 campaign that he was the beneficiary of a "secret millionaires' fund" all but destroyed him. In Act Three we consider Nixon today, with six years of the Vice Presidency behind him, standing within a long arm's reach of the nation's highest office.

Start, then, with the bare bones of Nixon's early life, before trying to clothe them in a little flesh. He was born in 1913 in a hard-working, impecunious Quaker family, and he was brought up in the pleasant, sunlit Quaker town of Whittier, just outside Los Angeles. His school and college records have a Horatio Alger consistency. In Whittier High School, he was first in his class scholastically, president of the student body and a champion debater. In Whittier College, he was second in his class, president of the student body, a champion debater and a very bad football player. At Duke University Law School in North Carolina—he went there on a scholarship and was graduated in 1937—he was third in his class, the equivalent of president of the student body and on the law review.

Even these bare bones tell something about the young Nixon. He was intelligent—his scholastic record proves it. He was popular—an unpopular boy is not consistently (*Continued on Page 58*)



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I guess he wants to close up."

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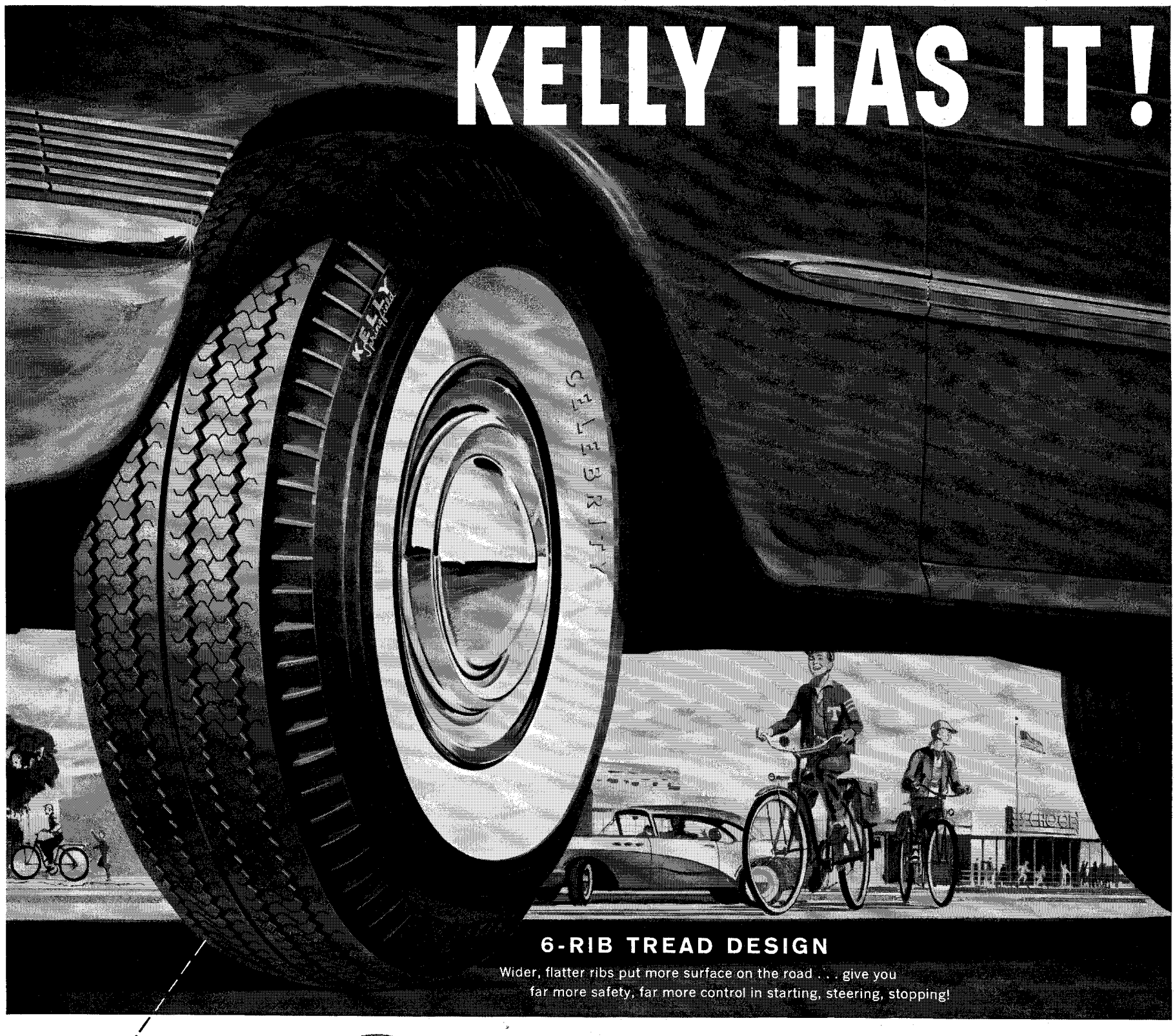

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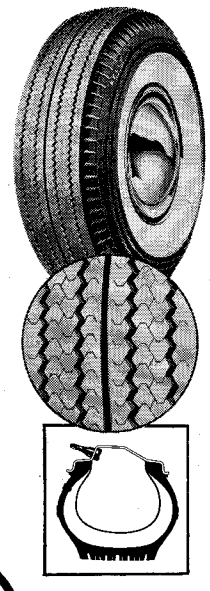
The tire that's famous for worry-free driving! The toughest materials, plus traditional Kelly engineering and construction skill, make the Celebrity tops in service, comfort and driving control. Far ahead of ordinary tires, it gives you much more in value than the little more it costs! Choice of nylon or rayon body. Whitewall, blackwall, all sizes.



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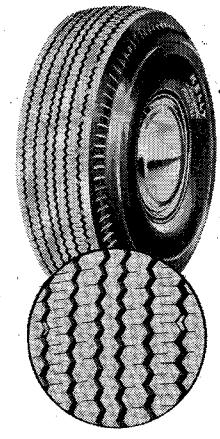

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Today is the best time
for you to buy a new
General Electric
Refrigerator-Freezer
Here's why:

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20 years' progress in the last 10—refrigerator design has gone ahead at least that fast.

Has your refrigerator kept pace? It works day and night, winter and summer, to guard the food you eat. Your family literally *lives* out of your refrigerator. Isn't it only sensible, then, to keep this important appliance up to date?

Today's refrigerators are bigger INSIDE—you get 12 cubic feet today for about what you used to pay for 10—yet *outside* they take *less* kitchen space.

With no coils sticking out the back (and no refrigerator is truly modern if it has coils on back) they fit flat to the wall and line up in front with cabinets. No more dirt-catching waste space at the back. Doesn't stick out in front.

Automatic defrosting in the refrigerator section saves the constant chore of turning off the refrigerator, messing with pans of water, then remembering to turn it on again.

Modern zero-degree freezer sections have made once-a-week shopping a reality. Saves the family shopper time and money—you can buy ahead and save on sales.

REASON NO. 2

There's more value in your old refrigerator today than there will ever be again. Ask your General Electric dealer about a really generous trade-in allowance. Trade in *now* and get the most modern refrigerator for your family.

REASON NO. 3

Terms were never better. You may not know of the new liberal credit terms being offered by reputable credit institutions such as General Electric Credit Corporation. For example, G.E.C.C.'s Protected Purchase Plan provides:

1. No down payment when you trade in your old model.
2. Longer time to pay . . . convenient extended terms.
3. Postponed payment if unable to work because of illness or unemployment.

Why not take a good long look at your present refrigerator tonight. Then, see your General Electric dealer tomorrow for his price and terms.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Compare this OLD-FASHIONED mode

Does this describe your refrigerator?

Size—only 10 cubic feet overall.

Messy defrosting needed every week.

Condenser coils on back—dirt-catching waste space because refrigerator cabinet can't be backed up flush with wall.

Door needs side clearance for opening . . . more waste space. Refrigerator cannot be put flush in a corner.

Single door without door shelves.

Old-style square shelves that make food hard to reach. Cannot be adjusted up or down.

Ice cube compartment—not suitable, or sizable enough, for frozen foods. Won't keep ice cream or frozen juices long enough.

Mechanical latch on door.

White only . . . no choice of colors.

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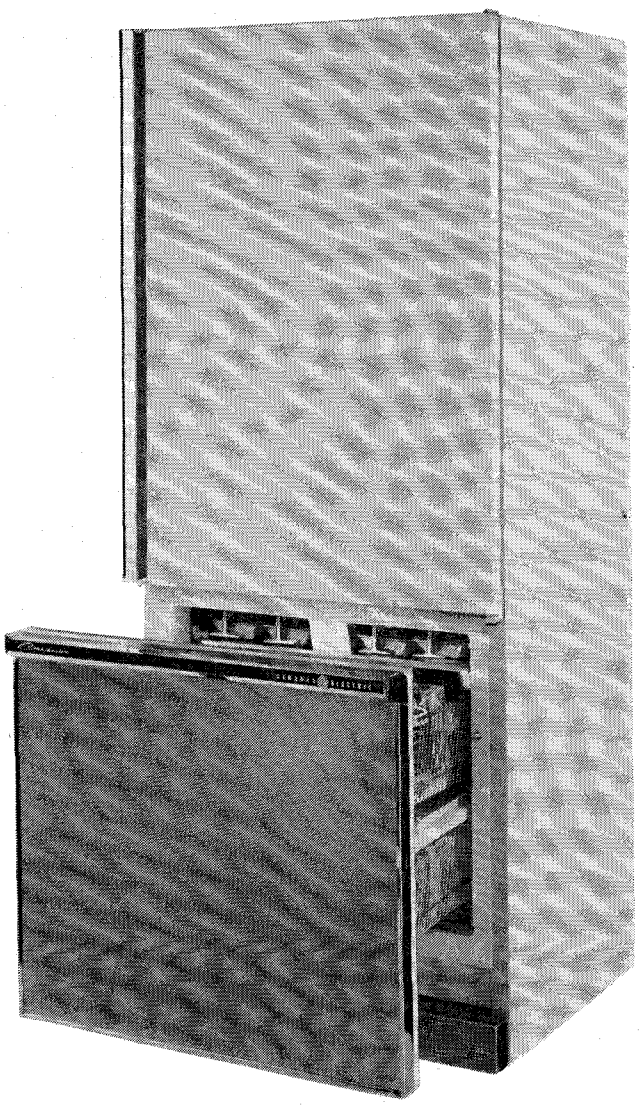
in your old refrigerator—*now!*

with this NEW General Electric

REFRIGERATOR-FREEZERS



For the same price or less you get all this:

Size—12 cubic feet, yet less kitchen space required.

Automatic defrosting in big refrigerator section.

No coils on back—refrigerator fits flat against wall without dirt-catching waste space behind.

No side clearance needed for door opening. New hinges let refrigerator fit snugly in corner.

Two doors—each with shelves for additional storage space.

Revolving shelves bring the food to you. They adjust up or down without unloading.

True zero-degree freezer separately insulated and refrigerated. Loads of room; holds up to 74 pounds of frozen foods.

Magnetic Safety Door helps keep children from being locked inside.

Choice of G-E Mix-or-Match Colors and white.

Today's most modern refrigerator-freezer . . . 15-cubic-foot capacity. At the top is the 10-cubic-foot automatic defrost refrigerator section. The big Roll-Out Freezer at the bottom holds up to 175 pounds of food.

Yet it costs *so little more a week to own* than the smaller 12-cubic-foot model. (13-cubic-foot model also available.)

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BUY NOW FOR EXTRA VALUES!

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FIGHT TOOTH DECAY WITH COLGATE'S WHILE YOU STOP BAD BREATH ALL DAY!

Brushing for brushing, it's the surest protection ever offered by any toothpaste! Because of all leading toothpastes, only Colgate Dental Cream contains Gardol!

FIGHTS BOTH BAD BREATH AND TOOTH DECAY ALL DAY— WITH JUST ONE BRUSHING!

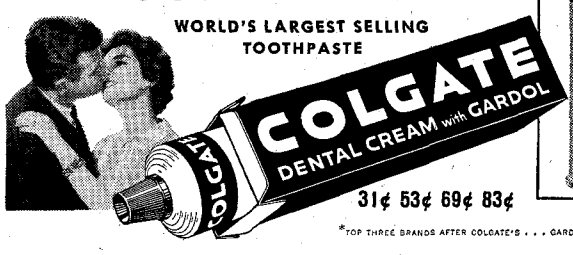
Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol is backed by published results of 2-year clinical research on the reduction of tooth decay. And of all leading toothpastes,* only Colgate's contains Gardol to form an invisible, protective shield around your teeth that fights decay all day . . . helps *stop* decay with just one brushing! One Colgate brushing stops mouth odor all day for most people, too!

NOW— *For New* **FINGER-TIP EASE—**

America's First Aerosol Dentifrice!

Simply remove red cover, touch the top and release the desired amount of

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM with GARDOL! 98¢



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*TOP THREE BRANDS AFTER COLGATE'S . . . GARDOL IS COLGATE'S TRADE-MARK FOR SODIUM N-LAUROYL SARCOSINATE.

CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

(*Continued from Page 54*) elected president of the student body. He had a strong political instinct even then—a boy who is not politically minded does not run for president of the student body every time he gets a chance. But what kind of boy was Richard Nixon, really?

In an attempt to answer that question, this reporter has corresponded with all Nixon's college and law-school classmates, and interviewed many of them, as well as relations, teachers, friends, enemies and casual acquaintances of Nixon's youth. It has been a fascinating pastime, rather like that old favorite of children's birthday parties, in which the eager player follows a string around and about and over and under until he comes at last on the hidden prize. For again and again the digger into Nixon's past comes upon something in the nature of the boy which leads directly, in a flash of recognition, to something in the nature of the man.

Take, for example, the odd contrast provided by a couple of pages of photographs in the 1931 edition of the annual yearbook of Whittier College. From one page, the self-conscious faces of the members of the Franklin Society peer out. Every Franklin is clad in the obviously unaccustomed splendor of a Tuxedo.

On the opposite page are the pictures of the members of the Orthogonian Society. Every Orthogonian is dressed in a simple white shirt, sleeves rolled up, collars open over boyish throats. Comparing the two, one cannot help feeling that the Orthogonians are somehow more natural, more likable—in a word, more American—than the aristocratically garbed Franklins.

Among the Orthogonians appears the familiar face—the ski-jump nose is there already, and the jowls are faintly beginning to appear—of Richard Milhous Nixon, founder and first president of the Orthogonian Society. It was founder-president Nixon's idea, of course, to have the Orthogonians photographed in simple, democratic, open shirts, to underline the contrast with the highfalutin Franklins.

Not long ago, this reporter was talking with the Vice President about the most famous speech he ever made—the television address at the height of the fund crisis. I said I had been looking over some old Whittier yearbooks, and that I suspected I might have found the origins of his wife Pat's famous "respectable Republican cloth coat."

"You mean the Orthogonians and the open shirts?" Nixon said, chuckling, with instant recognition. "Sure, the Franklins were the haves and we were the have-nots. I was only a freshman then."

Obviously freshman Nixon shared with politician Nixon an unerring instinct for telling political symbolism. Or take another example of the sudden sense of recognition which rewards the digger into Nixon's past—this one more calculated to please his critics than his admirers. Nixon tried out for football every year at Whittier. He was slight and ill co-ordinated, and he never made the team; he was useful chiefly as a kind of tireless, indestructible, animated ninepin for the better players to knock down. "He was a lousy player, but he sure had guts," recalls a football star of his day. Once in a long while, Nixon would be permitted to play in the last few minutes of a game. When that happened, a classmate who was then football linesman recalls: "I always got out the five-yard-penalty marker. Dick was so eager I knew he'd be offside just about every play."

His critics will enthusiastically agree that Nixon has been offside more than once in his subsequent career. One of his law-school classmates, recalling charges that Nixon as a politician had used "questionable tactics," wrote this reporter the following revealing sentences: "He was a man of such high ambition, and a man capable of pursuing his ambition with such intensity, that I could the more easily believe that he would and could do whatever was necessary to attain the goal he had set for himself. However, I have serious doubts whether he himself did those things, because I got the impression of Richard, in college, that he had very high morals and was motivated largely by a very high sense of duty."

Those two oddly contradictory sentences tell a lot about the kind of boy Nixon was, and the kind of man he became. Nothing more infuriates his enemies, especially the more cynical and sophisticated, than what one Democrat called "Nixon's damned holier-than-thou attitude." But call it what you will, a holier-than-thou attitude or a "very high sense of duty," Nixon comes by it honestly.

His Quaker background is very much part of him. His great-grandmother and his great-great-grandmother on his mother's side were well-known itinerant Quaker lady preachers. His mother, a strongly religious and personally charming old lady—she looks like Whistler's mother with a ski-jump nose—hoped

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Most children lose their fear of the darkness when they become teen-agers.

MILDRED SILVER

Richard would become a preacher, too, but she soon learned that he had his heart set on being a lawyer. She remembers when little Richard was sprawled in front of the fire, reading in the papers about the Teapot Dome scandal. He turned to her and said: "I know what I want to be when I grow up—an honest lawyer who doesn't cheat people but helps them."

Again and again, one catches echoes of that early pronouncement, with its note, faintly priggish to some ears, of high moral principle. When Nixon arrived at Whittier College, the Franklin Society was the only men's club on the campus, with all the special joys which such a social monopoly entails. Nixon, whose reputation as a coming man had preceded him from high school, was asked to join. He refused—on principle. The Franklins' social monopoly, he held, was unfair and undemocratic. But it was also typical of him that, a mere freshman, he immediately organized a successful rival club.

When he was a young lawyer with OPA at the beginning of the war, he insisted on taking the lowest possible salary. "He reasoned," writes his OPA boss, Prof. Jacob Buescher, "that the boys who were then being trained to hit the beaches were paid a lot less." But again, it was typical that Nixon rapidly climbed up from his self-imposed low rung on the bureaucratic ladder.

In college, Nixon was a very model boy. He neither drank nor smoked—although he took an occasional beer in law school—and he went to church four times on Sunday. The only youthful escapade any of his contemporaries can recall involved his crawling over the transom to get into the dean's office, in law school. But his purpose was not to booby-trap the dean's desk or some such shenanigans. (*Continued on Page 60*)

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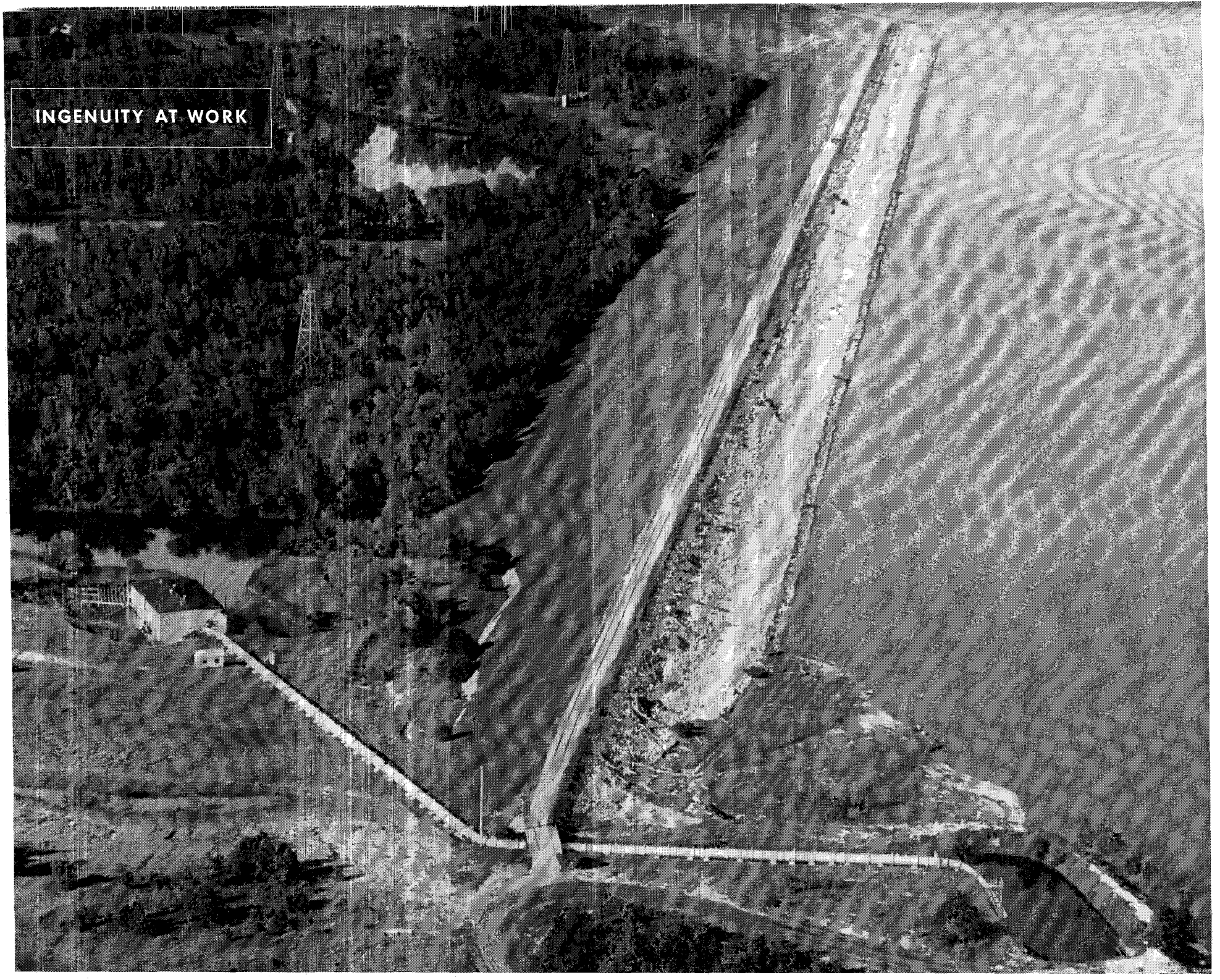

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PURE's Cumberland Oil Field in Southern Oklahoma produces some 1,600,000 barrels of oil a year. When it was first under development, the Federal Government's Lake Texoma flood control and power project threatened to cover the field with water.

PURE was faced with the choice of putting wells on stilts and converting to an expensive marine operation, or finding a way to keep the field dry.

In cooperation with the Army Engineers, a series of flood walls and channels was built to divert the course of the Washita River around the field and to hold back the waters of Lake Texoma. To remove rain water and seepage, a pumping barge was floated in the old riverbed and connected to a discharge pipe—five feet in diameter and some 800 feet long. During the rainy season as much as 271 gallons of surface water are pumped off the Cumberland Field for every gallon of oil produced. Working at capacity, the pumps could supply the water needs of a city the size of St. Louis.

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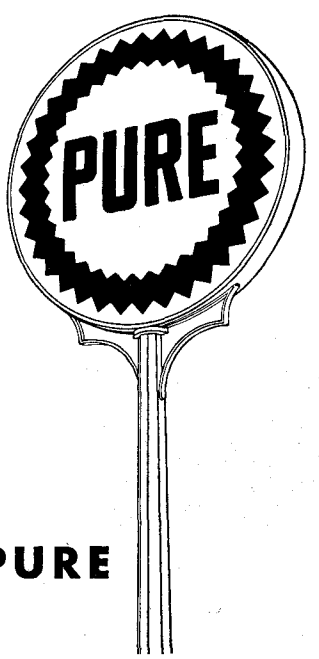

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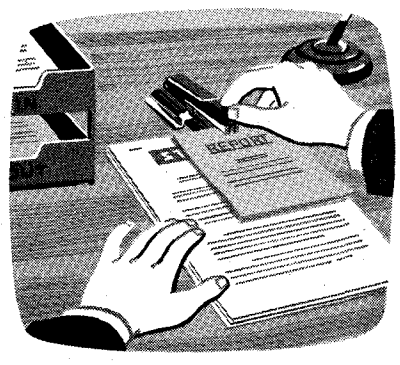

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Cancel the call for the horses and men.
Bostitch got Humpty together again!

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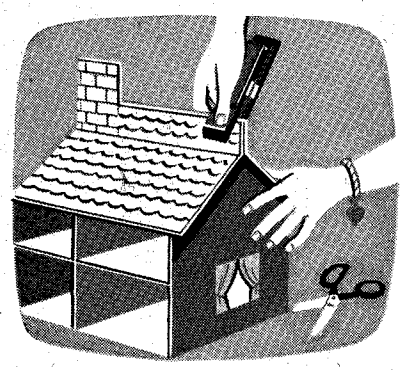

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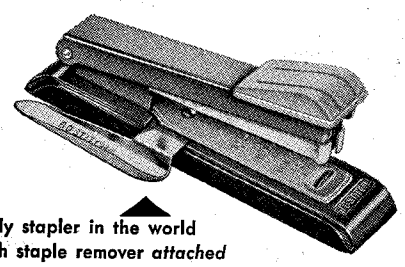

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STAPLERS AND STAPLES

(*Continued from Page 58*) It was to discover, from the dean's records, where he stood scholastically.

As this episode suggests, those other qualities in Nixon, his "ambition" and "intensity" were also very much a part of the boy, as they are of the man. Nixon says of his father, Frank Nixon, "I guess I got my competitive instinct from him," and he is doubtless right. Frank Nixon, who died in 1956, was not a worldly success. His grocery store brought in just enough to support the family, and the Milhous family tended to think that Hannah, whose family founded Whittier in 1897, had married beneath her. Perhaps this explains why Frank Nixon, who suffered from bad ulcers all his adult life, was so cantankerous and argumentative, and such a disciplinarian. At any rate, Nixon's mother apparently acted as the carrot, and his father as the stick, in spurring on the boy to try to be "good, not just at one thing, but at everything."

He certainly tried hard, as he has been trying ever since. And, although he was a bad football player, he was good at almost everything else. He was a good actor, for example. Dr. Albert Upton, his drama coach, remembers a play in which Nixon, as a sadly bereft old innkeeper, was to appear alone on the stage, weeping. "I told him, 'Dick, if you just concentrate real hard on getting a big lump in your throat, I think you can cry real tears.' He did too—buckets of tears. I couldn't help remembering the play when I saw that picture of Dick crying on Senator Knowland's shoulder. But mind you, Dick is never spurious. He really felt it."

He was more than good at debating—he was brilliant, the champion college debater in Southern California. Debating was taken seriously at Whittier, almost as seriously as football, and being president of the Debate Team automatically made Nixon a very big man on the campus. The Rev. William Hornaday, now a well-known California preacher, then Nixon's debating teammate, recalls how shrewd Nixon was. "He used to pass me little notes, 'Pour it on at this point,' or 'Save your ammunition,' or 'Play to the judges, they're the ones who decide.'" Mrs. Norman Vincent, his high-school debating coach, remembers, "He was so good it kind of disturbed me. He had this ability to kind of slide round an argument, instead of meeting it head on, and he could take any side of a debate." Mrs. Vincent, it should be noted, is an ardent Democrat. Moreover, the abilities that "kind of disturbed" her were precisely those which made Nixon a champion debater.

And Nixon was also a brilliant campus politician. The Whittier yearbook for his senior year records how Nixon became student-body president "in a campaign in which mudslinging was noticeably absent. . . . On a platform advocating a new deal for those who enjoy the social niceties, he stormed to his position." The "social niceties" were on-campus dances, previously outlawed on that Quaker campus. Nixon disliked dancing, and still does, but he clearly had a well-developed instinct for the winning issue, even then. Yet the odd fact is that many of his classmates did not think of Nixon as a natural politician at all. "He was the last person in the class I would have picked to be a political headline," one law-school classmate wrote; and another: "I would put him down as the man least likely to succeed in politics."

Most Americans think of a politician as a backslapper, and Nixon was, and still is, anything but a backslapper. That is another note his contemporaries repeatedly strike in their letters about Nixon. "He was personally somewhat shy." . . . "Definitely not an extrovert." . . . "Basically aloof, very sure of himself, and very careful to keep people from getting too close to him." . . . "He was not what you would call a real friendly guy." . . . "He tended somewhat to shyness."

Yet his contemporaries liked him. One lady classmate recalls that she "thought Dick Nixon was too stuck up." But she is an exception. Very few of his contemporaries felt really close to him, but almost all remember him in retrospect with admiration and respect. Typical is a law-school classmate, who had the trying experience of sharing a double bed in an unheated shack with the future Vice President (they were both too poor to afford anything better). "Dick Nixon," he wrote, "is the ablest man I ever met."

From all this, there emerges at least in rough outline a picture of the kind of boy Nixon was. There is the quite genuine Quaker strain, the "very high sense of duty." There is, as becomes an instinctive conservative, also a certain conventionality of outlook; Nixon has never got over his college boy's admiration for football heroes, and the club song he wrote for the Orthogonians is almost a take-off on the conventional college song: "Brothers together we'll travel on and on, Worthy the name of an Orthogonian." There is the fierce drive, the great

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A cop is a police officer who stops you for speeding.

H. D. BILLINGS

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ability, the first-rate mental equipment. There is the urge to manage, to influence, to lead, and an instinct for the means of doing so. There is—especially worth noting for future reference—the brilliant mastery of debating techniques. There is the touch of the ham, which most successful politicians have. And there is also something highly unusual in a politician, a withdrawn quality, a lack of easy warmth, a loneliness of spirit.

This, then, is the basic Nixon, the original barnacle on which the rest is built. Every one of the characteristics Nixon displayed as a boy is still clearly and visibly present in him. Now let us plunge into what would certainly be Act Two in any competent play about Nixon—the great crisis of the $18,000 fund. In two episodes of that crisis—both involving Dwight D. Eisenhower, and neither fully told before—we shall see that something new has been added to the original barnacle; that the earnest Quaker boy has somewhere acquired an amazing inner toughness of fiber.

But first, again, the bare bones of Nixon's life. The years from 1937 to 1946 are quickly told. They were precisely like the same years in the lives of some millions of other young men. After law school, Nixon became a junior partner in an old family friend's law business. He was president of the Twenty-Thirty Club, and active in Kiwanis and in the Whittier Little Theater movement. There he met Thelma Ryan—"Pat"—a pretty high-school teacher and occasional Hollywood bit player. He married her in 1940. There followed the brief stint in OPA, and then a commission as a Navy supply officer, with some months in the Pacific. In the fund speech, Nixon described his war career as "not particularly unusual." It was unusual in only one way—Nixon became an unusually brilliant poker player, and came back with a useful nest egg of poker winnings.

In 1946, Nixon, still in uniform, accepted an invitation from another family friend, a Whittier banker, to appear before a local Republican group which was looking for a Republican hopeful to oppose Representative Jerry Voorhis, a high-minded, well-entrenched Democrat. Nixon was chosen, and beat Voorhis in what he has called a "fighting, rocking, rolling campaign." He was elected easily again in 1948, and in his second term he won a national reputation when he was given a large share of the credit—which he deserved—for bringing Alger Hiss to justice. In 1950, he beat Helen Gahagan Douglas in a race for the Senate—another "rocking, rolling" campaign. At the 1952 Republican Convention, Dwight D. Eisenhower rather casually selected his name from a list of suitable running mates. And in mid-September, 1952, when the campaign was just gathering steam, the story hit the headlines that Nixon was the beneficiary of a "secret $18,000 fund"; and Nixon was almost destroyed.

So much for the bare bones. But before going on to examine the great fund crisis, it is necessary to consider two new characters in the dramatis personae of Nixon's career. One is his wife, Pat. Like Nixon, his wife is not easy to know well. But according to those who do know her, she shares many qualities with her husband. Besides the interest in the drama which first brought them together, she shares with him a good intelligence, much energy and a strong ambition. Her chief influence appears to have been to magnify Nixon, to intensify those qualities, especially his drive and self-confidence, which were present in him from the first. She has acted as a sort of extra backbone for a man whose backbone already had great tensile strength.

The second new character is Murray Chotiner, who was Nixon's campaign adviser in 1946, and his manager in 1950 and 1952. Chotiner is out of politics now; in 1956, still-unproved charges that he had used his political connections in his law business destroyed his political usefulness. Nixon, who is still outspokenly loyal to Chotiner, considers it a "tragedy" that Chotiner became involved in "the kind of law business which does not mix well with politics." Chotiner is—or was—a remarkable political phenomenon in his own right. He managed campaigns for Earl Warren and William Knowland as well as Nixon, and he has often been described as a political genius.

He is a shrewdly humorous fellow, with something of a Hollywood touch about him—he affects such eccentricities as miniature watches worn as cuff links. He is fascinating when talking about the one subject on which he is a genuine expert, and the one subject which really interests him—the art of winning elections. Chotiner was Nixon's chief mentor in that art, in Nixon's early days, and there is no doubt that his influence on Nixon was very great.

Both Pat and Chotiner were on the campaign train with Nixon, who was whistle-stopping on the West Coast when the fund story broke on September eighteenth. Nixon's first reaction to the story was simple unconcern. It is important to understand that the unconcern was quite genuine. Neither Nixon nor Chotiner, who also knew about the fund and who was no political babe in the woods, had foreseen that the fund might be a political booby trap. The fund was never a "secret"—the treasurer, Dana Smith, had publicly solicited contributions up and down the coast—and Nixon and Chotiner regarded it as no different from any other political-campaign fund. Earlier, (*Continued on Page 62*)

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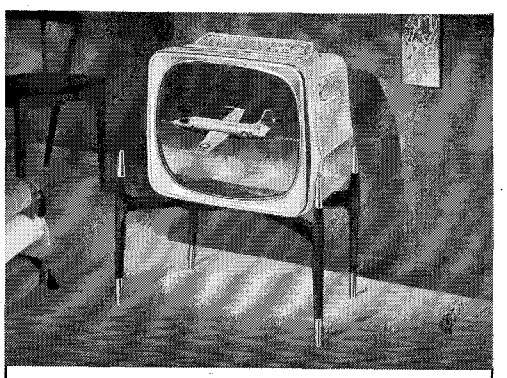
Your personal weather-forecaster, Model 6X39. Only $79.95, in Grotto Gray with Chrome trim. Powered by inexpensive pen-lite batteries. Case, earphone and window mounting bracket optional, extra. Specifications and price subject to change without notice.

The portable that keeps an "ear" on the weather. The most important item of his fishing gear is the all-transistor Motorola® Weatherama Portable Radio. It keeps him in touch with official weather reports . . . every 30 minutes, 24 hours a day . . . over a Long-Range Aeronautical-Marine Beacon Band. Between forecasts he flips a switch to hear his favorite standard band broadcasts. You get more to hear, *More to enjoy* two ways!



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Auto glass lets all the wonder in
A world of wonder awaits her wherever she goes . . . and the magnificent auto safety glass areas by Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company in the whole 1958 Chrysler Corporation line give her a front row seat. (The Imperial on the opposite page is a striking example.) Do you realize that in just 10 years the glass area in a typical Chrysler Corporation car has increased an average of 76%? And every inch of this glass is PPG SAFETY GLASS —glass which measures up on every count to the rigid specifications set by the American Standard Safety Code for strength and optical clarity.
PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS COMPANY
PIONEERS IN AUTO SAFETY GLASS

(*Continued from Page 60*) when columnist Pete Edson had asked about the fund, Nixon had given him Smith's telephone number and suggested that Smith could give him all the details.

But Nixon soon realized that he was in desperate trouble, especially when the New York Herald Tribune, the paper of his closest newspaper friend and collaborator in the Hiss case, Bert Andrews, called for his withdrawal. "That was the worst shock," Nixon has recalled. There were other shocks. Harold Stassen wired him, asking him to withdraw for the good of the party. Thomas E. Dewey telephoned him to say ("I hate to tell you this, Dick") that the consensus among his powerful New York friends was that Nixon should step aside. General Eisenhower said only that Nixon must be as "clean as a hound's tooth," and Nixon was well aware that a number of those who had the general's ear were urging him to dump his controversial running mate.

Nixon himself thought briefly but seriously of withdrawing. But his wife Pat repeatedly said two things. "If you withdraw under fire," she said, "you will carry the scar for the rest of your life." And she said: "If you withdraw, Ike will lose." Chotiner also maintained that Nixon's withdrawal under fire would defeat Eisenhower, and he insisted from the first that the crisis could be turned decisively to Nixon's advantage. "I did what I always do," Nixon has said. "I considered all the worst alternatives, as cold-bloodedly as I could, and reached an analytical conclusion—that if I withdrew, General Eisenhower would probably lose. So I decided to make the effort to stay on, if possible with honor."

Although he has not said so, it is clear from the events which followed that Nixon's analysis led him also to the conclusion that the key to his situation lay with Dwight D. Eisenhower. If his personal reputation and his political career were not to sustain a mortal wound, the general must exonerate him completely and on his own initiative. Nothing less would do. Moreover, Nixon must at all costs avoid being summoned to judgment, like a naughty little boy, to be punished or excused by an indulgent parent.

On Friday, September nineteenth, while the storm was still gathering force, Nixon accordingly issued orders—quickly conveyed to the general's train—that he would under no circumstances speak to anyone in the general's party except Eisenhower himself. Friday, Saturday, and the daylight hours of Sunday passed without the expected telephone call from the general, who was under heavy conflicting pressures. Then on Sunday night, while Nixon was in Portland, the call at last came through from the general in Kansas City.

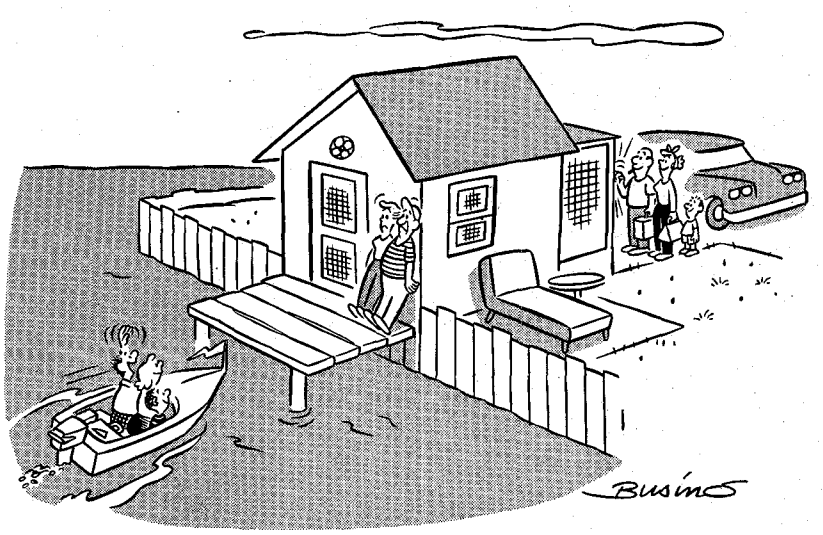
Nixon must have given a lot of thought to what he, a mere junior senator, thirty-nine years old, would say to the revered conqueror of Hitler. An ordinary man might have adopted a meek and defensive tone, giving his side of the fund story with much self-justifying detail. But Nixon is not an ordinary man, and he hardly mentioned the fund.

He started the conversation by saying flatly that he would withdraw if the general—and the Republican National Committee—so wished. The general replied that "this is not my decision—it is yours." Nixon answered immediately that he would be glad to take exclusive responsibility for the decision, either way. But first, he said, the public, and the general himself, ought to have a chance to "hear my side of the story." He warned the older man against listening to "some of those people around you who don't know a damn thing about it." And he concluded by giving the head of the ticket a small lecture about practical politics.

The longer there remained any doubt about whether or not he was to stay on the ticket, the more harm it would do, not only to himself but to the whole ticket. In a situation of this sort, a decision had to be made; it had to be made firmly, and it had to be made as quickly as possible. And, according to at least three people who should know—not including Nixon—and who recall Nixon's words with a certain retrospective awe, he concluded with a bluntly worded admonition which can be delicately paraphrased as follows: "General, in politics a time comes when you have to fish or cut bait."

It was an extraordinarily bold and aggressive line for a young man in Nixon's position to take. But it worked, as Nixon knew it must; Nixon could not possibly be dropped from the ticket without being given a chance to defend himself. Before that night ended, the money to put Nixon on a nationwide television hookup, which had hitherto been lacking, was quickly found.

Nixon's famous broadcast the next Tuesday night, September twenty-third, was his most decisive political triumph, transforming him from a youthful would-be Throttlebottom into the really major political figure he has been ever since. It is also still in some ways a millstone round his political neck; those who dislike Nixon often explain their dislike by pointing to that "tear-jerking soap opera about the fund." Yet it is interesting to read the (*Continued on Page 66*)



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Hi, folks!"

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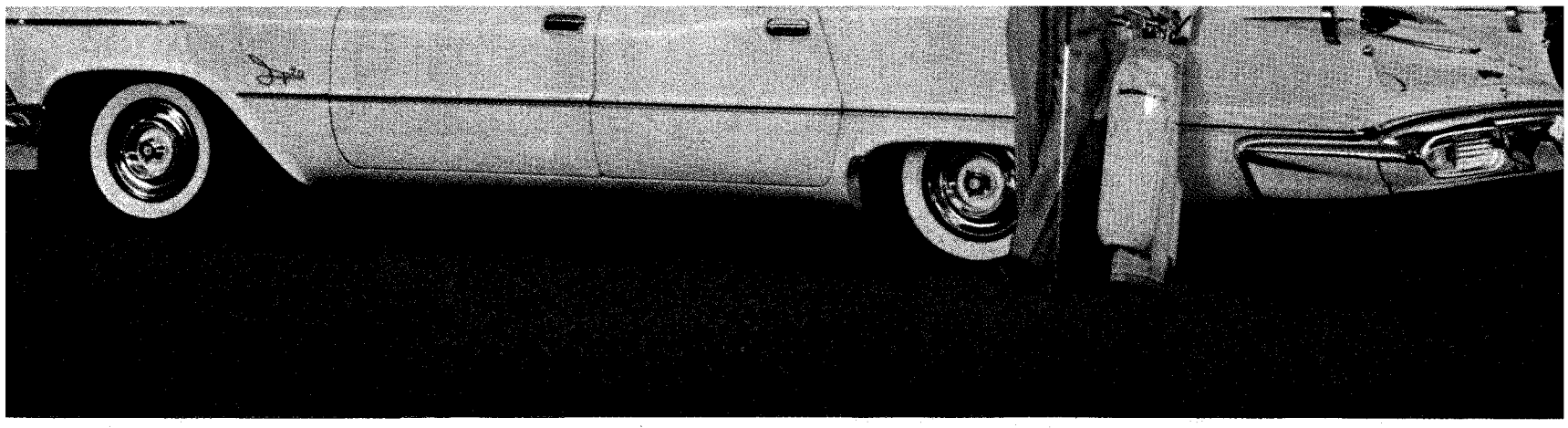

There are certain talents to owning an Imperial

You'll have to learn to be casual about the open admiration that follows you down a street (this car does turn heads).

You'll want to accept the invitation of Imperial's gracious interiors as your just due (this car can be a part of you).

You may be able, in time, to quell your pride in all the thoughtfully arranged conveniences inside . . . the orderly cluster of instruments, the recessed door and window levers, the seats that feel tailored to your measure, the windows that curve to a graceful meeting with the roof.

You might even learn to hide the recurrent thrill you get each time you feel the track-like sureness of Imperial's torsion-bar suspension on curves and rutted trails and highways.

But there'll likely always be a certain smugness in your smile when you set Auto-Pilot to patrol your speed or let it keep you at steady turnpike pace while your right foot rests.

These are pleasant skills to learn . . . but if you master them all, sir, you have greater self-control than most.

Because it isn't easy to be casual about Imperial . . . particularly when you find out how easy it is to own one.

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Finest expression of The Forward Look >

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Now Hit America's

OVER 400,000 FILTER TRAPS! UP TO 43% HIGHER

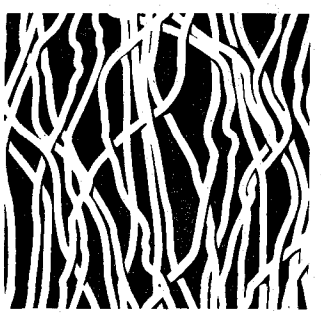
HERE'S PROOF HIT PARADE FILTERS BEST OF ALL LEADING FILTER CIGARETTES

. . . based on analyses by an outstanding consulting laboratory—a foremost authority on cigarette-smoke filtration. Now, with its new, exclusive filter, Hit Parade gives you . . .

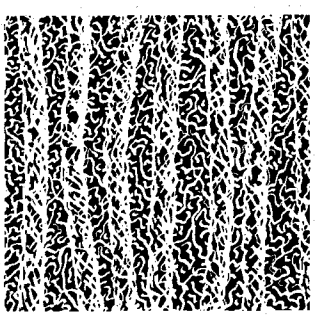
12% higher filtration than brand **A**
24% higher filtration than brand **B**
27% higher filtration than brand **C**
32% higher filtration than brand **D**
35% higher filtration than brand **E**
36% higher filtration than brand **F**
37% higher filtration than brand **G**
39% higher filtration than brand **H**
43% higher filtration than brand **I**

Cigarettes were tested by the most advanced and accurate laboratory procedure. The two sizes of Hit Parade (King-Size in the familiar pack and Long-Size in the crush-proof box) were tested against competitive brands of equal length.

NEW, EXCLUSIVE HIT PARADE FILTER CONTAINS
OVER 400,000 FILTER TRAPS!



ORDINARY FILTERS would look like this under a microscope when magnified 25 times. As the simplified drawing shows, their synthetic fibers form only a crude filter screen!



NEW HIT PARADE FILTER would look like this! As the drawing shows, its fibers are smaller. There are many more of them. They form a finer, more highly absorbent filter screen!

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IGARETTES HAS CHANGED!

Parade has best filter!

ILTRATION! FULL FLAVOR OF FINE TOBACCO!

Available in familiar pack or crush-proof box.

Years of research went into developing the new Hit Parade filter—the *only* filter to give you high filtration *and* full flavor. Its filtering material, pure cellulose, is the most absorbent yet discovered. Its unique design actually provides more than 400,000 filter traps—helps give you the highest filtration of any leading filter brand. And it is this same exclusive design that permits free, easy drawing. You get the full flavor of Hit Parade's top-grade tobaccos — the kind of tobacco The American Tobacco Company is famous for. Smoke Hit Parade and enjoy, at long last, the filtration you want *and* the flavor you've been missing in other filter cigarettes!

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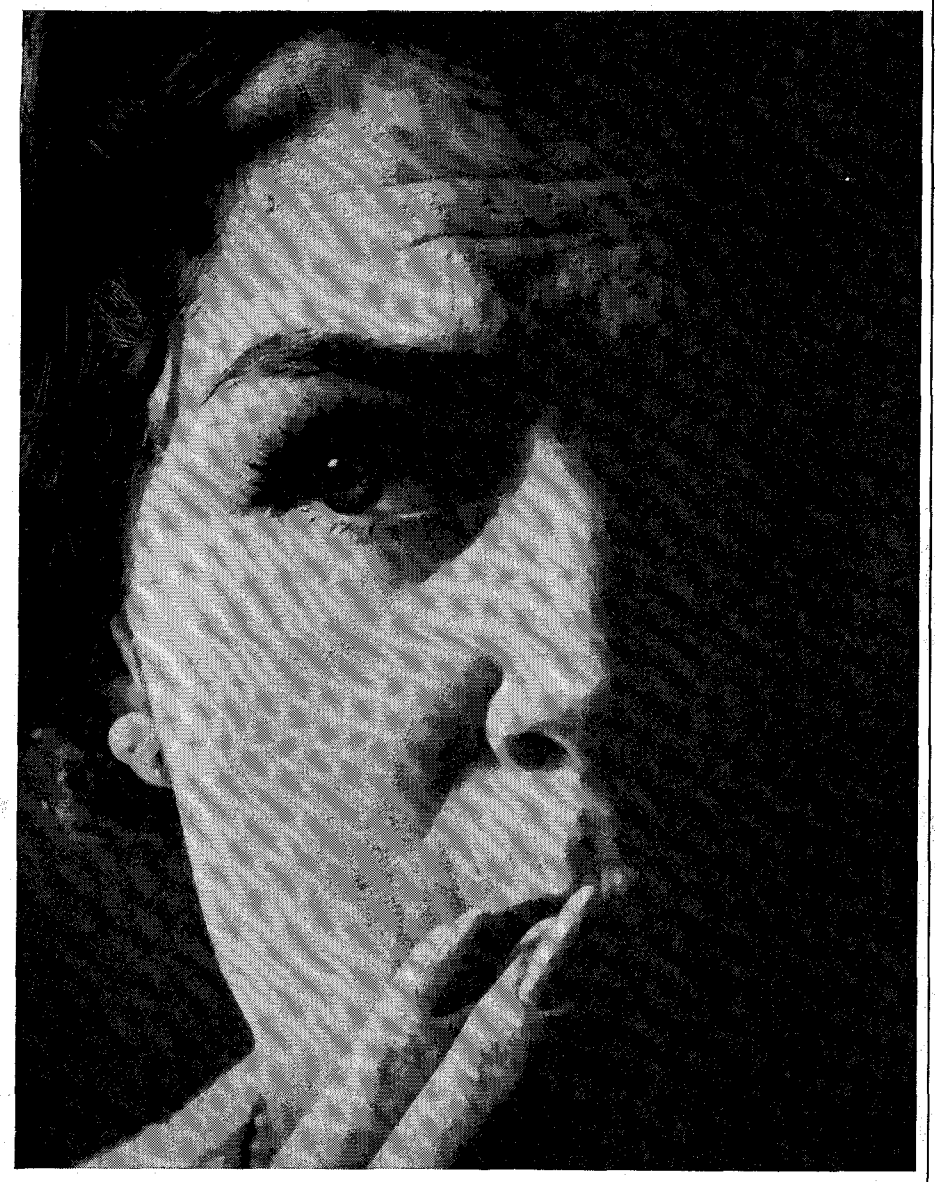


YOUR DENTURE BREATH CAN'T BE BRUSHED OFF. When you *brush* false teeth, you risk offensive Denture Breath. You're safe with Polident! It *soaks* into places no brush can reach, to keep plates odor-free.

Unless you face these facts about

FALSE TEETH

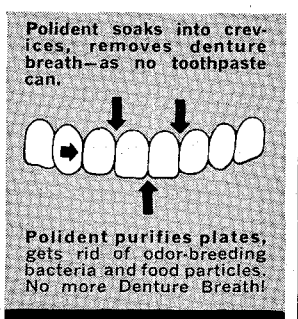
...you may be in trouble!

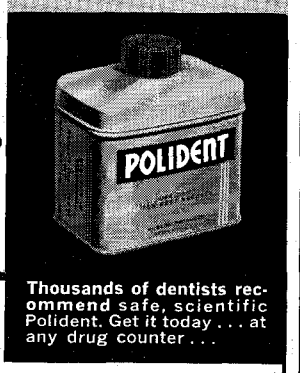
You can't clean false teeth the same way you clean natural teeth and expect them to be naturally white... and odor-free!

But it's so easy to clean dentures properly with Polident. This wonderful denture cleanser dissolves film – sweetens your mouth as no toothpaste can.

With Polident, you're never embarrassed or self-conscious because of denture breath or dingy film!

Easy to use... Instant Action... Just mix Polident powder with water. Slip your plates into this amazing "bath." Stubborn stain loosens. Film dissolves. Clinging food and odor-breeding bacteria are washed out of cracks and crevices no brush can reach. Your false teeth start looking naturally white again... and no more Denture Breath!


Polident soaks into crevices, removes denture breath—as no toothpaste can.
Polident purifies plates, gets rid of odor-breeding bacteria and food particles. No more Denture Breath!



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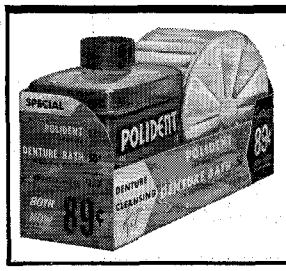

SPECIAL OFFER!

Polident Denture Cleanser . . 67¢ val.
Denture Bath . . . . . 50¢ val.
reg. value $1.17

NOW ONLY 89¢

(*Continued from Page 62*) speech now, all passion spent. Bar a few frills and furbelows, it is not at all hard to imagine Nixon making much the same sort of speech a decade and a half earlier, fresh out of law school.

There is that instinct for telling political symbolism, of course, in the "respectable Republican cloth coat," and there is the touch of the ham, in his daughters' "little cocker-spaniel dog, Checkers." Nixon got the idea of Checkers from Franklin Roosevelt's famous Fala, and he has confessed that it gave him a certain pleasure to hoist the Democrats on their own canine petard. There is the old mastery of debating techniques, in the series of telling debating points, some wholly specious, against the Democrats.

And there is the high moral tone, the air of injured innocence—"I come before you tonight . . . a man whose honesty and integrity have been questioned"—which infuriated the passionate partisans of Adlai Stevenson more than anything else in the speech. And yet Nixon did in fact consider that he was wholly innocent, and it did in fact come as a genuine shock to the Quaker boy with the "very high morals" to have his "honesty and integrity questioned." Nixon's emotion may have been conveyed in a hammy way, but as in the college play, "he really felt it."

There is, in short, nothing particularly surprising about the speech, once you understand the boyhood and background of the man who made it. What happened after the speech, like what happened before it, tells a lot more than the speech itself about the kind of man Richard Nixon, at thirty-nine, had become.

Eisenhower heard the speech in Cleveland, and immediately wired Nixon asking him to come to Wheeling, West Virginia, to help him "complete the formulation of my personal decision." From Cleveland, Republican Chairman Arthur Summerfield and his public-relations expert, Robert Humphreys, together called Nixon's Los Angeles headquarters to make the necessary arrangements.

They were in a jubilant mood, for they already knew the Nixon speech had been a political triumph. They finally reached Murray Chotiner. The conversation which ensued went approximately as follows:

"Well, Murray, how are things out there?"

"Not so good."

"What in hell do you mean, not so good?"

"Dick just wrote out a telegram of resignation for the general."

"WHAT? My God, Murray, you tore it up, didn't you?"

"Yes, I tore it up, but I'm not so sure how long it's going to stay torn."

A horrified pause.

"Well, Dick's flying to Wheeling to see the general, isn't he?"

"No; we're flying tonight to Missoula." Missoula, Montana, was Nixon's next scheduled speaking engagement.

"WHAT? My God, Murray, you've got to persuade him to come to Wheeling."

"Arthur, we trust you. If you can give us your personal assurance direct from the general that Dick will stay on the ticket with the general's blessing, I think I can persuade him. I know I can't otherwise."

Recollections differ as to whether Nixon actually wrote out a telegram of resignation. But the above conversation is accurate in substance, although it is of course not verbatim, and there is no doubt at all that the line Chotiner took accurately reflected Nixon's mood and intentions. Nixon had heard only a part of Eisenhower's telegram over the radio, and what he had heard sounded chilly and equivocal. Moreover, the general's summons to Wheeling represented precisely the summons to be judged which Nixon was determined at all costs to avoid.

So again, Nixon took a remarkably bold and aggressive line. And again it worked, as Nixon knew it must. At dawn the next day, Summerfield reached Chotiner in Missoula with a message for Nixon; he had reached the general by telephone on his way across Ohio to Wheeling, and had the general's promise that Nixon would be welcomed on the ticket with all honor. So Nixon emplaned for Wheeling, and the rest is history—how the general welcomed him with a "Dick, you're my boy," how Nixon cried on Senator Knowland's shoulder, and all the rest of it.

But clear away the sentimental underbrush, and what do you see? You see a young man of thirty-nine, undergoing a terrible personal crisis which could well have destroyed him, and reacting with remarkable toughness and coolness. You also see a young man with only six years in politics behind him, with a sure, instinctive grasp of the political realities, and a bold willingness to act upon them.

Nixon, in short, was already a thoroughgoing professional politician at thirty-nine. He is a professional politician still—and proud of it. For when he says that it is "the function of the politician to make a free society work," he is speaking a simple truth which many people have forgotten. But there are different kinds of professional politicians; Lincoln was a professional politician, and so were Aaron Burr and Boss Tweed. What kind of politician had the Quaker boy, Richard Nixon, become in 1952, at the age of thirty-nine?

To ask that question is to pose the case against Nixon. As this reporter told the Vice President in the interview accompanying this article, I have amassed a vast dossier of anti-Nixon material, courtesy of the Democratic National Committee and Nixon's numerous enemies in California. What is striking about this dossier is that it is based not on the kind of Vice President Nixon now is, but on the kind of professional politician he was; it is based on the past, not the present. Moreover, it is based not on anything Nixon has done, but on the kind of things he has said.

To understand the case against Nixon, it is only necessary to quote a few words from his own mouth. The words were spoken, moreover, not in one of Nixon's "rocking, socking" California campaigns but in 1954, (*Continued on Page 70*)

Scarecrow

By Richard Armour

The scarecrow in our garden scares
The crows away, would frighten bears
And wolves, no doubt. But what I need
To save results of toil and seed
Is one that would, to spare my plants,
Scare off the aphids and the ants.

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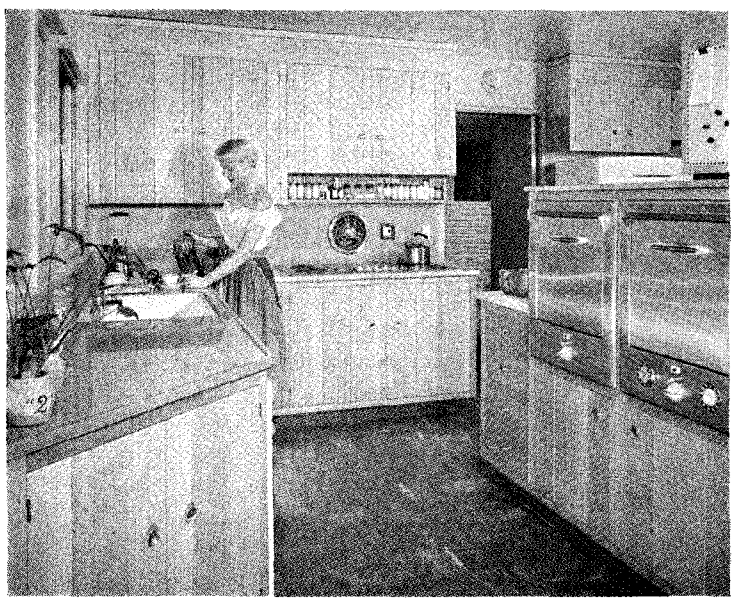
good forestry converts wild land into productive tree farms...

Beautiful homes of wood are still America's best building buy. For fine quality west coast woods, select from the many species marketed nationwide under Weyerhaeuser's 4-Square trademark.



The key to a perpetual supply of wood for America lies in man's ability to manage commercial forestlands for maximum productivity. To achieve this end, industrial foresters skilled in the art of silviculture are working to grow crop after crop of new trees in endless cycles. Applying the principles of good forestry, they also provide for wise use and perpetuation of other forest resources.

Weyerhaeuser Timber Company forestlands are scientifically managed by trained graduate foresters who supervise harvesting, growing, protecting and reforesting activities. They are supported by others who are engaged in a continuing program of applied forestry research and long-range planning. Together, these men form the nucleus of a forest management team dedicated to keeping *all* of our timberlands productive...supplying wood and other forest benefits, forever.

Today, the private forest industry in the United States employs about sixty per cent of all graduate foresters...many of whom are supervising the 46 million acres of tax-paying timberlands operated as certified tree farms. *Write to us at Box A, Tacoma, Washington for a free booklet on tree farming,* ***Promise of the Trees.***

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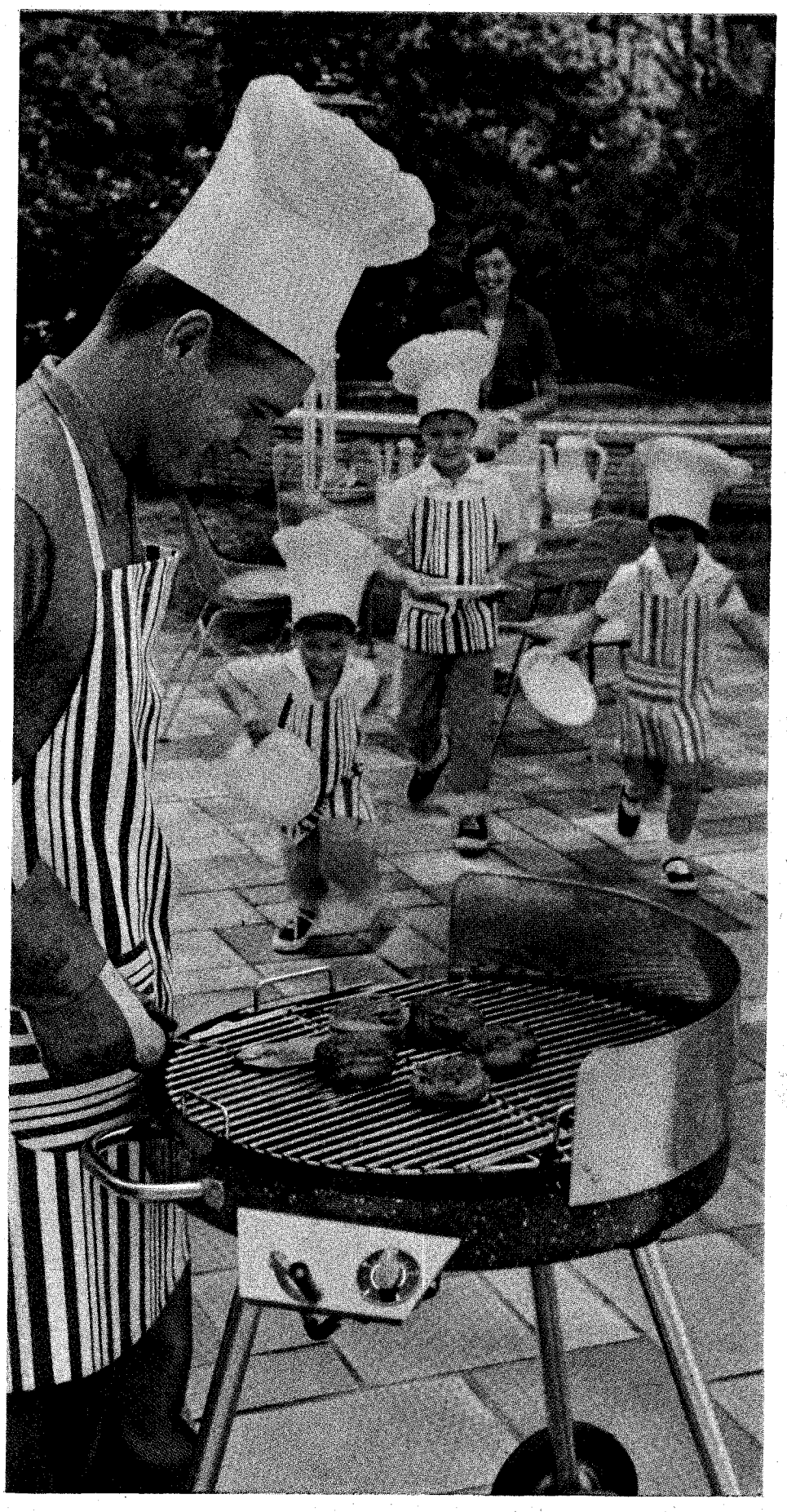
Today's USS steels

lighten your work ...

Work-saving sink. A gleaming kitchen sink with double compartments of USS Stainless Steel makes a woman's work a whole lot easier. For counter tops, too, no other material is so practical, so beautiful, so bright, so clean and so easy to *keep* clean.

brighten your leisure...



What's more fun than a cookout under the open sky—where foods taste *twice* as good charcoal-broiled on your all-steel barbecue. The cutlery is steel, too . . . and so is the handsome furniture which stays gay and colorful despite prolonged exposure outdoors.

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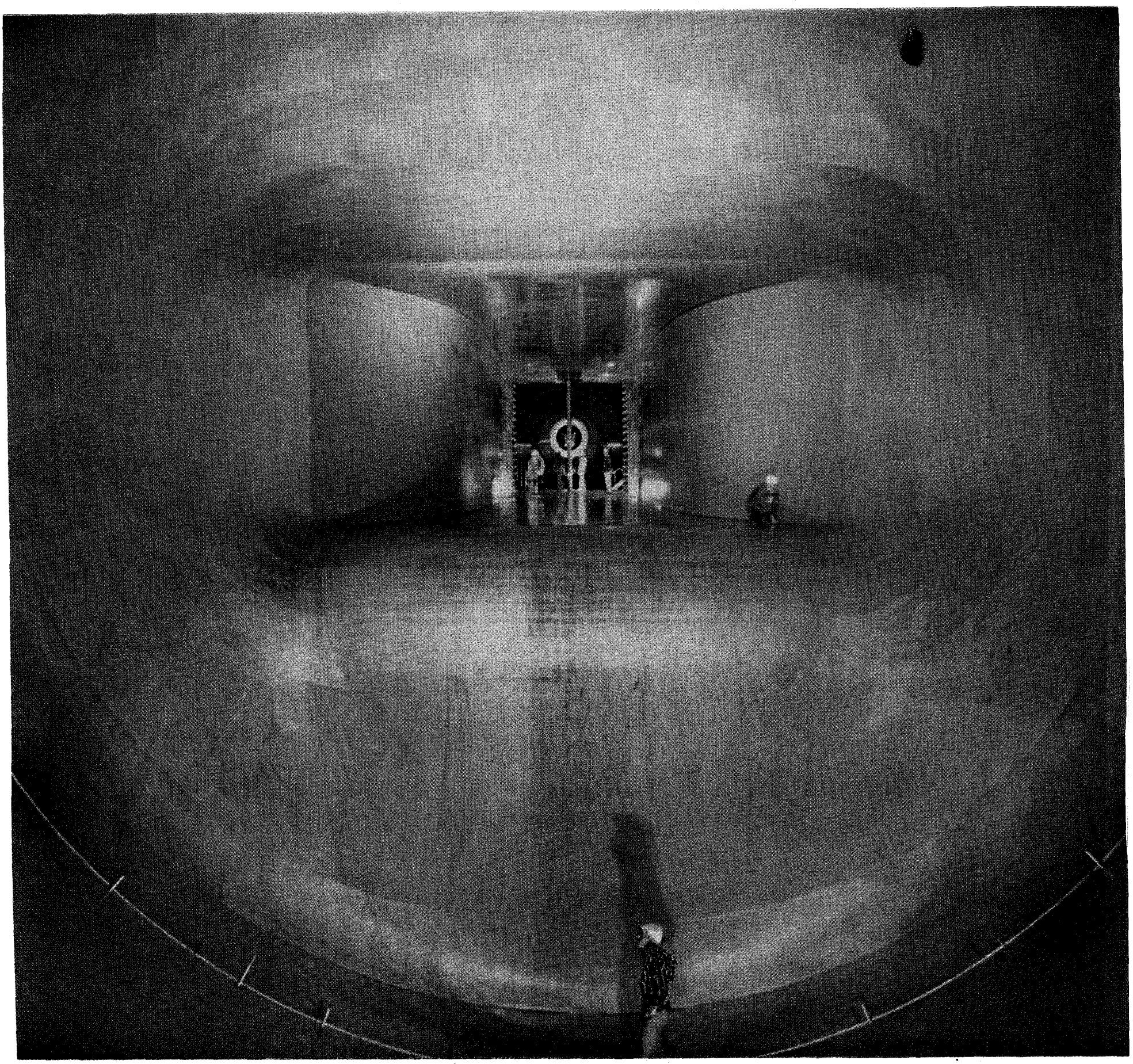
✦widen your world...



Probing the problems of future flight at altitudes up to 100,000 feet and at supersonic speeds—this is the sort of fundamental research in aerodynamics that's being done in the enormous Air Force wind tunnel above, which contains special steels developed by USS. And only through such testing can America gain the knowledge needed to lead the world in unlocking the secrets of the universe.

USS TRADEMARK **United States Steel**

Steel
Lightens your work
Brightens your leisure
Widens your world

This mark tells you a product is made of steel. Look for it when you buy.

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(*Continued from Page 66*) when he was already Vice President. In that year, Nixon made a telecast defending the Eisenhower Administration's foreign policy and praising Secretary of State John Foster Dulles. In an aside, he asked this question: "And incidentally, in mentioning Secretary Dulles, isn't it wonderful finally to have a Secretary of State who isn't taken in by the Communists?"

In so saying, Nixon did not say that Dean G. Acheson and George Marshall, Dulles' predecessors, were "taken in by the Communists." But he implied it, and the implication is grossly misleading and essentially untrue. To make his implication, Nixon used a rhetorical question, which is an old and rather sleazy debater's trick.

Other items from the anti-Nixon dossier might be cited, but that rhetorical question is the most damaging item. It is also the most typical, in its use both of an old debating trick and of an essentially specious "Communist issue." But the purpose of this report is not to make the case for or against Nixon. It is to try to understand the man. And it is not really hard to understand why Nixon, even as late as 1954, was the kind of politician who could ask that rhetorical question.

Remember that "competitive instinct" which almost always carried Nixon offside in football games. Remember the strong influence of the brilliant Murray Chotiner, to whom the essential function of politics is, quite simply, to win. Remember also, in fairness, Nixon's part in the Hiss case, his first important political experience, which led him to equate the internal Communist danger with the infinitely greater external danger. And remember, perhaps especially, Nixon's years as a champion college debater, which formed his speaking style. The object of college debating, after all, is simply to win the debate, without regard for the merit of the issues, using against the opposition whatever debating points come to hand.

The case against Nixon, in short, is that he was, even as late as 1954, the kind of politician who regarded winning as a politician's first function, and who was willing to use to that end the debating tricks he had learned as a boy and young man.

Nixon is still in some ways the kind of politician he was in the past. He still has, for example, the inner toughness, the instinct for the political realities, the ability to seize control of a political situation, which he displayed in the great fund crisis. He displayed all these qualities, indeed, as recently as 1956, in a second great crisis in his life, which very few people know about. In February of that year, just before he announced his own decision to run again, President Eisenhower called Nixon to the White House for a fatherly chat. He pointed out that no Vice President in modern history had succeeded a living President. Nixon, moreover, lacked administrative experience. Might it not be better for Nixon to consider a Cabinet post—perhaps Defense—rather than run again for the Vice Presidency?

The implication was clear—that the President was at least seriously considering finding a less controversial running mate. Nixon was dismayed. This time, moreover, his wife Pat did not provide an extra backbone; she had grown tired of the stings and poisoned arrows of politics, and in 1954 Nixon had promised her that he would not run again. For weeks, Nixon was moody, depressed and uncharacteristically undecided.

Then two things happened. In a press conference, the President said that the Vice President should "chart his own course." And Nixon's old mentor, Murray Chotiner, came under investigation by a Senate committee. Thus, at least at second hand, Nixon was again under fire, as in the fund case. On April twenty-sixth, Nixon took matters into his own hands. He went to see the President, reminded him of his press-conference statement, and said that he had decided to run again, if the President agreed and the convention approved. The President said he was delighted by Nixon's decision, and Nixon promptly announced it then and there to the White House press corps. After that White House announcement, there was no way on earth to force Nixon off the ticket, as Harold Stassen and Nixon's other enemies should have been sensible enough to realize. It was, again, the bold move of a brilliant professional politician.

Nixon will remain a bold and brilliant professional politician to the end of his days. But at the same time, he is in certain important ways a different kind of politician from what he was eight, or six, or even four years ago. This is not a matter of opinion. At least in a narrow sense, it is a matter of fact, provable on the record.

In the anti-Nixon dossier, the case against Nixon ends rather abruptly in about 1954. In 1956, it was an essential part of Adlai Stevenson's campaign strategy to drive Nixon to extremes by brutal attacks on his integrity. The strategy failed. Nixon followed the advice he now gives younger politicians, and built his campaign around the ticket's "positive" asset—President Eisenhower's personal popularity. The change in Nixon's political style has been even more obvious since 1956. And the change is not really at all surprising. Nixon, after all, is a highly intelligent politician, quite intelligent enough to see that the use of specious debating tricks is very bad politics indeed in a potential Presidential candidate.

Does the change go deeper than that? Nixon's recent record, as cited earlier in this report, is clear evidence that it does. Nor is this at all surprising either. For his whole history suggests that an ability to absorb and understand hard facts, and then to face them squarely, is one of Nixon's most conspicuous qualities. Nixon has had his ski-jump nose rubbed in a lot of hard facts, in the years in high office that have passed since he regarded Alger Hiss as the chief threat to the security of this republic. And although the old lady in Whittier will never believe it, the evidence is clear that Nixon has become, rather gradually, a different sort of politician—the sort of politician who regards effective government, capable of facing up to the facts of the national situation and dealing with those facts, as the best kind of politics in the long run.

Efficiency expert: A man who kills two birds with one stone and gets the stone back.

FRANCES RODMAN

Three questions remain to be asked about Nixon, each progressively more difficult to answer. What are his chances of being the 1960 Republican candidate for President? If nominated, what are his chances of being elected? And if elected, what kind of President would he be?

Among political writers, it is currently fashionable to assume that Nixon is already as good as nominated. Unquestionably, he has a better chance for his party's nomination than any other Vice President since Van Buren. The reasons are obvious. Nixon is a better politician, and an abler and more experienced man, than any other now visible on the Republican horizon. But circumstances change, as Nixon himself is very well aware. The President, who could have, if he wished, a lot to say about the identity of the 1960 candidate, has described himself as Nixon's "warm friend," and he unquestionably admires the guts Nixon has displayed both on the domestic political scene and in such episodes as the South American riots. But they are two very different men and, especially in view of certain episodes described in this report, one wonders just how warm the friendship really is.

The President has angrily said that under no circumstances will he step aside to make Nixon the incumbent—which would of course copper-rivet Nixon's claim to the nomination and greatly increase his chances of election. The President has also made it clear that he will not actively support Nixon for the nomination. If the public-opinion polls, which most

(*Continued on Page 72*)

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(*Continued from Page 70*) politicians take too seriously, continue to show Nixon trailing the leading Democratic candidates, it is not impossible that some yet unnamed but glamorous nonpolitical figure, like Wendell Willkie in 1940, will emerge to challenge Nixon for the nomination. But it is hard to see who this faceless man might be, and the odds are certainly very heavy that Nixon will be the candidate.

As for the election, there are of course too many imponderables, from the state of the economy to the identity of the Democratic candidate, to justify even a wild guess. Most Democrats agree with Senator Jack Kennedy, currently the Democratic front runner, that Nixon will be a very formidable candidate indeed. But Nixon does have two visible political weaknesses. There are still a good many people who share the violent prejudices of the old lady in Whittier, and many more who still have at least a small pea of doubt about Nixon buried in their minds. On this point, Nixon himself believes, probably quite rightly, that time and his own course of action will change the minds of those whose minds are subject to change.

Nixon's second weakness as a Presidential candidate is something intangible, but something of which he himself is very well aware, as the interview accompanying this article suggests. It is that lack of easy human warmth, that withdrawn quality which his contemporaries felt in his college days, and which led many of them to put him down as "the man least likely to succeed in politics." That same quality makes Nixon today a remote and impersonal figure, even to many of his admirers.

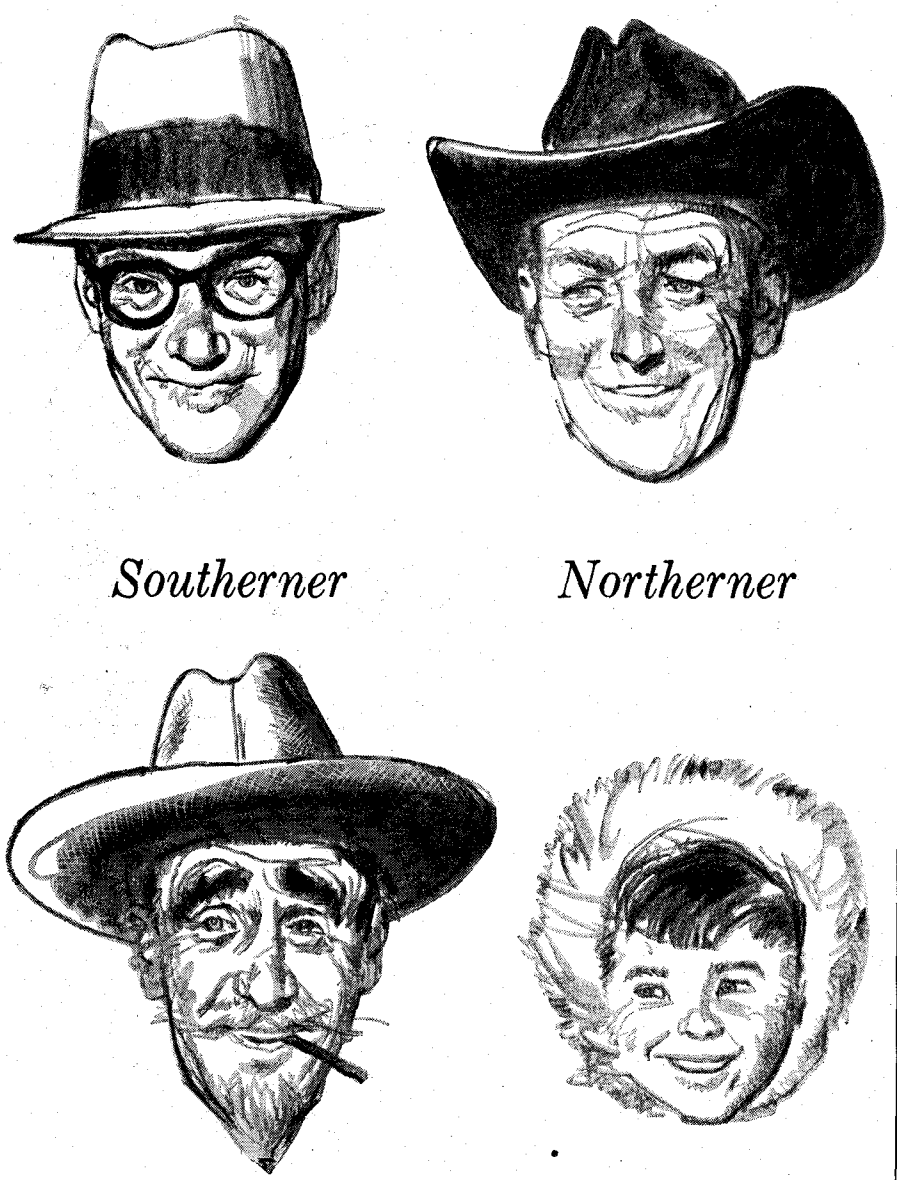
But the fact remains that Nixon did succeed in politics, back in his college days, and he has been succeeding ever since. And in times like these the lack of easy bonhomie may not be such a political weakness after all. "You've got to be what you are; you can't pretend to be something different" is a good rule in politics as in life. And if 1960 is anything like the present, that inner toughness which Nixon has so conspicuously displayed, coupled with a first-rate intelligence and an instinct for seizing the initiative, may prove greater assets than backslapping geniality.

Those are certainly qualities which Nixon would take to the Presidency. There are also attitudes of mind of which one can be reasonably certain. Since his college days, Nixon has been an instinctive conservative, with a conservative's respect for things as they are. In his first term in the House, Nixon was a rather doctrinaire right-wing Republican in domestic matters, but he was increasingly flexible in his second term, and in the Senate. There is nothing doctrinaire about his conservatism now.

It is a safe guess that, if he became President, Nixon would be a conservative only within the limits permitted by the existing economic and political situation, for, besides being a conservative by instinct, Nixon is above all an intensely practical man. On the issue of national defense, Nixon's record has been wholly consistent, from his first year in the House to last year's hidden debate within the Administration on defense policy. And one can be absolutely certain that in a Nixon Presidency American foreign policy would be bold, perhaps even adventurous; above all, active rather than passive.

For the rest, it is not possible to predict what effect the enormous office of the Presidency would have on Nixon, or what effect Nixon would have on that office. There are those—Nixon's old adversary, Dean Acheson, is one of them—who firmly believe that Nixon, in his ambition, would pervert the great powers of the office to his own political ends. But those who hold to this extreme view are a dwindling minority. It is true that Nixon, as he himself has said, is a "political animal." It is true that, like Caesar in Mark Antony's speech, he is ambitious, and always will be. But there is a difference between a President's ambition and that of a lesser politician. For the Presidency is the pinnacle of any man's political ambition, and in that office a man's thoughts tend to turn more to the history books than to the next election. And certain qualities Nixon has displayed as a politician—the boldness and decisiveness, the sure instinct for the realities of power, the strong intelligence, the cool toughness in a time of crisis—would also be markedly useful in a President.

An English statesman was once asked by an American lady for his definition of a great man. "A man to be reckoned with," he replied without hesitation. In this respect at least, Richard Milhous Nixon qualifies for greatness even today. It remains to be seen whether this complex and interesting man, this coolly brilliant practitioner of the ancient and necessary political arts, will qualify in time in other ways as well. It would certainly be interesting to see how a man so bold and able, with his instinct for the realities of power and his cool decisiveness in a time of crisis, would conduct the unending contest with those "very, very able men" in the Kremlin. THE END



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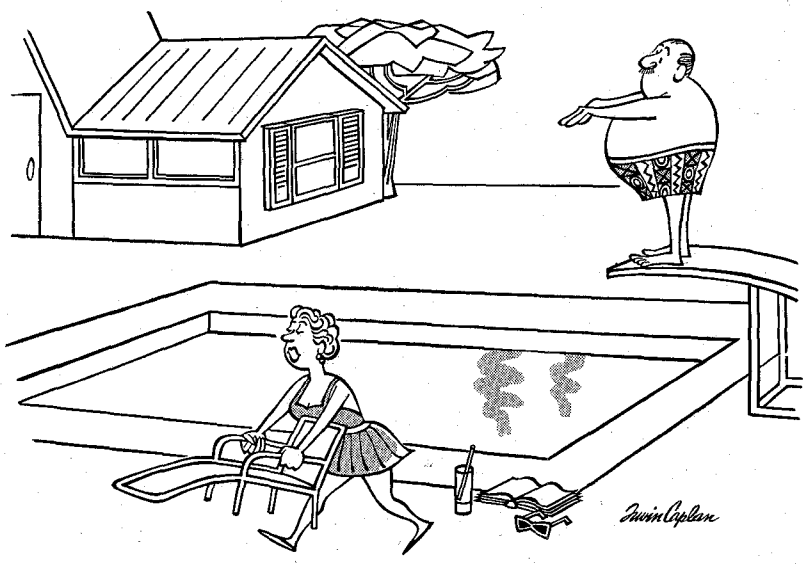

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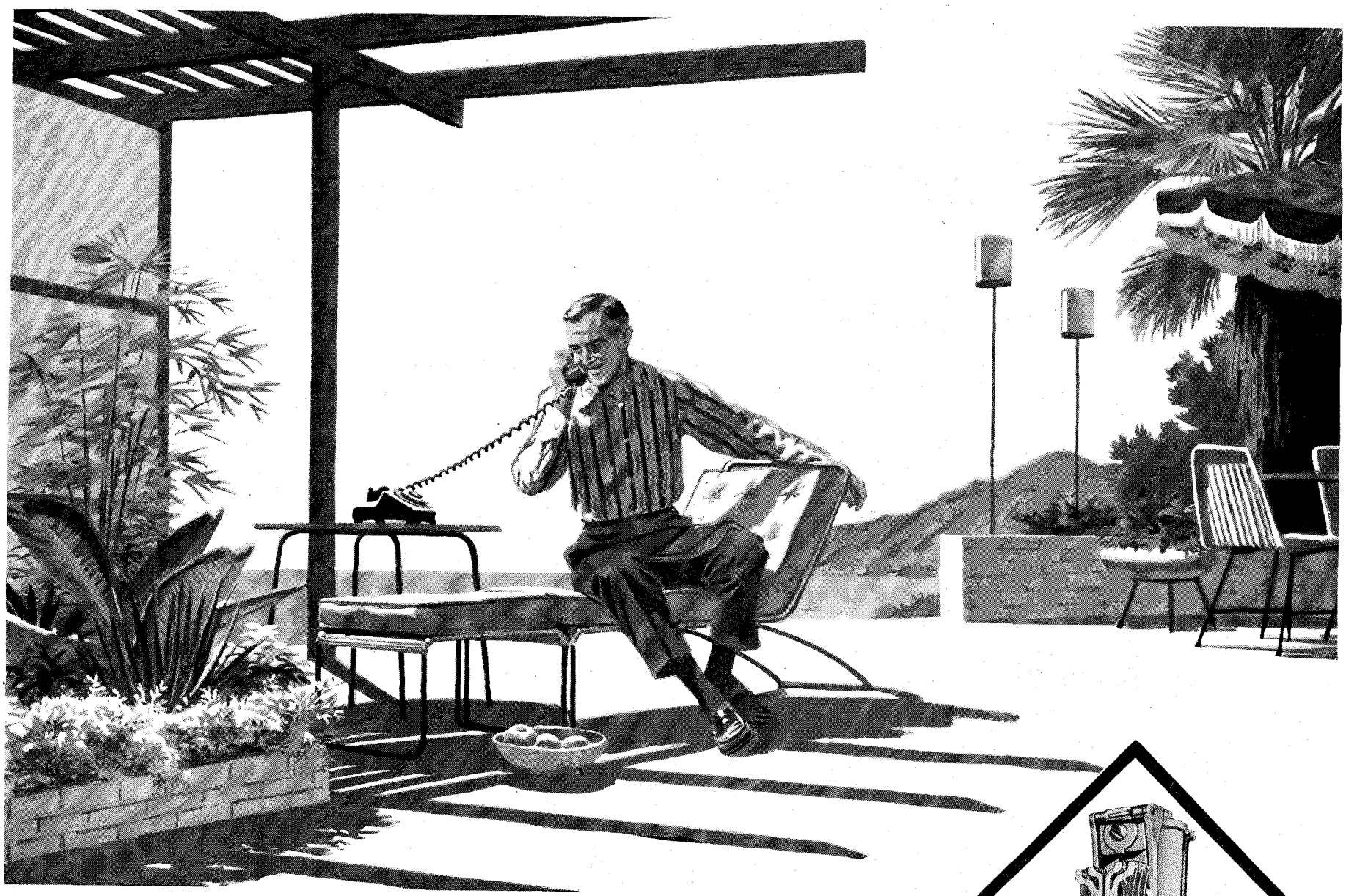

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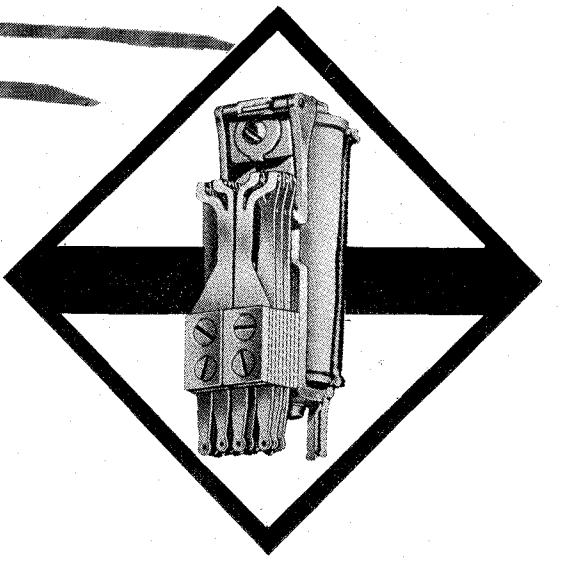

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Champion of the Whole World!

(Continued from Page 43)

"Whose end that come off?"

"His end."

I look at my fighter that I had twelve years. "Henry, you got forty-five per cent of you left, but the man gonna put you in big time. You say O.K.?"

"If you say, Billie."

I turn back to Louie Ray. I don't stick out my hand, because he would wonder what was I reaching for.

"Guess we got us a deal."

"Not yet." Now he talks to Henry. "Listen to me, fighter. If I take you over, you do one thing. You fight. Understand?"

"Yessah."

"That's all you do. I say when you fight, where you fight, who you fight. You don't ask no questions. You don't make no statements."

All this time he is looking at Henry's right shoulder the way he looked at the ceiling when he first come in. He always looks at other things when he talks to you, like he wants to be sure he don't miss nothing.

Henry looks at me. I nod my head. "O.K.," he says, and he slides off the table and goes in the shower.

Louie Ray don't waste no time getting busy.

First thing, he gets us that kid back that we done laid down for. They don't like it in that place, because they are building the boy up, but if you are small-time like them and Mr. Louie Ray says "Jump!" you better get both feet off the ground.

Henry works the boy over pretty good, even dumps him a couple times, and we are on the way. Up to now, the big fighters all duck old Henry, because he's liable to beat you, but he ain't flashy, don't draw no crowd. He don't bang, like Marciano, nor box pretty, like Billy Conn. He's just a big old horse, goes in there and works, and when he's through working, your fighter is beat.

A Joe Louis or a Marciano, they'd take old Henry, but ain't none like them around when he comes up. So one night we fight for the title. And fourteen years after we start in bootleg amateur bouts down in the collard-greens country my Henry is champion of the world.

Now, along about this time a new boy starts to come up; he'll kill you with any hand you name. He's the best colored heavyweight since Louis, and the Tough Guys have him. But what Mr. Louie Ray has is the title, and they got to come to him.

Don't nobody last more than five rounds with this boy, which they call Duke Slavin. He's a stalker, just like old Chappie, and no sooner you let him close than it's "Voom-voom-voom!"—three shots faster than you can throw one—and you're in the ropes, and "Voom-voom-voom!" you are ready for a little medical attention, which the state donates to you without making no charge.

The boys are all scared to get in there with him, but he draws the crowds like before television, so the managers push them in there. And then they carry them out.

I ask old Henry, "You afraid?"

He just smiles a little bit, and he says, "How long you known me, boy?" And I feel shame that I asked him.

Pretty soon them boys with the faces meaner than any fighter are sitting down in Louie Ray's hotel room. And he tells them his deal. For a title shot, 5 per cent of Duke Slavin for life.

The Tough Guys squawk a little, but that's just for show. Mr. Louie Ray's holding the trump, and after a bit they say, "O.K."

Now I talk up, which is a mighty seldom thing. "What about the fighter?"

We don't use names much. Managers, they'll say "My welterweight" or "My big guy." It's like horse people, they'll talk about "The old bay" or "The chestnut."

The Tough Guys, they look at Louie Ray when I ask my question. Just like Louie Ray don't talk to fighters, they don't talk to me.

"What about him?" says Louie Ray. "He does what I tell him."

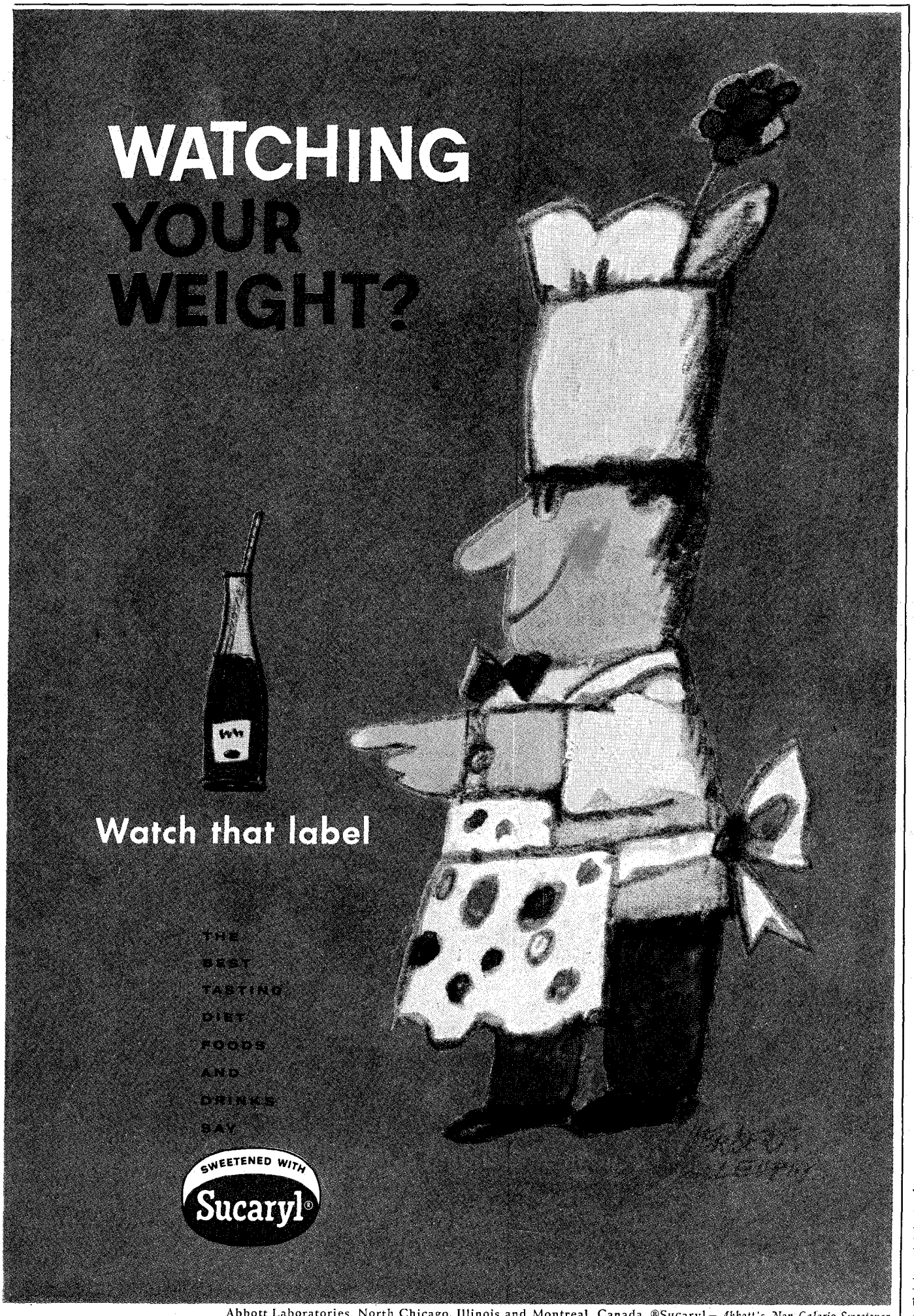
"Newspaper guys ain't gonna like it." The Tough Guys keep looking at Louie. They know I ain't making no threat to turn canary. A thing like this, with contracts, it's got to come out.

"All right, all right," says Louie Ray. "And five per cent for the fighter. O.K., boys?"

Boys look at each other. Then the one says, "O.K." Like my 5 per cent of old Henry, it ain't hard for them to give up. It's coming off Duke Slavin's end, not theirs.

The deal is on condition Duke takes just one more fight. Mr. Louie wants all the build-up he can get, because this will be his last payday with Henry. When Duke is through with them, they are through.

Duke is matched with Fournier, best in Europe. He's as old as Henry, got one of them masks used to be a face. He might stay with Duke as long as six and make



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a new record or he might go in one. It can happen fast to these old guys.

Fight mob calls him "Ferneer." Reporters and the commission doctor, educated people, they say it different, "Foorn-yay," but that don't bother the boys none. They know who they mean, and you better say "Ferneer," too, or they are going to figure you for some kind of a creep.

That's those times when they got to say his name, like maybe on the telephone. Rest of the time they just say "The Frenchman," like "The old bay" or "The chestnut."

The fight is made for April, and we go to see it. In the Garden lobby we meet Harry Markson, who runs the promotion, and he is a happy man. Ain't got a ticket left to sell. "Going to scout Slavin, eh, champ?" he says.

"Gonna be two men in there," Henry tells him. "Don't count us old boys out 'fore the bell rings."

"I forgot," Harry laughs. "You and Foorn-yay belong to the same generation." He went to college and he ain't worried about being called a creep.

We go inside, and people turn around to see Henry, reach out to shake his hand. There's a little clapping. Henry stops to visit with some, but Louie Ray barks at him, "Come on! . . . Bring him along, will you, Billie? Them stiffs will keep him all night." He acts like he's in a big hurry, and ain't nobody holding him, but he don't move till Henry does.

We get down to ringside, and Jack Dempsey is there. He steps toward Henry, but Louie Ray pops in between. He grabs Jack by the neck and pulls his head down so he can whisper in his ear. This is a trick he does a lot. What he's whispering ain't nothing, and I know, because he's done it with me when people was looking at him and there wasn't nobody else to whisper to.

Jack laughs after the whisper, polite like, and then he steps over and says something to Henry, not whispering, but low, between the two. They smile at each other a little with their scar-tissued faces, and what they understand between themselves is something Mr. Louie Ray don't understand, so he starts to talk real loud to a friend of his by the ringside.

Pretty soon the people all holler, because Duke Slavin is coming in. If you built yourself a fighter, this is what you'd build. Sloping shoulders for punching power, smooth muscles—biceps means nothing, but he got the forearms, triceps, pectoralis major and them little ones in the back. Eyes? Cold, man, cold.

Around him, his ring manager—he got three others, but rules say only one works the corner—his trainer, his corner man. They ain't none of the six of them working for the love of it, but the Tough Guys don't care, because it comes off Duke Slavin's end.

Of course, you don't see no Tough Guys. Commissioner done chased them boys long since, and they don't want no guard giving them the bum's rush in front of eighteen thousand people. Tough Guys is awful sensitive, and they don't like this state nohow, except the money happens to be here.

Now we get the Frenchman, and all stand up again to look. Skin white like paper, muscles kind of lumpy, 198 pounds to Duke's 210. Belly nice and hard, though—faee too.

When the fight starts, the Frenchman got his chin tucked deep in the left shoulder, looks clumsy. Duke Slavin, he can't look clumsy any more than old leopard in the zoo knows how. Bell rings, he moves out of his corner smooth as pouring oil.

They circle. Crowd gets quiet, way they do when a big man is in there. They know he can trigger them cannons quicker than you can blink your eye.

Frenchman jabs, jabs.

Duke moves. "Voom-voom-voom!" Crowd roars, Frenchman's in the ropes, but he's a crab now, covering, the way them foreigners do. And rolling with the punches.

When the noise dies down, one of them foghorns upstairs yells, "Hey, Frenchie! I see somesings! I see you on a stretcher!" And they laugh. What this is about, Fournier watched Duke train one time, and he said, "I sink I have see somesings." He won't say no more, and they been making jokes about it.

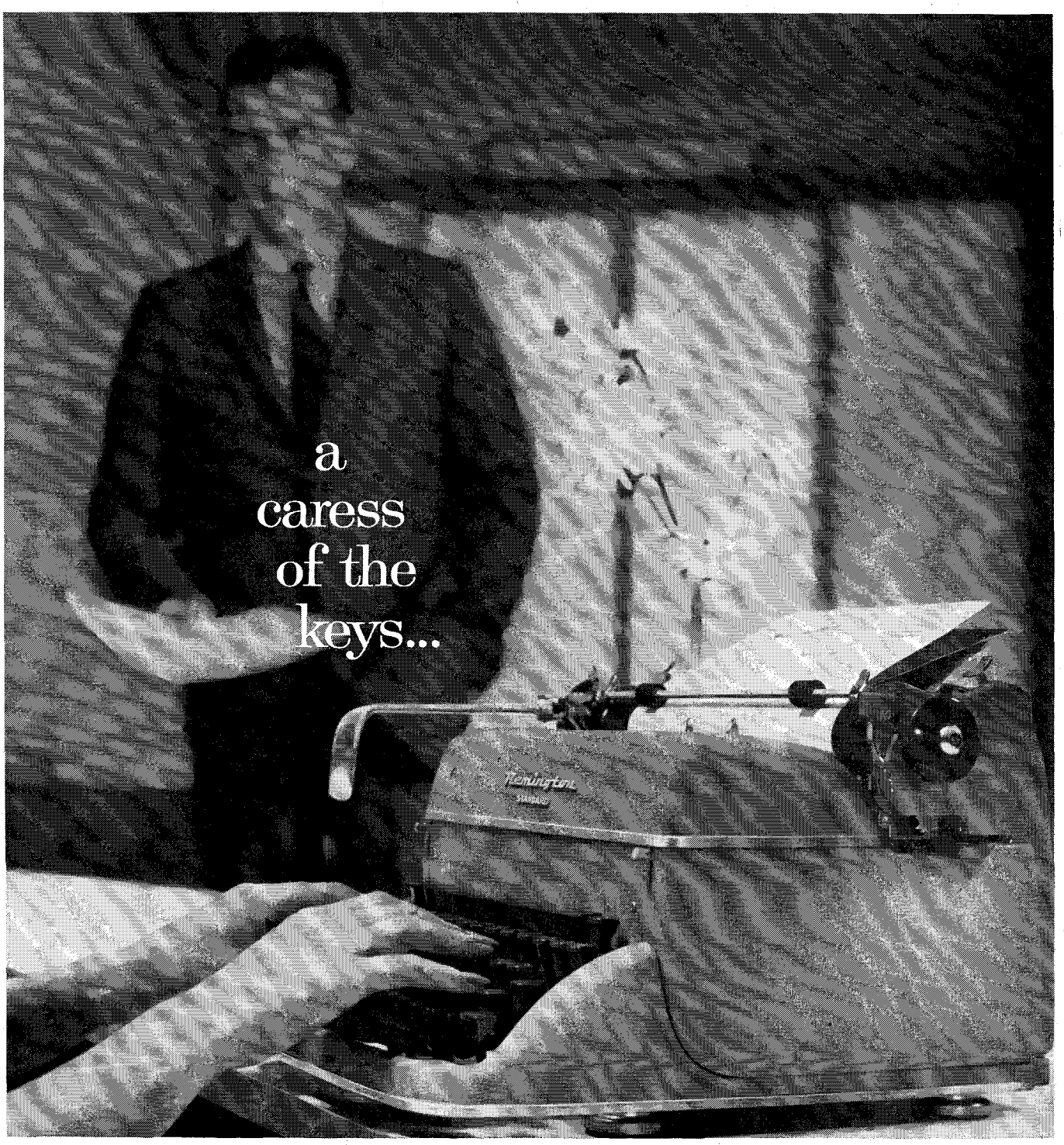
Toward the end of the first round, Duke misses a left and the Frenchman crosses his right. "Bam!" Smack on the jaw, and Duke staggers back a step. But the Frenchman don't rush, don't pay no mind to the crowd, which is roaring with surprise, because Duke is ready to fire them cannons right back. Old Frenchman, he can wait.

Duke ain't in no hurry neither. He figures, *O.K., boy; next is my turn.* And he stalks. And the people are really edgy

Outer Doubt

While in the race
To save our face,
Why don't we conquer
inner space?

Harvena Conrad Richter



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now, because they seen the Frenchman hit, and this here is a fight, not a pig-sticking.

Late in the fourth, Duke opens up. "Voom-voom!" But Fournier slips the punches and counters, "Bang!" on the point of the chin with his right, and "Wham!" a mean hooking left to the head, and you got Duke Slavin sitting on the floor.

Well, that Garden is about upside down. Duke, he climbs up at "Three," because he don't know how to act down there, but the round ends before the Frenchman can get in another lick.

That Frenchman seen something, all right. It's easy, now he points it out to us. Duke's been carrying his hands too low. If you was like a Lee Savold, you could carry them low, because you bob and weave, you slip, you roll. But this man is straight up, and he only thinks, *Attack*, and his hands are too low to stop a fast right-hand counter.

Those three boys with DUKE written on their backs talk about a thousand words to him in between rounds, and when he comes out for the fifth he's got them hands up around his neck. Frenchman bangs right away to the body, though, and they're back where they been all night—too low. This Duke just ain't a doer.

It lasts a few more rounds. Duke is down again in the sixth, and after that he is a lost fighter. He only knows to do one thing, and he keeps going out there and trying to do it, but this man got his number, and that mean right hand keeps shooting across, "Bang! Bang! Bang!"

Along about the middle of the eighth, Fournier lands again, and Henry gives a grunt, "Unh! Old Duke git one more lick like that, he be ready for the doctor man." In 1:53 Duke done had his lick, and his licking. Little Frenchmans with the hair cut long, and funny clothes, jumping all over the ring, bell clanging for quiet, announcer hollering, "The time! The time! One minute and fifty-three seconds of the eighth round! Winner is Foorn-yay!" Harry Markson must of told him.

Whole place is fit to bust, but Louie Ray got on his most serious face. "Send him home," he says. "Then meet me at my hotel. Right away."

So I send the old bay back to his stable, and I report in at Mr. Louie Ray's very nice hotel suite. The Tough Guys who did not go to the fight are there. We all sit and wait for Louie Ray, who the reporters caught before he could get out of the Garden.

One of them is that tooth-sucking kind of Tough Guy that every couple minutes they got to remind you how tough they are by sucking on their teeth. Well, this boy hauls off with two-three of those noises, and then the one says to him, "Shut up." After that we wait quiet.

By and by, the man shows up, and they all follow him in the back room. I come to the door last, but Louie Ray is closing it. "Wait here," he says. The door clicks, and now I got the quiet to myself.

After maybe twenty minutes the door opens and the Tough Guys go out. Louie calls me inside.

"Here's the deal," he says: "The beef for the Frenchman is too loud. We got to sign something with him. But we ain't gonna fight him."

"How we gonna beat it?"

"They wanna fight in June, but we tell 'em we can't be ready that quick, so we sign for September. Meantime the boys are fighting Duke once a month, knocking over the stiffs. Around August we say Duke's Number One again—he just fought the Frenchman before he was ready. And we pull out of the fight. Next June we fight Duke in the ball park."

"Gonna be a big holler."

"That ain't your problem. You're the trainer. That's why I told you the deal—so you'll have the fighter ready when I want him."

"Yeah, well, I'm the trainer, I tell you this. Eighteen months is too long between fights."

He gives his Louie Ray laugh. "So what? You don't think he's gonna win this, do you?"

I guess I frown at that, because he says, "Look, I told you what you got to know. What you tell the fighter, I don't care. Just make sure he keeps his yap shut. Get me?"

I don't like for him to talk to me like that, and he knows it, but any time he knows he is riling you, he will walk away before you can answer. He does that now, and picks up the phone. "I want the Penguin Club." That is a pretty plain good night to me, and I go home.

It works out the way they planned it, except for the Frenchman. He don't holler, man; he screams. Pretty soon ambassadors are writing notes and I guess the Government is pretty ashamed that this Louie Ray is an American, but, of course, the Government ain't in the boxing business, so all they can do is ask the commission, "How about this?" and the commission threatens they'll take Henry's title away. Which Louie Ray laughs at, because that just ain't done with the heavyweight championship.

Frenchman ain't through yet. He comes over here and goes into training at Greenwood Lake, just like there was going to be a fight.

"Ah-h-h," says Louie Ray, when I tell him. "Lawyer stuff. He'll show up the day set for the fight and claim the title. And they'll laugh the crumb out of the country."

Comes the time the fight was scheduled, two other boys are getting ready, because the people need to sell their soap on television, but the substitute bout is booked for the Garden instead of the ball park.

Night before this substitute fight, me and Henry's watching the television. I'm thinking maybe we'll see something funny and he'll forget how people are saying it's a dirty shame what's happening to the Frenchman, and dog it if I don't tune smack in on some newsreel. First thing, the man says they filmed an exclusive interview with Paul Foorn-yay at Greenwood Lake.

It's too late to shut the thing off, so I make out like I don't give a snap, start talking loud and laughing, but Henry gives me a look and I got to shut up and hope it ain't too bad.

Well, Fournier is talking about Louie Ray and the Tough Guys, and he is naming names. The head one is a little old boy with nice white hair who we call "Big D," and when he calls that name I know that he knows he is through in this country.

Oh, he'll get one more fight, all right. In about two years, when he is an old, old Frenchman and Duke is at his peak, they'll make a rematch, get them sports writers talking big about revenge and all that movie stuff that gets the fighters to laughing with their busted faces at people who think this is a game instead of a business where they buy your misery for a dollar.

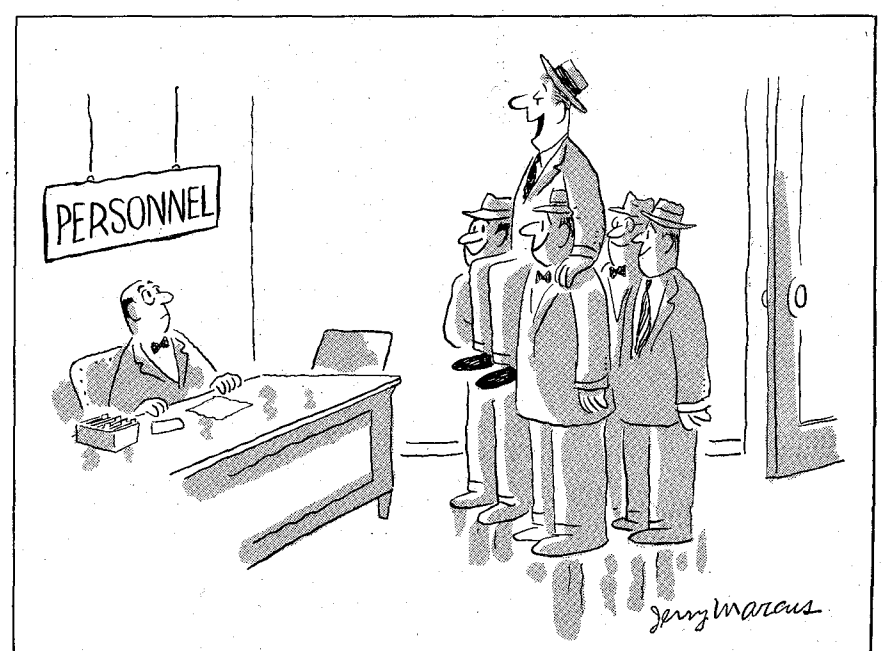
That will be the Frenchman's last go in this country, and he knows it, or he would keep his mouth shut about Big D, like the rest of us chickens.

Now he says he wants to make an appeal direct to the champion. "I spik to you, 'Enree," he says, "as one fighteur to anozzer. You are ze 'eavyweight champion of ze world, ze one most important man in all of sport. People of Japan know your name, people of *l'Australie*."

He takes a step toward the camera and gets bigger on our TV screen. He has walked away from the mike, though, and one of them newsreel boys chases him with it. You miss a few words: ". . . ze greatest honneur to be champion, and you have earn' zat honneur in ze ring of boxing. In ze same fashion I have earn' ze honneur to challenge you. Now zese leetle men say you shall not fight wiz me. You know what I sink of zem?" And he spits—right on the televsion the man spits.

"People all over ze world saying you are no gude, 'Enree. Zey say you are not ze true champion, because you have not ze honneur." He steps closer yet, and all you see is his big, angry face, with the scars and puffs from years of punches coming in nice and sharp on our television. I can't but notice one particular white line, over his right eye, and think, *Good twisty punch get that thing started again.*

"How do you weesh to be remembered, 'Enree? As a great champion? Or as a dog, who run when his master call?" He all but sticks his head out of the set, and yells, "Who *Continued on Page 80*



"I understand you're looking for someone who knows how to get along with people."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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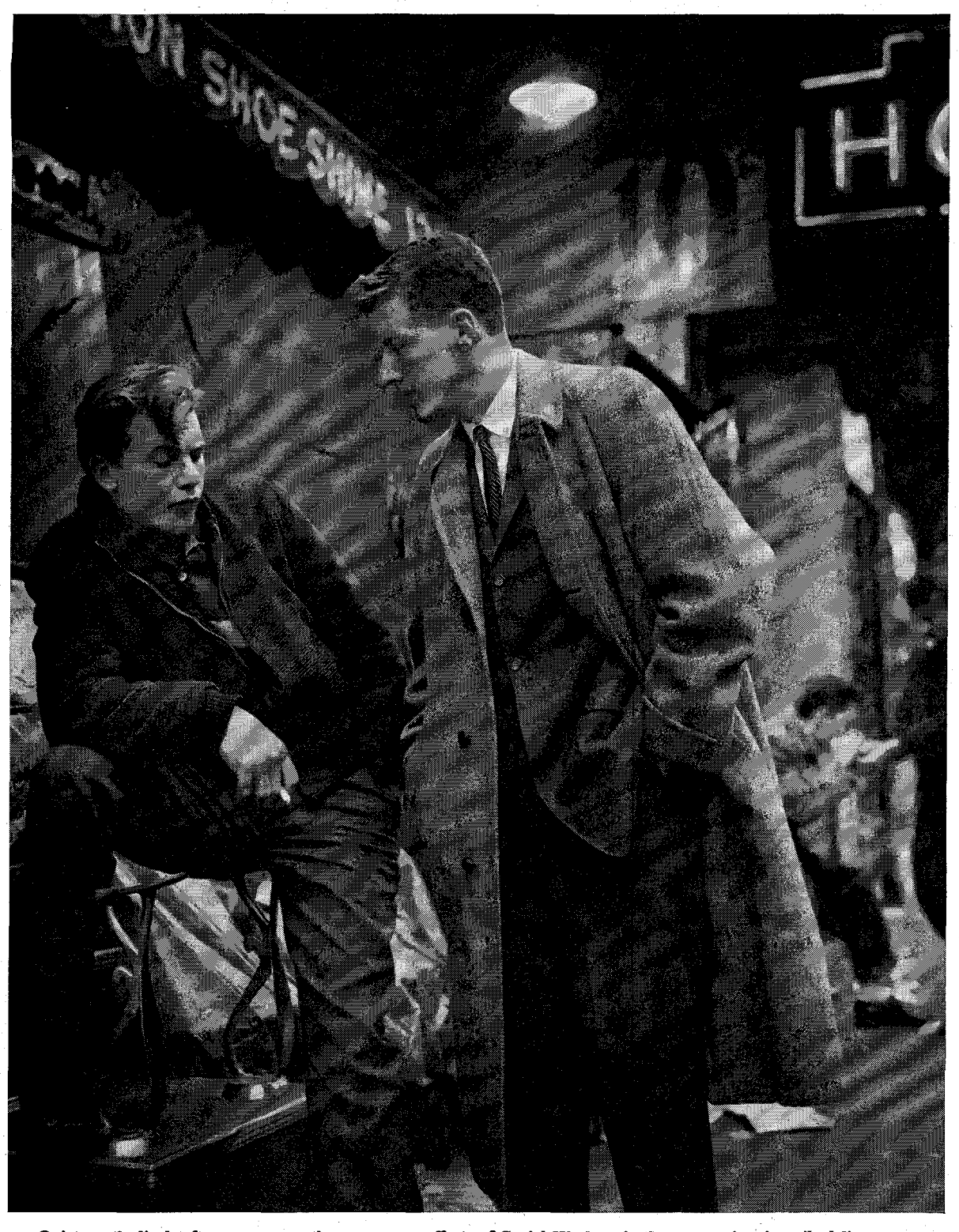

Quiet, methodical, often unsung are the courageous efforts of Social Workers in the war against juvenile delinquency.

Should your Child be a Social Worker?

by Russell W. Ballard

Director, Hull House, Chicago (As told to LLEWELLYN MILLER)

I AM frankly envious of the young men and women who are starting careers as Social Workers today.

My profession is so very young that a vast, almost totally unexplored field of endeavor is before the newcomers to it.

Each time I make that statement in public, I hear a murmur of argument,

"What's new about Social Work? Some people have needed help, and others have been giving it since the beginning of time."

That is true, too.

Man's need of help in time of peril, poverty, decision, sickness, infancy and old age is as ancient as man.

But the meeting of such needs as a *profession* is a product of this century.

It was only 69 years ago that one of the great pioneers of modern social service opened the doors of Hull House.

Wealthy young Jane Addams was a college graduate, but she had no training as a Social Worker when she moved into Chicago's most dismal slum and founded her Settlement House on the principle, "One does good, if at all, *with* people, not *to* people." There was no training to be had.

No formal education for Social Work was available in this country before 1898. In that year the first training program on record was offered—a college course of six weeks.

Today, six years' study at college level is required for professional standing, and we have 60 accredited Graduate Schools offering Masters Degrees in Social Work in the United States and Canada.

All services, opportunities and rewards in the field have expanded with equal, almost explosive rapidity.

For example: before World War I, Social Work was supported almost exclusively by church and philanthropic groups. Their efforts were directed in largest part to emergency aid for the sick, hungry, orphaned and otherwise helpless among the extremely poor.

Today, Social Workers deal with problems of the total community, backed by federal, state, county and municipal funds that run into the billions, as well as by the agencies supported by voluntary contributions. We serve people of all income and cultural levels because, as a nation, we have taken giant strides in the last 25 years in recognizing that citizens with emotional and mental troubles can scar the community just as surely as those impelled to desperate measures by the pressures of poverty and ignorance.

Social Work today

All of this has happened so fast that many parents are unaware that Social Work is now one of the most diversified, as well as one of the better paid, of the helping professions.

What does a Social Worker do?

Let's take a look at Case Workers, Group Workers and Community Workers at some of their many tasks:

Here is a Psychiatric Social Worker in a Child Guidance Clinic working with a twelve-year-old girl who is a chronic runaway. Trying to solve her emotional problems in their early stages may save the child, her parents, other parents and the community heartbreak and expense in the future.

Here is a Medical Social Worker with a patient who has just been told he has tuberculosis. She is helping him and his family accept the diagnosis with courage and plan for the long term of recovery that will take him away from them and off a payroll.

Here is a Public Assistance Worker gently questioning an old man, far past earning age and alone in the world, who needs medical care, a place to live and enough income to live on.

Here is a young man in conference with the Personnel Director of a manufacturing plant. He is a Parole Officer seeking jobs for men shortly to be released from prison so that immediate income will give them a chance to avoid trouble as they make a new start.

Here is another man in conference with a Governor. He is the Director of a Mental Health Association, advising about better services for the mentally ill.

Here is a Group Worker from a Community Center hanging around a pool hall. He has spent every afternoon for many weeks making friends with leaders of a tough teenage gang. The boys are still suspicious, but they have agreed to organize a basketball team and try "slaughtering" a rival gang in the gym—rather than with switch knives. Many of them will never go back to street corner loitering and vandalism.

Here are other Group Workers attached to Campfire Girls, Girl Scouts, YWCA, YMCA, YWHA, YMHA, aiding healthy and happy youngsters prepare for good citizenship.

Here is a Settlement Worker aiding newly arrived Hungarian refugees, who know little English, with the problems that beset them in a strange land.

Here is a Child Welfare Worker visiting the home of a couple who hope to adopt a baby.

Here is a School Social Worker talking with parents and teacher about a highly intelligent pupil who cannot learn to read. Why? What can be done?

Here is a Family Counselor listening to a couple in the offices of a Family Service Agency, and helping them avoid a break-up of their marriage.

Here is a young woman in uniform working out a problem with a soldier. Army and Air Force commission both men and women Social Workers for service at home and overseas.

Here is a teacher of Social Work on her way to India for a year as an exchange professor.

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And here is a researcher, occupied with records compiled by Social Workers in their daily contact with people, finding new knowledge about why people behave as they do.

From this list, you can see that a large part of Social Work today is directed toward locating trouble and correcting its cause before it gets a flying start . . . a rewarding way to spend a lifetime.

Preparation and pay

There are many people who do not have degrees who are doing enormously valuable jobs in Social Work today. We could not get along without their faithful, effective assistance.

However, parents should face the fact that there are no short cuts to the most interesting and financially rewarding top positions.

A career in Social Work—as opposed to employment with a limited future—calls for six years' study at college level: four years in any college or university in a general course that ideally includes economics, sociology, social anthropology, political science, psychology and statistical method; and then two more years in one of the accredited Graduate Schools offering the specialized training and supervised field work that lead to a Masters Degree in Social Work.

This is not so expensive an education as it seems at first consideration.

As science lengthens our life span, helping solve the problems of the aged is an increasingly important function of Social Welfare Agencies.

There are more scholarships available to graduate students in Social Work than in many other fields. The need for trained people is so great that a number of agencies are paying a large part of Graduate School expenses for outstanding students in return for a period of work, at full salary, after graduation.

Salaries, once very low, now compare favorably with those of people in other helping professions—teachers, clergymen, psychologists, nurses and librarians. For this reason, an increasing number of young men are choosing Social Work as a career.

In 1930, only 13 percent of the students in Social Work Graduate Schools were men. Today the figure is 40 percent.

The national average starting salary for 1957 graduates was $4,715 for men, and $4,565 for women.

Again because of the demand for trained people, advancement can be quite rapid to supervisory and administrative positions commanding between $7,500 and $10,000, and I know of several executives who draw $25,000. Such high salaries are the exception, but this is clear proof that Social Work does not demand a vow of poverty, as many people mistakenly believe.

Rewards and drawbacks

One of the most tempting aspects of Social Work is its almost boundless horizons. It is exciting to be a part of something that is just coming into its own.

In 1920, so few people made their livelihoods in Social Work that the U. S. Bureau of the Census did not make a separate count of those in it.

Today, we have close to 100,000 salaried Social Workers and we need 12,500 more each year. This means that ambitious young people can move readily from one interesting job to another in search of variety of experience and opportunity for promotion.

"But don't you find it depressing to see nothing but the seamy side of life, day in and day out?" is a question we hear often.

True, it takes an emotionally mature person to stand the constant assault on the compassions. Our training prepares us to concentrate on what can be done for—not what has happened to—a client. But there isn't a

Trained Settlement Workers help newly-arrived refugees to this country adjust to a new way of living.

Social Worker worth his salt who does not feel deep concern for many victims of ugly circumstance, thinking, "What if this were my child?"

This demand on sympathies is in no way unique to the Social Worker, however. The doctor, the nurse, the clergyman deal incessantly with pain, anxiety and trouble, too. They also find that the drawbacks of a helping profession are nothing compared to the shining rewards of turning knowledge and skill to use for others.

Better than any amount of money or medals to me is my memory of the turning point in the life of a boy sent to me as an incorrigible.

"Now that I've got somebody on my side, I've got somebody to be good *for*—and I won't let you down," he said, and he hasn't. Today he is a leading citizen of his small town, father of a fine, steady set of boys of his own.

Besides, our work is by no means exclusively with those who are a burden on the community or a threat to it. The Social Worker is in alliance with the judges, lawyers, leaders in government, teachers and other professional people on all levels. Our work is for—and with—the total community.

Hard to take, sometimes, is the feeling that your job is never done, no matter how much you do; and your failures can keep you awake nights wondering, "What did I do wrong? Where did I miss my chance with that upset child, that troubled and trouble-making teen-ager or adult?"

But what job worth doing is a featherbed?

People in Social Work

Severe as is the need for trained people, there is no room in Social Work for the half-hearted, the selfish, or those chiefly concerned with the comfortable security it offers.

Social Work is a science and an art. It is also a calling, demanding special qualities of both heart and mind. It is not only a way to make a living. It is a way of life.

I should be used to hearing it, after all of my years in the business of helping people, but I still get mad when the nickname of "Do-gooder" is used, as if there were something faintly impractical and unforceful about making a career of aiding others.

In the first place, what's *wrong* with doing good?

All civilization is based on concern for others. Without it, no family, or tribe or state can hold together. Our very nation is founded on a document concerned with the welfare of all—the Constitution of the United States.

Social Workers are patriots in the truest sense of the word. They shore up democracy by working in the spirit of peaceful change for the betterment of all, and don't think that there is anything easy or unforceful about winning peaceful improvement.

Young men and women who choose Social Work join a band of hardy fighters. Behind them is a great army of battling "Do-gooders" who are literally the architects of scores of the benefits and protections we take for granted today.

Very few of us will win monuments of stone, or any other symbol of fame, before we leave this life—and of what value is a statue erected after you are gone, compared to the living monuments each Social Worker can point to as his own?

The Social Worker's monument is people, steadied in distress, encouraged in education, guided to the good citizenship and the ideals of democracy that, in final analysis, are the only security of the whole community of man.

That is why I think "Social Worker" is the proudest title in the world, and the proudest parents should be those whose children are mature enough to take for their own the words of Horace Mann, "Be ashamed to die until you have won some victory for humanity."

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HOW TO HELP YOUR CHILD HAVE THE CAREER HE WANTS

Many factors will enter into your child's choice of a career: his interests, his ambitions, his abilities, the counsel he receives from teachers, friends and family. But, most of all, it will depend on his opportunities *to get the training he needs to enter the field of his choice.*

Even though his college days are still years away, it's never too soon to start making sure that your child will have the opportunity to continue his education when the time comes.

Your New York Life agent has chosen as his career the business of helping families plan for the future—for education, for retirement, for all the things which life insurance helps make possible. Through training and experience he has become a highly qualified specialist. You'll find him both able and willing to help you.

Booklets available on many careers

This article on Social Work is one of a continuing series on career opportunities for young men and women. Thus far, similar articles have been prepared on Newspapering, Law, Medicine, Accounting, Teaching, Architecture, Aeronautical Engineering, Electronic Engineering, Public Service, Farming, Chemistry, Selling, Nursing, Starting a Business of Your Own, Pharmacy, Dentistry, Banking, Printing, Home Economics, the Mineral Industry, Personnel Work, Retailing, Atomic Science, Librarianship, the Armed Forces, Engineering, Food Retailing, Medical Technology, Traffic Managing, Secretarial Career *and* Scientific Career. *Each is available in booklet form and will be sent to you on request. You'll also find additional help in our free booklet, "The Cost of Four Years at College." Just drop a postcard to:*

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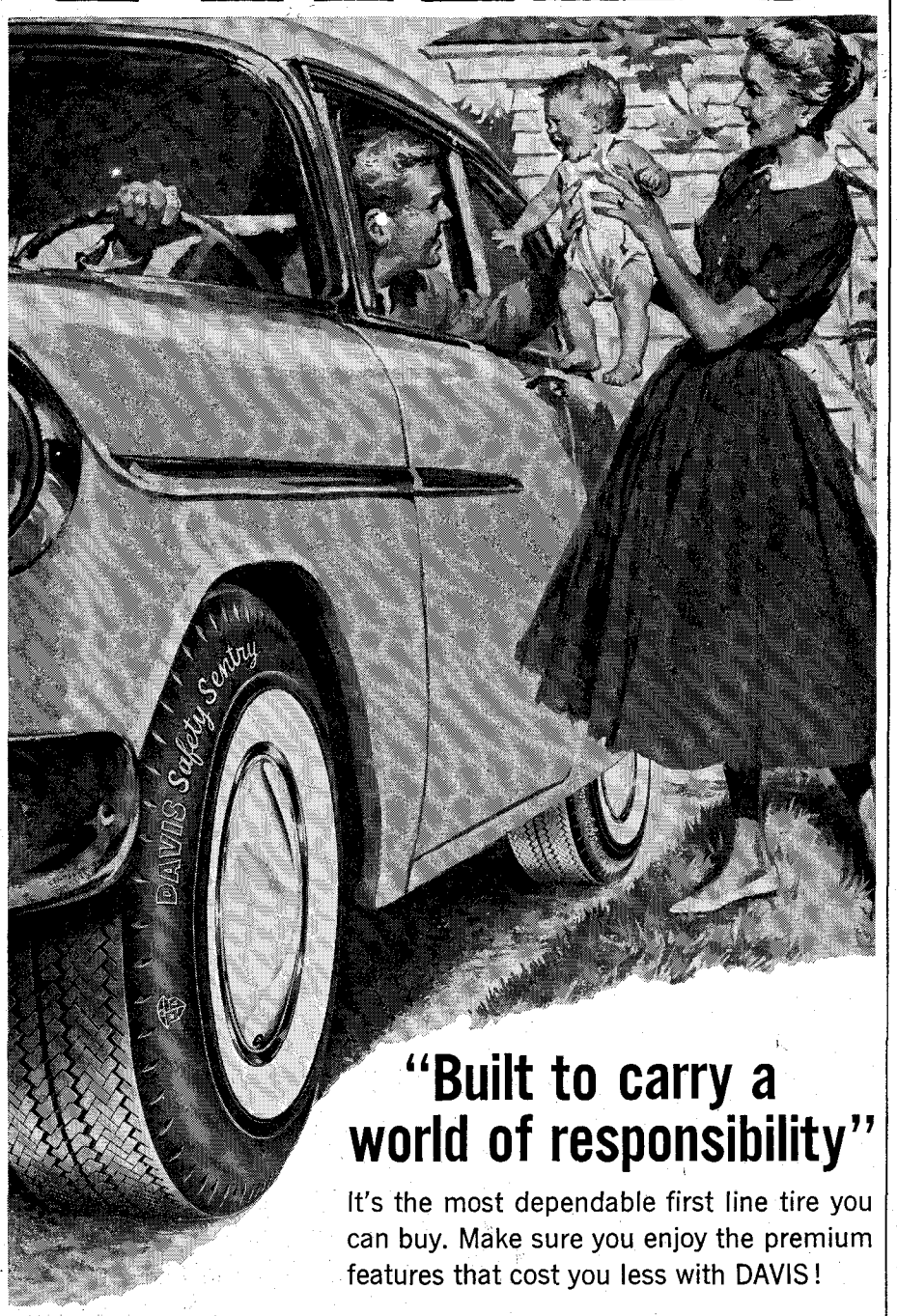

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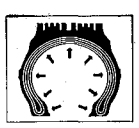

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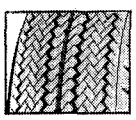

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(*Continued from Page 76*) ees champion of ze world, 'Enree? You—or Louie Ray?"

That's what he came to say, and now he walks off, walks mad, and the movie guy with the mike is running after him, calling for one of them retakes. Three or four of them little foreign-dressed boys is around him and putting up a holler, all in French, and banging him on the back. One of them yells over his shoulder, "*Non! C'est fini!*" and they all go in the house.

Now the television people take us to Washington, where I wish we been all the time. I reach around Henry and switch the channel to where some singer is carrying on about Love and Beautiful.

Henry sits there and watches it. After a bit he gets up and walks in the other room. I follow him in and he is looking out the window at Eighth Avenue, where they got the street all tore up and signs around saying: PARDON Us.

"Frenchman's got him a smart lawyer," I say, but he keeps that big back to me.

My Henry is a good man. Few times he stuck his chin out, like I told you. But that was only when we didn't have money to eat. This here ain't a question of good, though. This is business. So I got to argue with him.

"Frenchman just wants to claim your title, like Louie Ray said."

Maybe I shouldn't ought to mentioned that name, because right there he says, "What time that weigh-in tomorrow? Noon?"

"What you care?"

"At the commission? They's mostly at the commission at noontime."

"What you care, Henry?"

"I'm gonna be there."

"What?"

"I'm gonna fight that Frenchman."

"Man, you gone clean out of your head? You can't fight no Frenchman."

"They got the Garden booked. They pull those boys out, put us in. Frenchman got a contrack. You know that. Commissioner let us fight O.K."

That's when I call up Louie Ray. He tells me, "Stick with the fighter and keep him away from them sports-writer guys, and I will see you in the morning."

Morning comes, I get up; old Henry is already dressed.

"Where you going, Henry?"

He don't make no answer, and I tell him, "Look here! Don't go closing up on me. I'm Billie, remember? What you want to do is a good thing, but you just can't do 'er, Henry."

"I'm gone do 'er."

Well, ain't nowhere he can go this early. By and by there's a knock at the door. I open up. It's a punk, and back of him is another one.

Them Tough Guys I been telling you about, you won't never find them with no guns. They got punks for that.

"What you want?" I say.

"Louie Ray sent us." He pushes past me. "That the fighter?"

Me and Henry, we just look at him. Punk says, "He don't leave outta here." He closes the door, and the other boy stays out in the hall, kind of leaned against the wall. Inside punk, he leans too. These boys always act terrible wore out.

Now Henry's eyes come over to mine, and all of a sudden mine got to look at the carpet.

"How come you don't git no drink for your friend?" he says, and he starts to walk in the other room.

The punk makes a smile. He does it crooked, like he stands. "Good idea. Get me Scotch and water, George."

My name ain't George. "Henry!" I call. "Come here!"

Henry stops. Now he's coming back, slow. I talk to the punk. "Hey, boy. You know this man?"

Punk don't answer me. I say, "I asked you a question, boy," and I see Henry is surprised, the way I'm asking. "Do you know who this man is?"

"Knock it off."

"He is the heavyweight champion of the world. You know that?"

Punk shrugs with his eyebrows, like his shoulders was too tired. "He's a fighter."

"How much you know about fighters? . . . Stand close to the man, Henry, so he can see you good."

Punk's eyes get narrowed up now and his hand moves up by his lapel.

"What you got under the coat, boy? Ain't no Ring Record Book, is it?"

"You're gettin' outta line, fella."

"Bet you it's a gun. You pretty good with it, are you?"

Punk's eyes going back and forth between me and Henry.

"What you think, boy? You think you can get that gun out of your coat before my man can hit you?"

Henry says, "I don't punch no middleweights." (*Continued on Page 82*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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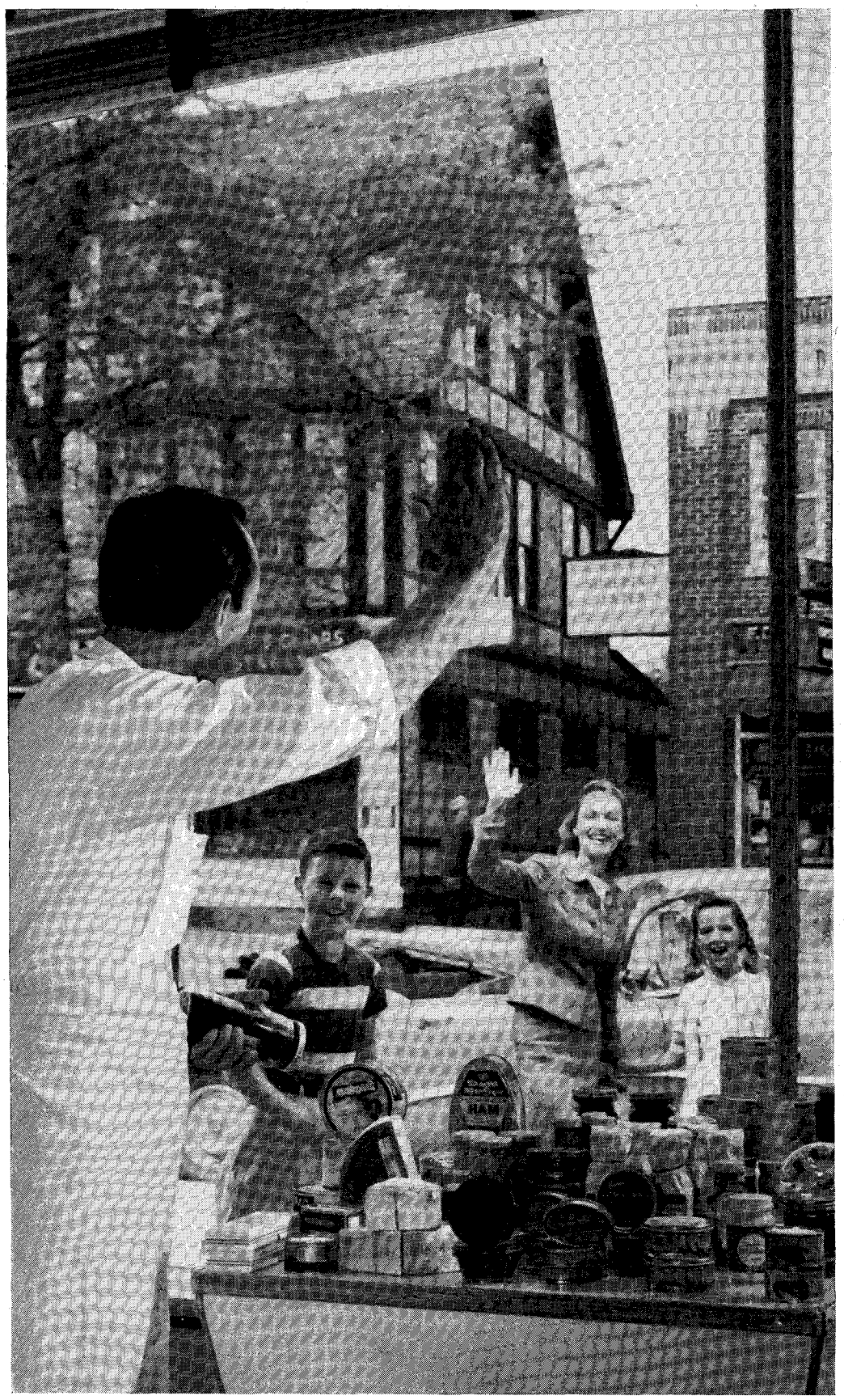

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America's small towns are going big time!

You've seen Bill and Betty Jackson hundreds of times in hundreds of small towns. They're pretty typical of the fresh, new small town sophistication.

Bill and Betty still hail the mayor by his first name. The apple festival, the town picnic, the strong sense of neighborhood are still theirs, but the gap between Manhattan, New York and Manhattan, Kansas is being shrunk by train and plane and the steel spined highways that turn distant miles into fleeting minutes.

Mass communication, through high speed steel printing presses, radio, and TV, is giving the Jacksons big city ideas about push button laundries, air conditioning, stainless steel trimmed cars with plenty of zoom—big ideas how life can be easier, more fun.

Decentralization of industry into rural areas is a major phenomenon in America today that is giving the Jacksons and their 40,000,000 small town neighbors a dual economy of agriculture and industry to finance their new way of living. Without industry, many small towns are failing to grow; with industry, they participate in the evolution toward small town —big town living in which steel in its modern versatile forms is playing a dynamic role.

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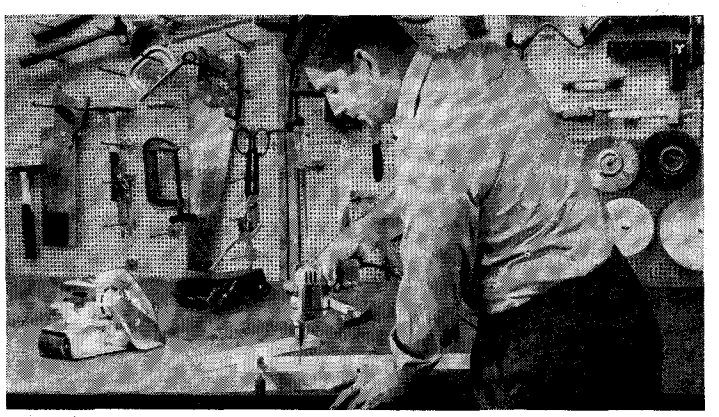
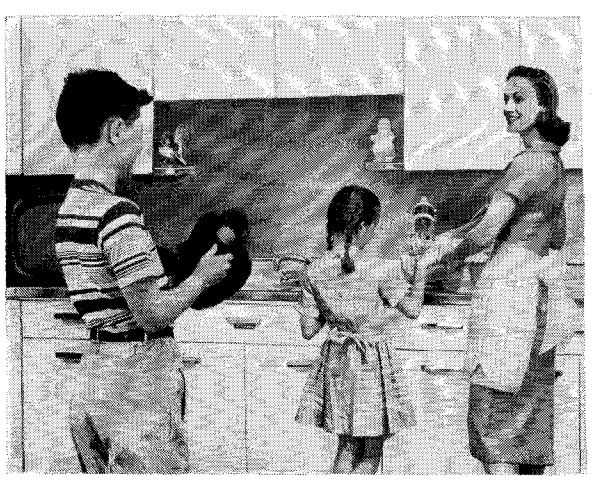


Bill's week-end war with household repairs is a quick victory once he touches the switch on his power tools—made mostly of steel. Bill, too, has modern ideas. The old garage hums with power, and bristles with electric tools. Tough Republic Alloy Steel for tools . . . Silicon Steel for motors . . . Steel Wire for tool racks . . . formed Sheet Steel for bench legs . . . Republic Nails, Bolts and Nuts give Bill the means to keep his home modernized to the minute! And Republic E.M.T. (Electrical Metallic Tubing) provides safe steel raceways for plenty of "housepower".



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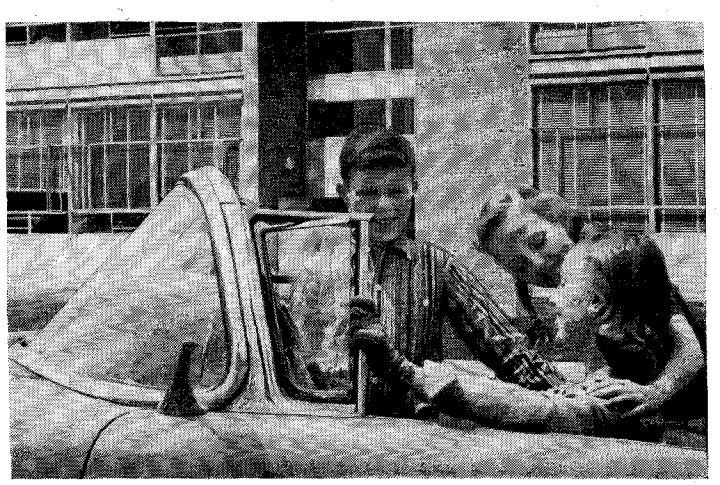

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(*Continued from Page 80*) "Just a little St. Paul, Henry. You hear me? Man moves, you counter."

Punk starts to scrooch along the wall toward the door.

"Where you going, tough man? Fighter ain't even got his hands up. You mean to tell me you can't —— Go, Henry!"

Of course, Henry's athlete reflexes have worked before I could call out, and the jab we call St. Paul has cracked Mr. Punk on the point of his chin while his hand was still in his pocket. He bounces off the wall and folds up, all floppy, on the floor.

The man is just out, nice, and he'll have a sore face, but no busted teeth and fractured mandibles, like he'd have if I sent my Henry in with the overhand right.

"Sharp, Henry," I say. "You're still a good doer."

"Nemmine that," he says. "Get that other boy in here."

I can't help but laugh out loud. "You know something, Henry? You are talking like a champion."

Door opens before I can get to it and Louie Ray comes in. He near falls over the punk on the floor. "What the hell is this?"

I tell him, "Man come in here carrying a gun. That ain't friendly." I look down at the punk. "He's p'rhaps dreaming he's Gary Cooper."

Henry laughs a chuckly laugh.

Louie Ray's eyes are popped wide open, and he comes at me ready to bite. "Are you two stiffs hopped up? How come ya let him do this, ya stupid bum?"

I look at him, in the eye. This time he can't walk away. "You know a man called Bobby Gleason? Jack Hurley? They'll put me to work in a minute. Them's good managers. Don't call me bum."

"A-a-ahhh ——" He spins around at Henry. "Now you listen to me, you punchy clown!"

Henry smiles at him, kind of funny, kind of scary. "Billie, you know who this man talkin' to?" And if I was a worrier, I would start to worry for Louie Ray right here.

All of a sudden that left hand that's big enough to cover your face moves again, snatches up Louie Ray by his two lapels and lifts him clean off the floor.

Punk sits up about this time, blinks his eyes, blinks them again when he spots Mr. Louie Ray up in the middle of the air making choky noises. Punk kind of yips, and skedaddles over to the door on his hands and knees, pulls it open and throws himself out in the hall.

Henry speaks to Louie, real soft. "You talk polite to me, Mr. Louie Ray. You hear me?"

He thrusts him down on the bed and Louie wobbles like, heaving for his breath. "Now we's gonna talk. And you remember who you talkin' to. Mah name is Henry Jackson. Ah am the champion of the whole world. People in places you never heared of knows mah name. Time you learned it."

> Let's have a kind word for hindsight. After all, it does show you the cop who's tailing your car.
>
> PAUL CARRUTH

"I—know your—name, Henry! Geez!" He stands up and rubs his neck. "You got me wrong! I'm your pal!"

"Yeah. Now we talk about me fightin' the Frenchman."

Louie Ray flops in a chair and opens his collar. "Henry, you can't fight the Frenchman. Don't you know you get a piece of Duke for life if you fight him?"

Henry goes over to the window. "Don't want it. Don't want to own nobody. Ain't no more slaves. Let Duke have that piece. More'n likely it be the only piece of hisself he got."

"Henry, you're talkin' like a fool! This Duke is gonna make millions for some people! Why not you?"

"Will you quit talkin' to me like I was a manager?" In fourteen years I never seen him like this. Louie Ray like to fall out of the chair, leaning away from him. "You got any *i*-dea what it is, bein' in there with a man knows how to punch? It hurts, man! So don't you never talk to me no more about gittin' money for some other man's misery."

"Wha-whatever you say, Henry! I promise!"

"Don't you promise me nothin'. Promise no better'n the man that makes it. Le's just say I promise you."

"Sure, Henry, sure!"

"Now we talk about gittin' us over to that weigh-in."

"No." This time Louie Ray's voice comes more firm, and one time in his life he says the truth. "Henry, you gotta understand the heavyweight champeenship. It ain't a man. It's a thing. If that foreign crumb wins it, he'll take it outta the country."

Henry frowns up his face and says, "If he win it, he got the right."

Louie laughs that laugh. "That's Frenchman talk. . . . Tell him who's gonna stop it, Billie. Tell him in American."

I tell him soft as I can, because I am real sorry his dream got to have an end. "The Tough Guys, Henry. They get Duke into that title, nobody'll get a shot without he belongs to them. They ain't gonna let that get away."

"Why, that Frenchman," says Louie Ray, getting excited in his chair, "he'll take it over to Paris-France and he'll fight some Eyetalian and some Dutchman, and two years'll go by before Duke gets his title shot!"

Henry looks down at him. "You through?"

"Hah?"

"Ah say, 'Are you through?'"

Louie's eyes start to bulge out again. "Henry, you're not gonna do it! You can't! You—you ain't in shape!"

"Billie, tell the man."

I whoosh out my breath. "He's in shape. Commission doctor'll pass him."

"But there ain't no advance! The joint'll be empty and—and what about printin' tickets?"

"They'll use the ones they got. This story breaks, they'll sell every seat."

Henry moves to the door.

"But, Henry!" Louie Ray yells. "Fifteen rounds!"

Henry smiles a little. "We gone find something out. Does that Frenchman really train or is it just lawyer talk? Along about Round Ten, we gone find out. . . . You comin', Billie?"

"Wait! Henry! The Tough Guys!" It like bursts out of him.

"Hoo!" says Henry. "Now you talkin'!"

"They're gonna be mad!"

"Yeah, man."

"But it's me, Henry! They'll be mad at me!"

Now I'm smiling. "You just tell 'em the champ does what he wants; you can't control him."

"They'll never believe that! They know I make all the decisions!"

Henry shakes his head. "Man, you in a tough spot."

"That's right, Henry! You gotta give me a break!"

Henry opens the door. The hall is empty. Them punks is long gone from here. "I seen plenty of boys in a tough spot," he says. "All swole up and bleedin'. And you know what you tole me? 'Hit 'im again.'" He walks out.

"You'll never get to that ring!" Louie Ray screams after him. "You crazy fool! Ain't you afraid? . . . Billie? Ain't you afraid?"

I give him a true answer, "Yes, I am."

He keeps after me, "How can you let him do this? Biggest fight of his life, and he ain't ready!"

"You're wrong, Mr. Louie," I tell him. "He done had his biggest fight—just now. What he's goin' out to do, it's a job. He come in here last night to watch the television, just a big old horse, do what the man tell him. Walk out of here this mornin', champion of the world."

"Billie, don't go! You'll wind up in an alley!"

"Leave go my coat, Mr. Louie. I got to catch up with my fighter."

I go out.

My Courtship in Code (Continued from Page 49)

Athens adapted itself with electric gaiety to this campaign against an enemy boasting of his "8,000,000 bayonets." Church bells rang out victory after victory, and everybody donned a uniform. But the capital slowly filled up with wounded, thousands of them crippled by frostbite.

Marina's primary job was to assist in the hospital surgery. Day after day, she had to carry off buckets of amputated hands and feet. In the evenings we dined in one of the innumerable taverns which continued to serve food, drink and music behind their blackout curtains.

It was during this period that I introduced Marina to the delights of the dry martini. She seemed to appreciate its tonic effects. Many months later, after we were married, she announced, "I never want to taste those things again. I hate them. The only reason that I ever drank was for fear of scaring you off."

Although our friendship was clearly becoming very intimate, nothing permanent seemed worth considering in those days. My job kept me moving. I was by then with The New York Times and had to scoot up to Rumania, then Bulgaria, as each country was occupied by German troops. Finally the Nazis prepared to attack Greece's ally and neighbor, Yugoslavia.

When this assault was imminent I kissed Marina farewell and drove up to Belgrade. The final act in the great Balkan campaign was about to start. We were all very optimistic: at last the Axis would get a bloody nose.

On the night of April 5, 1941, I stood watching at the window of my hotel on Belgrade's Kalemegdan Park where the Danube and Sava rivers join. Long lines of conscripts shuffled by, picking up uniforms and rifles in an ancient depot. They marched on, singing: "Listen, girl I love, Hitler has come to our frontiers, but the Serbs are standing there with guns to see how many ribs the Germans have." The moon was almost full—ideal bombing weather.

I had just received from General Simović, the prime minister, the only credentials ever issued to a war correspondent in Yugoslavia. Thus equipped, I made ready to depart for Albania, where the Yugoslavs and the Greeks were planning to drive Mussolini's divisions into the sea. Then, I hoped, I could return to Marina.

I paid my bill—not knowing that before dawn the hotel would be burned to the ground—and packed my car with gasoline, tow ropes, shovels, chains, sausage, cheese, bread, water and *slivovica*, the Serbian plum brandy. Finally, early in the morning of April sixth, I dressed for my long drive in ski clothes with hooded white jacket, and said good-by.

My first stop was at the British Legation, where I had been asked to pick up an Englishman just down from Hungary; he was hitchhiking to Athens. I promised to drive him as far as Bitolj, in Southern Yugoslavia, where he could undoubtedly find new transport. Soon we were winding through processions of infantry and ox-drawn munitions carts on the highway leading out of Belgrade.

Some time later we heard the distant crump of bombs destroying the capital we had left. I decided to push southward as fast as possible, getting my documents visaed in Skoplje and Bitolj. Then I would swing into Albania, where I hoped to be the sole journalistic witness of the greatest battle since Dunkirk.

The drive was long and tiring. All told, we had fourteen flat tires to change and mend. At night we shrouded our headlights with black covers through which peered the faintest slit of light. Finally, worn out, I turned the wheel over to my English friend—who did not know Yugoslavia as well as I.

As soon as I commenced to doze, he headed down the wrong road. Near the Bulgarian frontier, where Axis troops were mounting an attack, we were halted by a Yugoslav outpost. The lieutenant in charge inspected us sullenly. He liked neither my companion's informal attire nor my own skiing costume. He was still more displeased when he discovered my .32-caliber revolver and 100 rounds of ammunition. My Serbian was fluently imperfect. The Englishman's was nonexistent. Clearly, the lieutenant concluded, we were spies.

He ordered two soldiers to march us across a stream to his command post. The only bridge was a slippery tree trunk. Hands lifted, we tried to keep our footing, inspired by the rifle muzzles pressed into our backs.

With a certain amount of boredom, the lieutenant announced his intention of shooting us. I suggested that before such drastic action it might be desirable to taste my *slivovica*. The logic of this notion appealed to him. He sent a corporal to ransack my car and we consumed two bottles while I explained just who we were. The oratory, I fear, was less convincing than the brandy. But the lieutenant agreed to let us go. His squad even fired a departing salvo as we drove off into the moonlight—the first shots heard in his sector.

Before the night ended, we were again arrested and jailed—this time in a little Turkish-looking (*Continued on Page 84*)

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(*Continued from Page 82*) village with a mosque, called Stara Kachanik. There we found some English friends, also held as "spies."

A colonel was interrogating the suspects. One of them, a diplomat, carried several locked pouches and an impressive diplomatic passport. But the colonel was skeptical; he wanted the pouches opened. The diplomat refused. So the colonel called for a large pair of shears and cut the locks off. To my horror and the colonel's evident pleasure, he hauled out an English major's uniform, a radio receiver, a transmitter, several automatic weapons and quantities of ammunition. That was enough for him. We were all to be shot.

It required considerable eloquence to persuade the colonel to ring up headquarters in Skoplje, where there was a British consular officer. Finally, after several hours, this worthy was located. He vouched for us.

Reluctantly releasing us, the colonel said, "All patrols along the gorge running south from here to Skoplje have been ordered to shoot on sight any cars resembling yours. I cannot countermand these orders because our field communications are too bad. I will send a sergeant along with you to explain you are all right. Good luck."

But we got through the gorge all right. Once we were in the open, we lay down beside the road to sleep. When we awakened, we nibbled some sausage and headed on to Skoplje. The city was being bombed. There was no apparent opposition to the Junkers and Heinkels, save for a few pitiful machine guns and some merry gendarmes and soldiers potting away excitedly with rifles.

We wandered about the streets, occasionally held up by tangles of wreckage or furious first-aid parties, until we found the army headquarters where I had to present my papers. The general in charge was a tough, small Serb. Calmly, he munched a piece of dry bread and an onion as he stamped my permit. Despite nuisance bombings, he said, the situation on his front was excellent. Four hours later Skoplje fell.

By then, however, we had taken off for Bitolj, key to the Monastir Gap which leads from Yugoslavia southward into Greece, and the base for the main Yugoslav thrust against the Italians in Albania to the west. En route we ran into difficulty. The bridge over the broad Vardar River at Veles was in flames. It was still standing, though, and by moving a few beams out of the way we managed to scoot across.

When we reached Bitolj, it was dinnertime. In the hotel restaurant I found the corps commander, who promised that if I came to his headquarters at eight o'clock the next morning he would stamp approval on my papers.

At dawn, then, I bade good-by to my English friend, wished him luck on his hitchhiking, gave him a letter to Marina, and drove to the big ramshackle army building just outside of town. To my astonishment, I found it unguarded, open—and empty. Two privates, the only people in the whole place, were stumbling downstairs with an old, brass-studded trunk. I asked them where everyone was. One of them pointed vaguely toward Greece.

As far as I could learn, there was no longer any army. I had no valid documents. I didn't quite know what to do. Wherever I drove in town, excited people jumped upon the running board and begged me to take them into Greece.

I went back to the hotel and found my English friend chatting affably in German with the local chief of police. The chief said my general had withdrawn with all his troops into Northern Greece. He had left orders with the civilian authorities to turn the town over to the Nazis.

That was enough for me. I picked up my English passenger and three Bitolj citizens eager to get out. We headed south. Just across the Greek border we found the rear guard of retreating Yugoslavs with a battery of first-class, mobile antiaircraft guns. They didn't bother to fire at the German bombers flying overhead. All they did was holler at us: "*Gdje Engleski?* Where are the English?"

In Northern Greece we found a tidy British camp, Union Jack flying, spick-and-span sentries, and neat rows of tents stretched out in approved Kipling style. This was an understrength brigade commanded by a charming, unperturbed gentleman who (*Continued on Page 87*)

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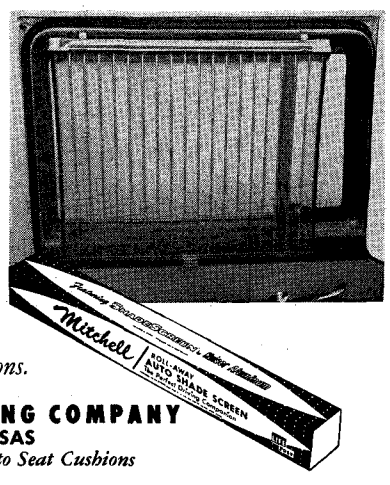

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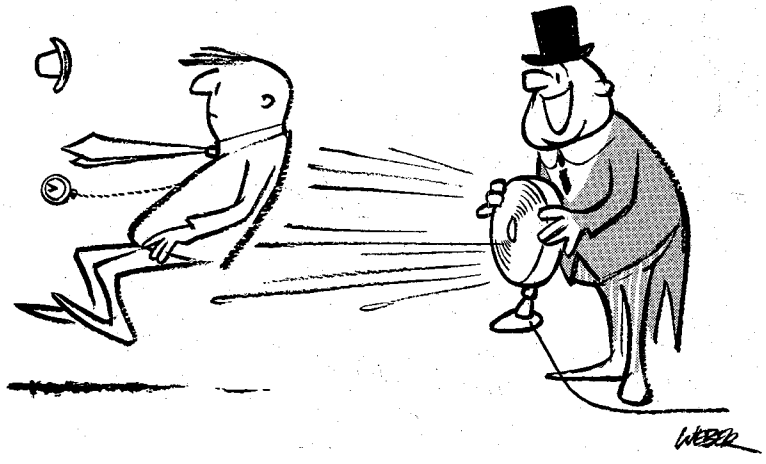

The Perfect Squelch

Visiting Oregon on a political speaking tour in the summer of 1916, Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels enjoyed his trip until he fell afoul of the windiest local politician in the West. Under guise of entertaining the visitor, the windbag spouted platitudes in praise of everything local. It was a sticky hot afternoon when the party reached downtown Portland. While Daniels mopped his brow, his host declaimed:

"No matter how hot the day may be, in our glorious city the sea breeze sweeps up the great Columbia River from the vast expanse of the Pacific and cools us salubriously promptly at four-thirty P.M. every day."

Daniels tugged out his watch and glanced at it.

"The sea breeze," he said with silencing finality, "appears to be an hour and seventeen minutes late today."

Dean Collins

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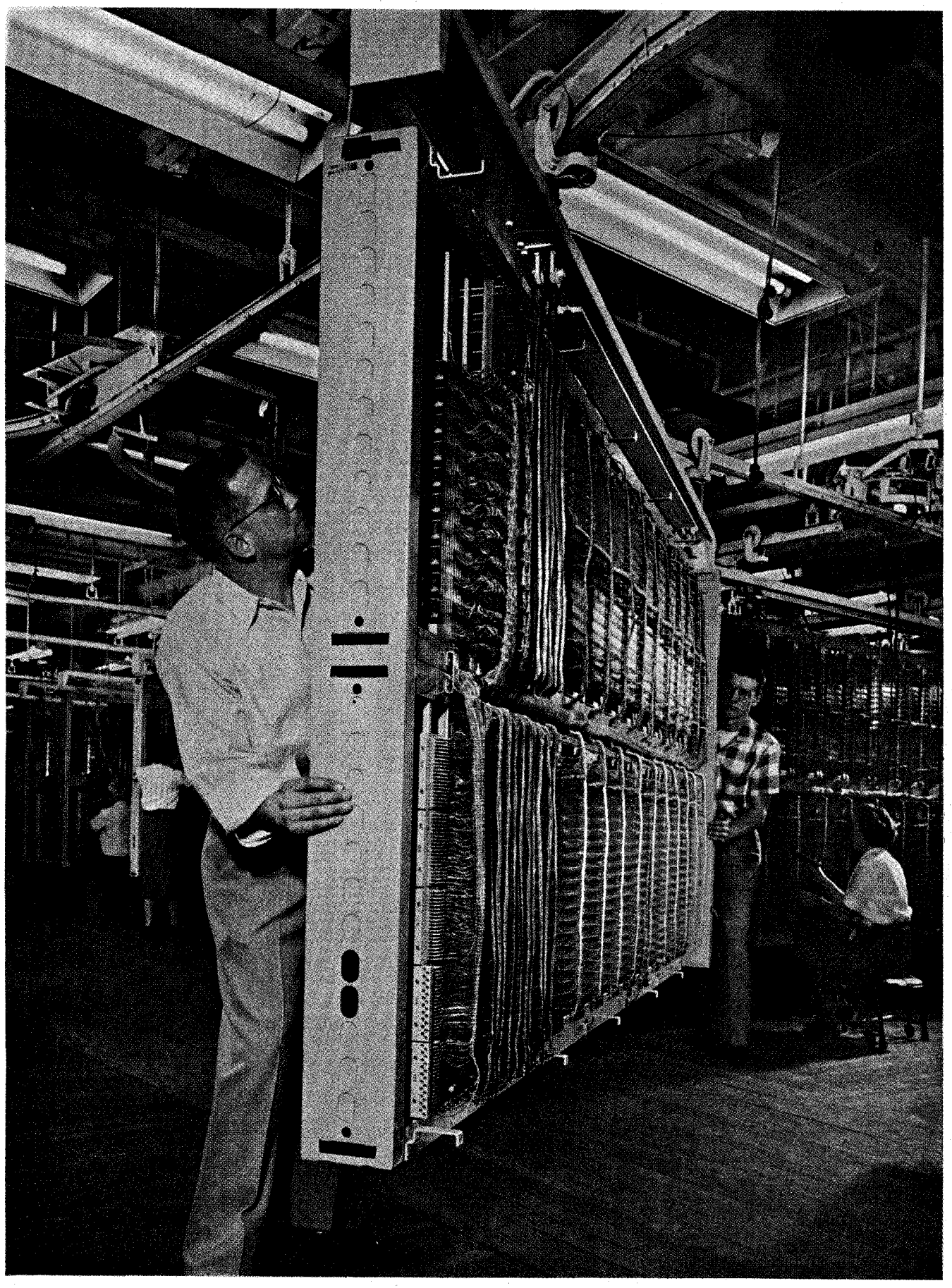

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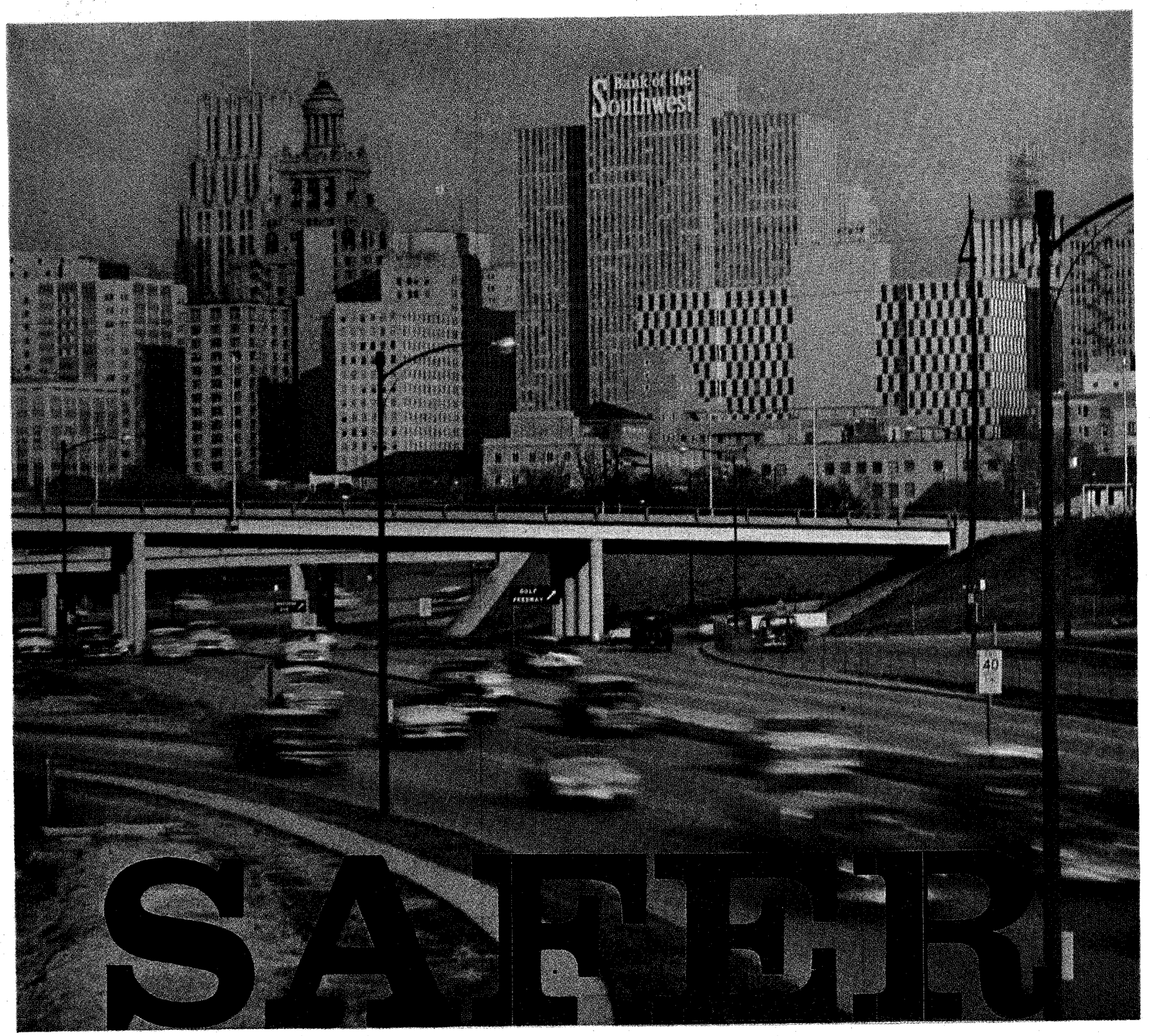

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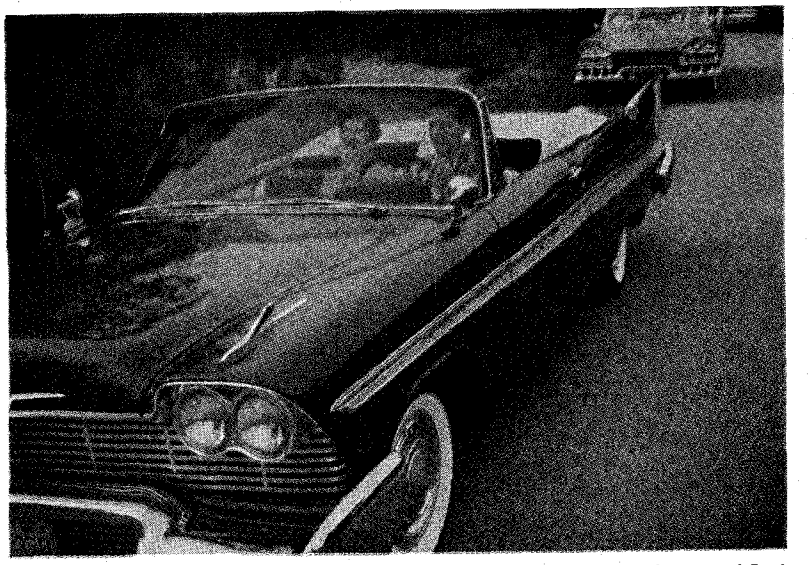

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(*Continued from Page 84*) hadn't the vaguest idea what was happening. We told him.

After he heard that the Monastir Gap was wide open, he dictated a dispatch asking headquarters to send up armor. Then he gave us an excellent luncheon of bully beef and whisky. When the dispatch rider returned, the brigadier showed us the reply to his message: only one tank and two Bren carriers were being sent. Not long afterward the brigade was wiped out by German *panzers*. The unit was mentioned in dispatches.

At Elasson, behind Mount Olympus, we found the main British C.P., commanded by "Jumbo" (later Field Marshal Lord) Wilson, an able tactician who was given nothing but impossible jobs throughout the war and who will get short shrift from history.

My companion—and this is why I have scrupulously withheld his name—inquired blandly if there was any M.I.5 (military intelligence) office; he wished to report. That was the first I knew of his avocation—one which I believe he still pursues.

I had known Wilson in Egypt. As usual, he spoke with great frankness. He said he had lost all communication with Yugoslavia and had no idea where the attacking Germans were. Jovially, he ordered whisky for us and listened to our tale of Yugoslavia's defeat.

In Athens I discovered chaos. The Greek front crumbled when Yugoslavia's collapse allowed German armor to pierce its center. Some units fought to the end, some surrendered, and some vanished. Wilson's British expeditionary force withdrew in remarkable order.

As the Greek Government began to disintegrate, a crisscross of contradictory orders demoralized the remnants of the army. Part of it was demobilized in the middle of the fighting. The commander in Albania made his own peace with the Axis—and later was named puppet dictator. The premier committed suicide. The king and some of his ministers fled to Crete.

In this tumultuous atmosphere I again found Marina, heartbroken by her country's fate, but still grimly working in her hospital, now overflowing with wounded. During the evenings we listened to a radio that poured forth ever sadder news. The Sedgwicks departed for Egypt on a British ship. Preparing to get out myself, I hired a sponge-fishing caïque, a thirty-five-foot sailboat with auxiliary engine, and instructed the skipper to hide his vessel in a cove on the Attic coast and to stand by.

The big question was not when to leave; that would settle itself. The big question was whether to take Marina along. The caïque skipper argued against it. He said that the hostile attitude of Turks along that country's coast would prevent his disembarking us at a Turkish port. He could only go to some point offshore and leave us upon a deserted spit or let us swim for it. "Let the lady join you later," he suggested.

But this was only part of the problem. Marina and I were neither formally engaged nor disengaged. Should we choose this moment of confusion to strike out together? Marina left the decision to me, and I made a wrong choice.

At that time the Nazis were still behaving with apparent civility in occupied France, Norway, Denmark and other western lands. They continued to profess deep admiration for the heroic Greeks. There was not yet any hint of the brutality that they were to inflict upon the tiny nation. In the end, I decided to leave Marina with her family. Once established in Turkey, I would get word to her; then, in a somewhat calmer atmosphere, she could join me. Little did I know what occupation was to mean or how an iron-clad fence of secrecy would envelop Greece.

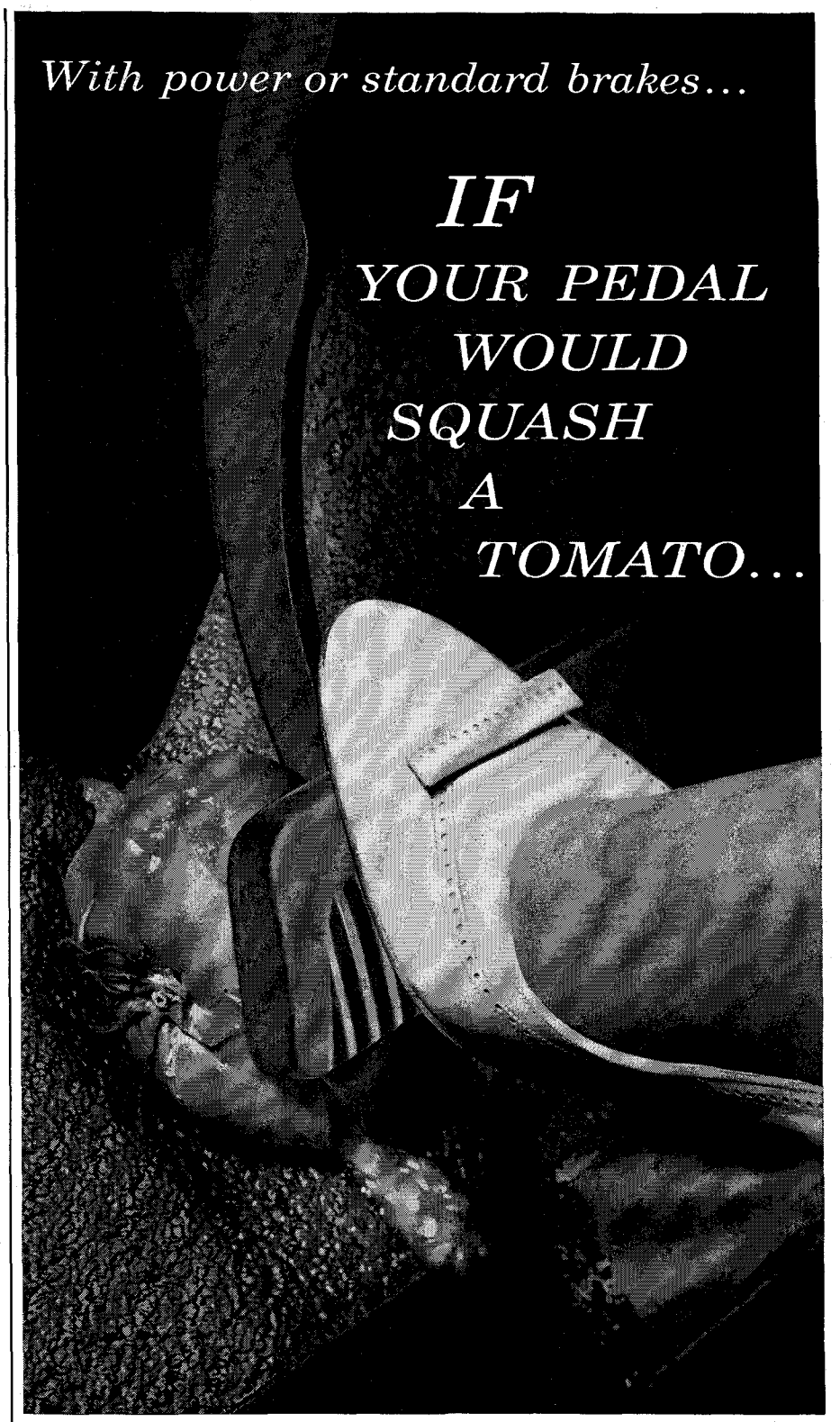
Marina accepted my decision with courageous sympathy. On our last night together, we dined on lobster soup in Athens' finest restaurant and pretended to be gay. All night long we talked. She gave me, as a token of fortune, her ruby ring.

At dawn she helped me load my little car for the last Balkan drive before I abandoned it. I took only my typewriter, my wire-haired fox terrier and the clothes on my back. I had already burned my files. The last thing I saw, driving off, was Marina waving a handkerchief and holding back the tears that brimmed in her eyes.

The voyage, as it turned out, proved uneventful. Two Americans and a Swiss accompanied me, as well as several Greek pilots who had gathered where my boat was anchored, seeking passage to their island homes. We sailed mostly in the dark. When the sun rose we holed up in coves. The only disturbance was an occasional roar of aircraft overhead.

Opposite the Turkish shore was Chios, the island on which Marina's family dwelt in old Byzantine days. There a fisherman came up to me and said, "We fought as bravely against the Germans as against the Italians. But we cannot go on forever. Tell America we fought

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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well. We will now suffer. But we have faith."

Our skipper took us onward, and despite his forebodings managed to dump us at the Turkish village of Çesme, where we were well received. From there I traveled a rutted road to Izmir. The farther I went, the more precisely I saw in my mind's eye Marina waving from her doorstep. I realized I had made a ghastly error.

As soon as I had sent from Izmir my first uncensored dispatch about the Balkan fiasco, I returned to Çesme. Displaying a fistful of gold sovereigns, I persuaded two oarsmen to ferry me back to Chios in a little rowboat. I sat in the stern, silent. Halfway across the channel, my Turks got cautious and started to turn back. I pulled out my revolver and began to fiddle with it. They resumed course.

The island of Chios had not yet been occupied. I rushed to the village post office and composed a telegram to Marina telling her to get ready; I was coming. But it was too late. The message got through, but I could get no transport to the mainland. Next day, bitter at my folly, I returned to Turkey. I sent a spate of messages to Athens, which I might as well have filed into oblivion. The Nazis had lowered over Greece an impenetrable curtain of censorship.

At that time, dispatches sent over the antiquated Turkish telegraphic system were delayed as much as forty-eight hours. After some negotiation, I made a deal to hire the government radio every night after two A.M., when it had ceased broadcasting. I then began to dictate my articles to monitoring offices The New York Times had established in New York and in Bern, Switzerland.

When newspapermen dictate over the telephone, they spell the letters of difficult words with familiar symbols to insure understanding. For example, if there is some name such as Erzurum (a Turkish city), one will dictate: "E-for-Edward, R-for-Robert, Z-for-Zebra," and so on. I applied this system to the radio.

But, whenever the letter *M* came up, I would never say my usual "M-for-Mother." It was always "M-for-Marina." And it was "D-for-Dora" (her mother), "A-for-Athens," "G-for-Greece." I was determined that Marina know at least that I was thinking of her.

May 1, 1941, was her twenty-second birthday. She and some friends and her mother and grandmother were sitting gloomily around the radio, trying to pick up crumbs of information about the outer world. Suddenly they heard a familiar voice pronouncing: "M-for-Marina." The phrase was repeated many times.

The next night, at precisely the same time, there were many more *M*'s, *A*'s, *G*'s and *D*'s, all carefully spelled out. It was evident I was trying to say something.

Marina's neighbors were Eugene Vanderpool, an American archaeologist, and his wife, Joan. Joan sat down with Marina and Dora to work out an elaborate code covering various contingencies. If, for example, I said, "M-for-Marina," it meant she should try to leave Athens as quickly as possible and join me in Turkey. On the other hand, if I said, "M-for-Mother," it meant she should remain in Athens until the situation clarified. If I said, "A-for-Alexis" (her brother), it meant I had received the code. If I said, "S-for-Sedgwick," it meant her uncle and aunt were all right. And so forth, intricately tabulated on several sheets of paper.

This document was given to a kindly diplomat who sent it to Turkey. Immediately the proportion of "M-for-Marinas" in my dictated dispatches multiplied by geometric progression. But there was no way for Marina to communicate again. Only occasionally someone would elude the Nazis, slip out of Greece and inform me that Marina kept her vigil by the radio every night.

Our one-way conversation was broken up in July, after Hitler attacked Russia and I was assigned to Moscow by my newspaper. I left my code and a series of prepared messages with our Ankara representative, who carried on the broadcasts. Then I entrained for Moscow.

Oddly enough, it was during my dreary, eleven-day journey that Marina managed to engineer her own departure from Greece. She and two charming friends of hers, who were engaged to naval officers on ships that had escaped to Egypt, managed to touch the romantic fancies of an Italian colonel. He agreed to present their sentimental case to the German officer in charge of exit permits. Solemnly the girls assured him they were engaged to neutral Turks. And just as solemnly the Nazi pretended to believe. He gave them visas.

Athens is an extraordinary gossip mart. Within hours, an ever-widening circle knew Marina was departing soon. Consequently, a deaf colonel named Melas, high up in the country's military intelligence and an old family friend, descended upon her. It would be her patriotic duty, he explained, to carry a message to Allied headquarters in Cairo. And

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Even a poor wisecrack often outlives a good sermon.

GRACE PULLMAN

---

this was a complex, very important message, cosmic in its secrecy. She had only two days before her departure, and during those two days, said Colonel Melas, Marina must memorize his information in its entirety.

He then handed her a series of documents with instructions that they must eventually be burned: reports on German troop dispositions and headquarters sites, news of air-force movements and naval concentrations.

As he left her, Colonel Melas said, "I cannot be held responsible if these papers are discovered on you. Certainly, and quite properly, you will be shot."

Marina spent her last two days studying. Her mother and her remarkable old grandmother tested her on every detail, making her recite this homework as she paced up and down before her hearth. Then, when she had everything letter perfect, with fine feminine absent-mindedness she wrapped the documents in her best silk nightgown and packed them in the only suitcase she was allowed to take along.

The three girls rode a Lufthansa plane to Bulgaria because there was no direct connection with Turkey. En route they passed through German military and Gestapo customs at Salonika. They landed in Sofia, where they passed Bulgarian customs assisted by the Gestapo's local branch. Then they took the train to Istanbul and, on the border, again went through Axis inspection.

At no point was their baggage opened. But Marina was not worried. In Sofia she slept in her second-best nightgown. She didn't unpack her bag until she arrived in Istanbul. Then, discovering the incriminating papers, she nearly fainted.

Alexis, her brother, then attached to R.A.F. intelligence, first learned of his sister's arrival in Turkey when a colleague indiscreetly showed him reports of a successful bombing raid. To these was appended the note: "According to target data provided by Marina Lada."

On leaving Ankara, I had arranged for Marina to stay with British diplomatic friends. As soon as she arrived, she sent a telegram to my Moscow address announcing her liberty. But I could not quit my assignment. I was the only New York Times correspondent in Russia. The Germans were advancing steadily. The great question of the day was whether Stalin would hold out.

To the delight of the Soviet censors, to whom even personal messages had to be submitted, I wired Marina daily. One censor who was intrigued by this telegraphic romance was a bright young man named Kozhimyako, soon to be killed while conducting reporters at the front. He asked me, "Is your young lady truly named Marina and Lada?" I said yes. "But Marina," he insisted, "that is a Russian name. And furthermore, Lada is our old Russian goddess of the spring." He begged me to produce a photograph. I did, and it delighted him. But there was no easing up on the censoring.

The Germans drove to the very gates of Moscow, actually penetrating the city. The diplomatic corps and press were evacuated with the government to the distant Volga town of Kuibyshev. There we spent insufferable weeks while I begged Edwin James, my amiable but highly practical managing editor, to rush in a replacement, so I could go off and get married.

The late "Jimmy" James, one of the nicest men who ever lived, was under the impression that I was giving him excellent service. So he played that watchful-waiting game so well known to Roman generals and American managing editors. I was compelled to take charge of matters.

My chance came when I heard from Ralph Parker, an Englishman who had worked for The Times of London and The New York Times in Prague and Belgrade. He cabled that he was coming to Moscow for the London Times. Without consulting James, I hired Parker before he left England. (He has since become a dismal fellow-traveler; discharged by both his papers, he is now a resident of Moscow.)

Following Parker's arrival, I was able to return to the Soviet capital and accompany the Red Army on its winter counter-offensive. Then I wired James that I was leaving Russia, and early in January, before he could reply, I took off.

Aboard my plane was a distinguished company including Sir Hughe Knatchbull-Hugessen, British ambassador to Turkey, and Sir Reader Bullard, British envoy to Iran; they had gone to Moscow when Eden visited Stalin, and were returning to their posts. The first night we set down in Astrakhan, a grimy little town where the Volga joins the Caspian Sea. Astrakhan happens to be the world's caviar capital. With journalistic alacrity I rushed to the office in charge of sturgeon eggs. Not five minutes later, Knatchbull-Hugessen and Bullard swung into queue behind me.

I purchased two kilogram tins (four and a half pounds). When Hugessen, the next in line, came along, he was advised there was no more caviar. He and Bullard used every Foreign Office wile in endeavors to make me share my loot. But I hung on.

Marina and I were married in Beirut on January 21, 1942. The next day we gave a party in Jerusalem. There was plenty of caviar. But, with the wartime shortages, we ran out of bread.

THE END

TIPS FOR TRAVELERS

1. Taking more than one suitcase? Pack *one* with things you need immediately, and most often.
2. Choose lightweight luggage. You'll be glad you did when porters are nowhere to be seen.
3. Pack away some wash-and-wears . . . shorts and shirts and sunbacks that drip dry overnight.
4. Don't forget to place tissue paper along the folds of your garments. Less wrinkles that way.
5. Use plastic containers for toiletries. No breakage . . . less baggage weight.
6. Tuck away a package of Tampax in the side pocket of your grip. A blessing when the calendar plays tricks.

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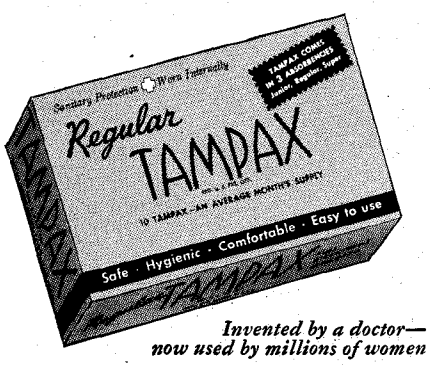

Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

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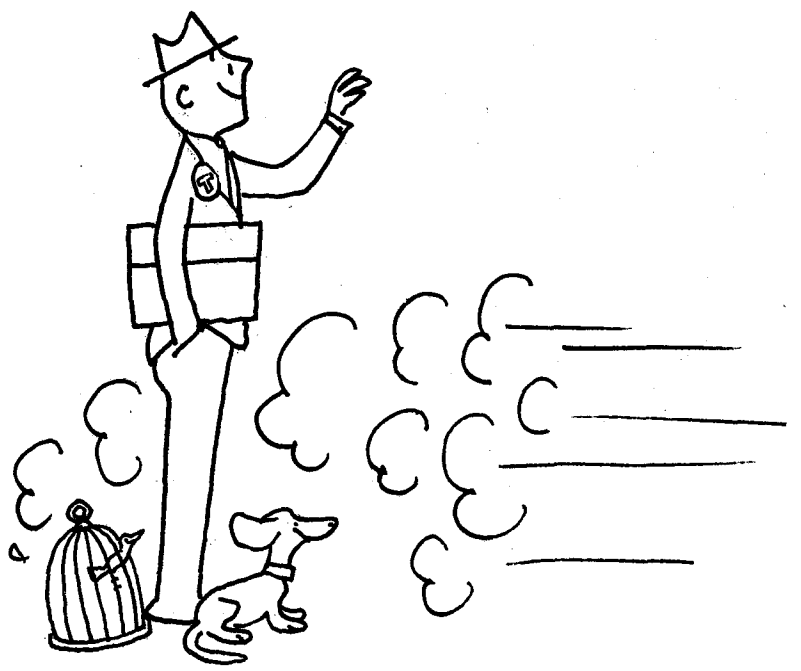
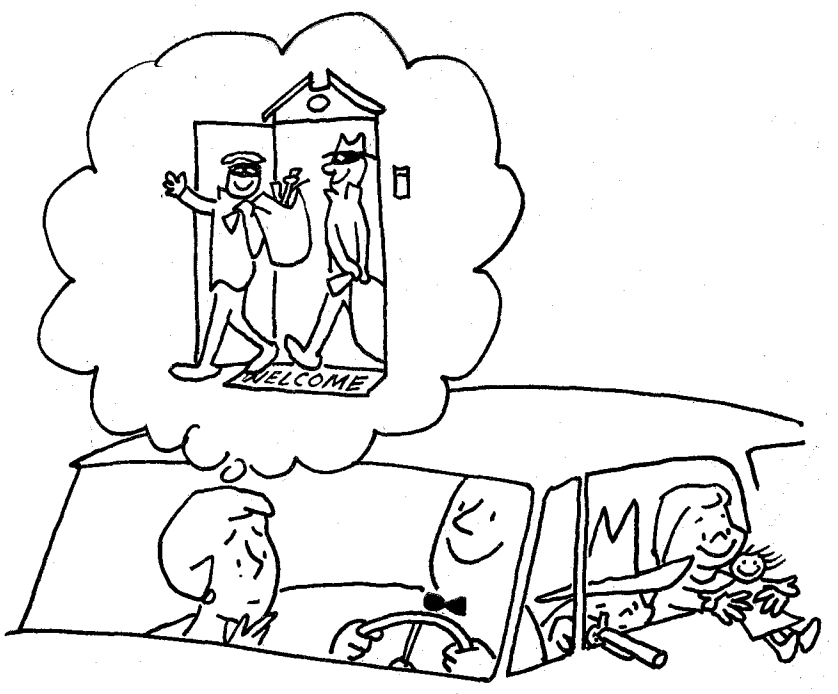


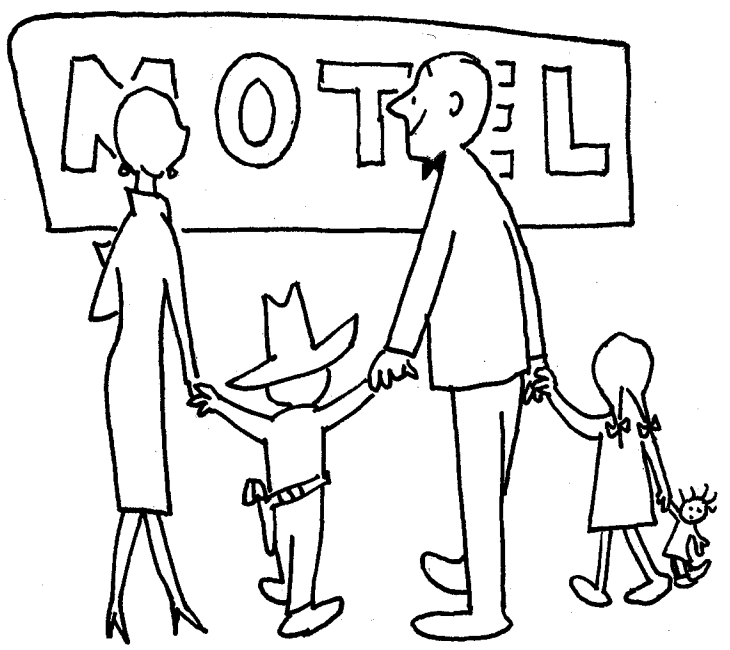
1.

Vacation-bound, the Darrow clan shot clear of their garage;
Their trusty Travelers man stood by to wish them bon voyage.
"Enjoy yourselves," this worthy said, "leave worry far behind—
Your holidays are carefree if you're Travelers-undersigned."



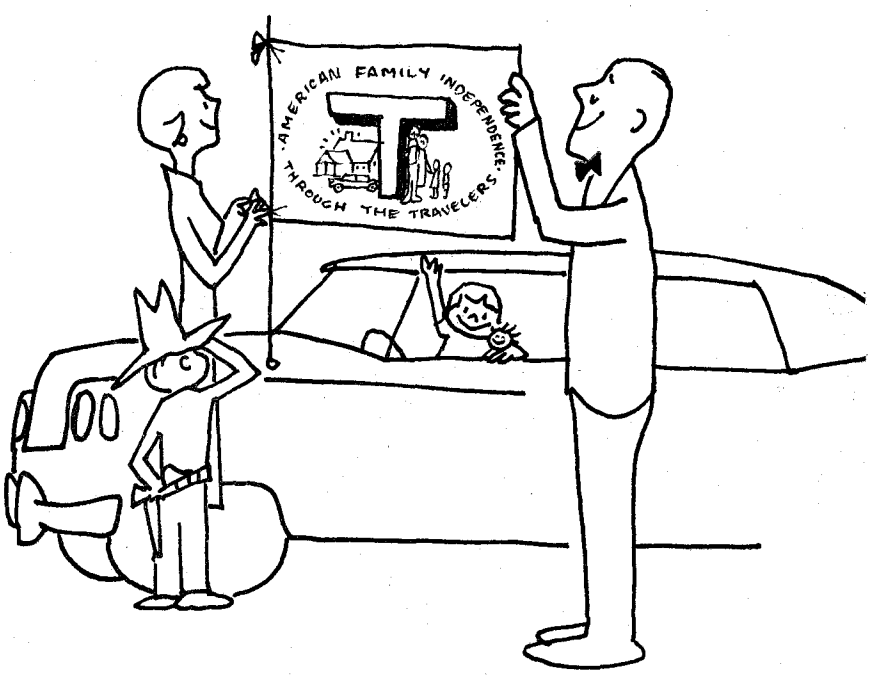
2.

They rolled along serenely for two hundred miles or more;
Then Eleanore said, "Dear, I *hope* you locked the terrace door."
"I did, my love," soothed Jerry, "but The Travelers pays for theft,
And guards my life—our *way* of life—we'll never be bereft."



3.

She fretted of a fire—a storm—but Jerry purred, "In truth,
No care can gray my hair—our Travelers plan's a Fount of Youth.
The mortgage, college for the kids, our car? All well in hand."
And then he led his yawning brood to welcome slumberland.



4.

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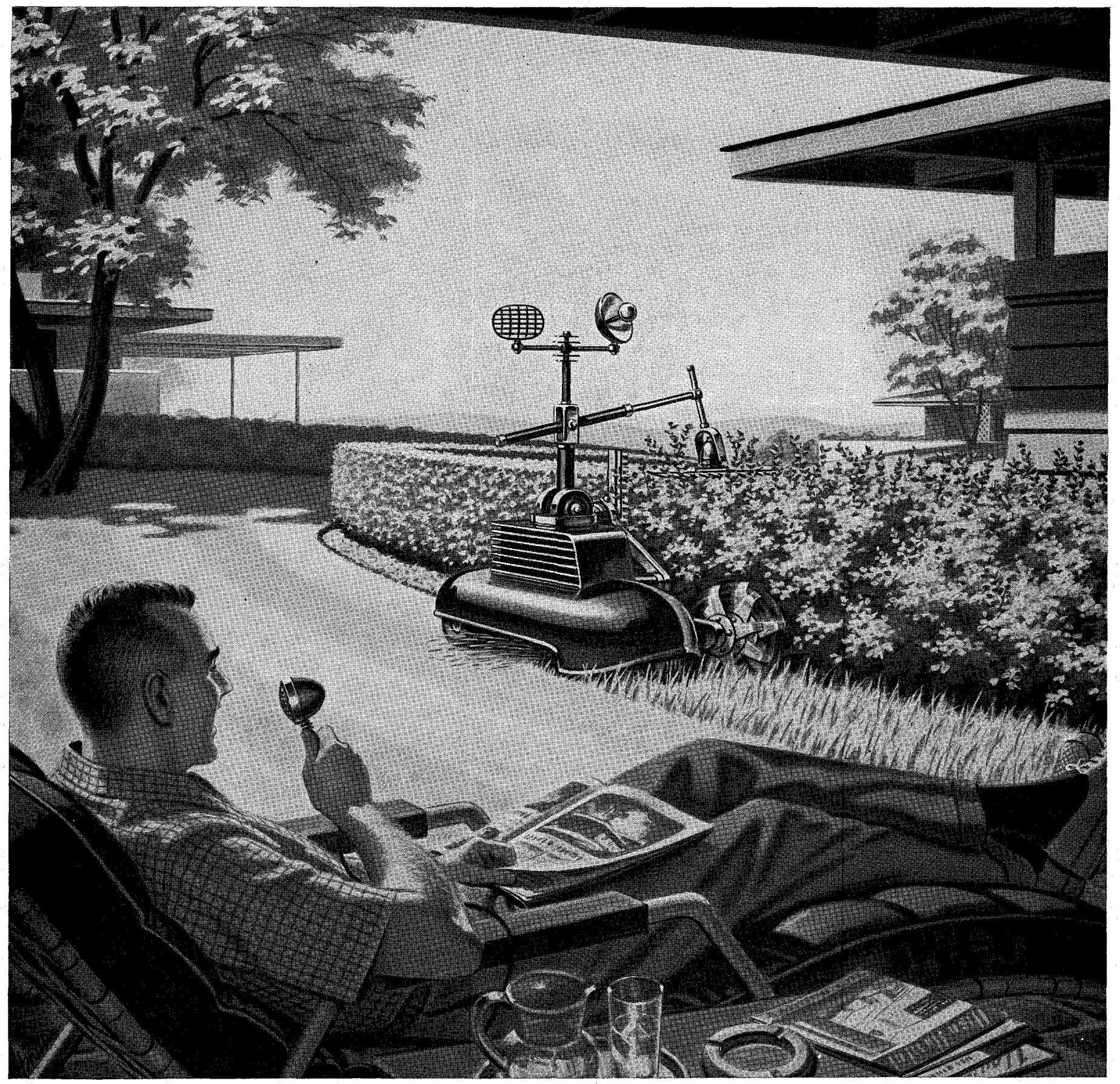

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You will be putting much more power to work—and you'll have all you need. This year alone, America's electric light and power companies are spending *5 billion dollars* on plants and lines for your future electric living. They plan to *double* the electric supply in 10 short years.

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I Married Murder (Continued from Page 25)

She had been through enough, I thought. She had suffered tragedy and ordeal, enough to break a girl with less fiber, and I said strongly, "Honey, we're going to have a good life, you and I. As far as I'm concerned, the whole world is right here in the cabin of this boat. Just remember that."

She turned to kiss me, and as her cheek brushed mine I felt the moist track of her eyelashes; then she moved aside and said, "Want to work on that unspeakable stove?"

Priming the alcohol stove was my chore. One burner was balky and I usually had to prime it several times, but now, on the last night aboard, it caught fire and burned steadily. I got ice from the locker and mixed two highballs. I carried mine on deck and sat in the cockpit, facing the setting sun. Below, I heard the rattle of pans and I sighed deeply. I, too, regretted that this was the last night aboard. It had been foolhardy to take a girl unfamiliar with the water on a sailing cruise for a honeymoon, although there were reasons for isolation and privacy not associated with the usual honeymoon. A sloop was close quarters and there were a hundred and one chores to be done; it had been a test that could have made us both miserable. It had been foolhardy, but I was a fool over whom the angels had watched. Nothing could have been more perfect.

This was the last night. Tomorrow we would be home in Menasset and while I would resume my well-channeled routine, for her there would be the problem of readjustment to a new home and a new community. It had been difficult bringing her out of her shell, and I hoped this new experience would not throw her. On first meeting her, I had found her difficult and withdrawn, although her ordeal had been many months in the past. I had thought at first it was shyness when I found her in George Duncan's house in New York. I had almost passed that cocktail party up, I remembered now, with a little sense of shock. It was only out of a sense of social responsibility that I had gone; George was a college classmate and had been an occasional weekend visitor in Menasset.

He lived in one of those few remaining relics of old New York, a mews—a row of buildings on a dead-end cobbled alley that had once been carriage houses or stables and had now been remodeled into small studio dwellings. The light that day was the even north light of the artist, and it fell on her face as she stood by the fireplace, this girl with violet-gray, haunted eyes and full, mobile lips that kept drawing my eyes—the sort of lips a man watched to catch their least, expressive stir.

I buttonholed George and demanded, "Who is that girl?"

He glanced her way and said, "You mean the one in black? Her name is Stella Prescott."

"I think she's the loveliest creature I ever saw."

He put his hand gently on my elbow. "Come on, Mike; let me get you another drink."

"I want to meet her," I said.

"Sure," he said. "How is everything in Menasset? How is Gladys?"

"Gladys is fine," I said. "What's the idea? Is that girl your personal property? Are you protecting her?"

He gave his head a slight shake. He was a slender man, precise in manner and able to wear clothes like a male fashion model; certainly he must be the best-dressed lawyer in New York City, as he had been the most immaculate undergraduate in his days at Yale. He had been my roommate in college and he eyed me now as he had in those undergraduate years when I had been lax about fall training.

"Maybe I'm protecting you, Mike," he said. "You never heard of Stella Prescott?"

"Should I have?"

He shrugged and said, "Come along, then, and I'll introduce you. It's Mrs. Prescott, by the way. She's a widow."

She was little more than cordial. She seemed to take little interest in small talk or in me. Later she told me that I talked like a streak, that she couldn't get a word in, and of course I was trying to attract her attention—I was trying to crack her shell. All I got out of her was that she had just returned from a trip abroad and was looking for an apartment in New York. Did I know of anything?

As the cocktail party began to break up, George came over with Marion Peyton, a tall, fair girl who was the daughter of the head of the law firm in

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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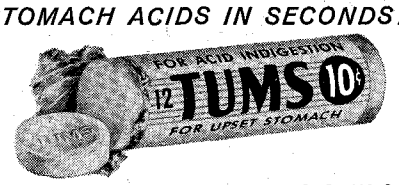

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which George was a junior partner, and suggested that the four of us go out to dinner. Surprisingly, Stella consented, and when we were seated at a table in a small French restaurant called the Boule de Suif and the wine steward had opened the Pommard, she seemed more relaxed; the shadows in her violet eyes were less noticeable and she talked to me about her trip to France and Italy, since George and Marion Peyton were discussing some people neither of us knew. She had taken her younger sister along. Now she was looking for an apartment, she said, and Mousie was looking for a job.

"Mousie?" I said.

"My sister Eleanor," she explained. "We've called her Mousie since she was just a kid. Nobody calls her Eleanor."

I began to fill in the picture as we talked. Her father had married Eleanor's mother and although they were not actually sisters they had been brought up together in St. Louis and both had attended college in the East. Stella had worked for a time as a secretary before she was married. "In fact," she said, "George gave me my first job."

I felt a stirring of memory—something George had told me long ago, something I had read in a newspaper, a photograph I had seen and forgotten. A young Wall Street broker named James Prescott, who had commuted from a New Jersey suburb to New York, had been found dead a year ago—shot by an intruder. I met George's eyes and saw in them the confirmation of my memory; he shrugged.

Later, after we had dropped Marion Peyton off at her apartment, we went to the Hotel Westbrook, where Stella was staying, and as I walked her to the door I asked her if she would be free for dinner some night that week.

"I'm pretty busy," she said. "Looking for an apartment and all that. We're anxious to get settled."

"Suppose I give you a ring in a day or so?"

She hesitated an instant before she said, "Please do. Good night, Mr. Stewart."

When I returned to the taxicab, George said, "You know who she is, of course?"

"Yes."

"The Orchid Wife," he said, with lips rounded for sonorous effect. "Those tabloids have a real genius for that kind of thing, don't they? Or do you ever read the tabs?"

"Why did they call her that?"

"I thought you knew the story."

"Only that her husband was shot by a prowler. Wasn't that it?"

"That was it," he said. "Jim Prescott had been away on a business trip and he returned home unexpectedly that night. Apparently he surprised the burglar and was shot. Stella had been out to the movies and had taken a couple of sleeping pills when she came home. She was awakened by the shot, and by the time she stumbled downstairs the man was gone."

"But how did she get that name?"

"There was a corsage of orchids in the icebox," he said, and I saw him looking at me as a street lamp lighted our faces. "The papers put a lot of emphasis on that."

"Ladies generally keep their corsages in the icebox."

"A well-known fact," he agreed. "But ladies whose husbands are out of town generally don't have much use for corsages. At least that's the way the district attorney looked at it. He thought she had been playing around and Jim had come home and surprised her."

"On what evidence?" I asked almost indignantly.

"You know how the official mind works, Mike," he said. "They never found the burglar, and the D.A. was sure he had a first-class murder case in his pocket and a bucketful of publicity. He thought it was peculiar that Jim's gun had disappeared, but lacking a murder weapon and being unable to put his finger on the other man, he had to accept the story about a burglar breaking in."

"You put it in a rather legalistic way, George," I said. "Do you think she shot him?"

"I'm convinced she didn't," he said firmly. "Otherwise I wouldn't have represented her. Jim Prescott was a friend and client of mine. In fact, I introduced them to each other and I think I can take a little credit for cooling that district attorney off. Still, it would help if they found that burglar. Stella is liable to have this thing hanging over her head all her life."

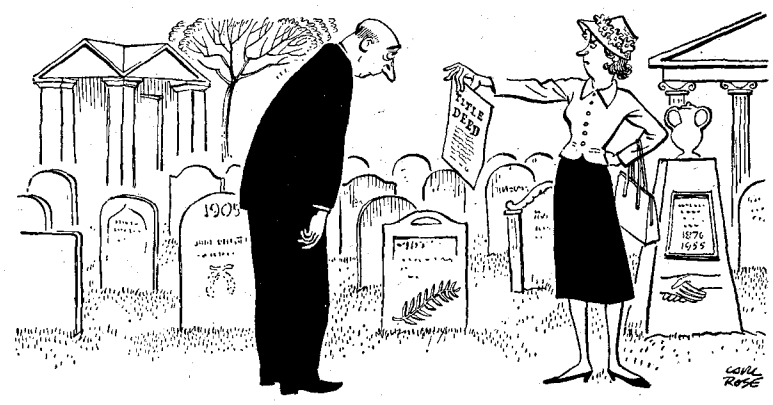
It was a thing that might have scared some men off. Some men might have looked at that tense, haunted face and seen the storm signals flying. Some men might never have asked her for a date—men of my environment and training, that is to say. But I had an odd sense of rebellion and I thought that I would like to take her hand and say, "Come out of your shell, Stella. You're young and beautiful and desirable, and we'll forget about the past."

I belong to a pretty homogenous group holding certain accepted views on matters of general importance, which might be categorized briefly as follows: *tennis:* What are we going to do about those Australians?; *football:* It's still a sport in the Ivy League; *government:* Too much of it is bad for business; *taxes:* When they adopted the income tax Congress never intended it to exceed one per cent of the net; and *marriage:* A man can't be too careful. These were views that I, for one, had always accepted. No one could have been more astonished than I at the spell Stella Prescott cast over me from the first, widow or not, past or no past.

I had said that I would telephone her in a day or so—I called her the next morning. She was sorry, she said, she couldn't possibly go out to dinner that night. Perhaps if I called later in the week —— I sent her flowers, and at seven o'clock that night I called her room from the lobby of the hotel.

"I'm waiting downstairs," I said. "Will you have a cocktail with me?"

It was a reasonable request, and she gave a reasonable answer. Cocktails led to dinner, and late that night at a table in a night spot I heard all the details in her dry, emotionless voice, as I held her hand tightly. She had heard the crashing sound of a shot in the night and had stumbled out of bed and down the stairs, and found her husband lying on the floor of the living room shot through the heart. She had called the police, and a cold-eyed district attorney had questioned her until George had come and whisked her away to a hospital under a doctor's care. George had kept the reporters away and George had reasoned with the district attorney and had saved her the ordeal of appearing before a grand jury. The corsage, after all, had belonged to her sister, Mousie, who had come down from college for the weekend; but, even so, the name Orchid Wife had stuck and the newspapers had printed such headlines as: WAS THERE ANOTHER MAN? and PRESCOTT'S .38 MISSING and D.A. SEEKS MURDER (*Continued on Page 95*)



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Rosie, when her mother died, purchased a large cemetery plot not only for the mother but for the future use of the family. Years later, she was shocked to find strangers buried in her plot. Apologetically the cemetery offered to refund her money or move the strangers. But Rosie sued for damages for mental anguish.

"I'll never get over this terrible thing that the cemetery permitted to happen," Rosie wept. "They should be made to pay for what they did to me."

"We'll refund the purchase price of the plot, reinter the others buried there, or give Rosie the best plot in the place for her mother," the cemetery counsel said. "But we can't be responsible beyond that."

If you were the judge, would you give Rosie damages?

• •

Rosie won a substantial sum. The court said that families are entitled to regard their burial plots as hallowed ground, and that when a cemetery does something to upset this feeling, it should pay.

Based upon a 1953 South Carolina decision.

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Here's why Dodge has increased its share of heavy-duty truck sales by 54%!

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Dodge power—up to 234 hp.—makes short work of your toughest hauling problems. The big V-8 engine gives you reserve power for long pulls, gives more pep for stop-and-go traffic, lets you meet schedules right on the nose. And this makes-everything-easy power cuts down engine strain and wear, reducing down time and maintenance costs.

Dodge payloads are at an all-time high, with some *Power Giant* models giving as much as ⅛ more payload capacity than competitive truck models. With this extra payload, you save trips . . . save time . . . save money.

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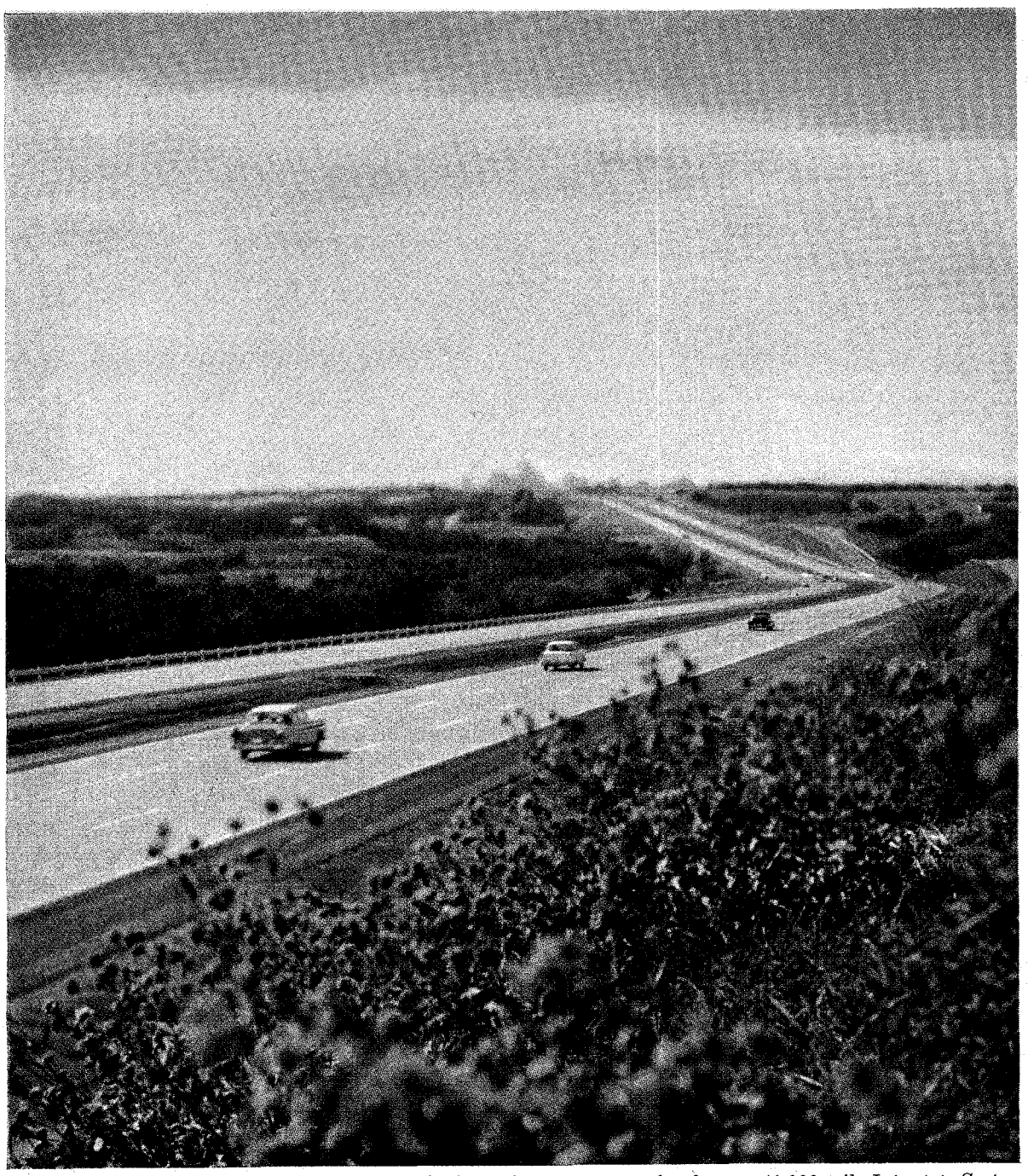
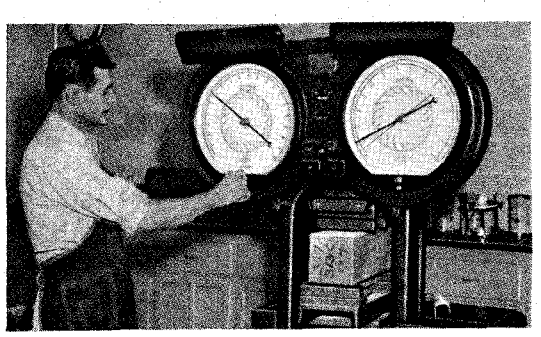


New-type concrete is the preferred pavement for the new 41,000 mile Interstate System

"I get a kick out of driving the new-type, sound-conditioned concrete. It's mighty relaxing!"

Says **GEORGE (Birdie) TEBBETTS,** famous Manager of the Cincinnati Redlegs



Concrete gains strength year by year—up to 20% the first 5 years. Flexural strength tests prove only concrete gives this durability "bonus."

NEW-TYPE Concrete

"You ought to drive it soon. This is continuous-laid concrete, so you won't hear a single thump. There's a smooth, solid 'feel' to it the experts say will last 50 years and more. That's why they're using concrete on the Interstate System."

Smooth and quiet—the way you like it! You almost seem to ride *above* the pavement when you travel new-type concrete.

America's finest highway engineers helped plan it that way. They're going to give you more and more pleasure-filled miles of it each year.

You'll find no joints here—so there's never a thump. Tiny, *sawed-in* cushion spaces are used instead. You don't feel or hear them.

Moreover, this pavement is laid *flat*—really flat. And a specially designed subbase will keep it like that for an expected life of 50 years and more.

Surface roughening, due to freezing or the winter use of de-icers, just can't happen. A unique process, called "air entrainment," traps billions of tiny air bubbles within the pavement to prevent this.

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Note to taxpayers: Only concrete can be precisely engineered to expected traffic loads. First cost is moderate . . . and upkeep costs run as much as 60% less than for asphalt.

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION

A national organization to improve and extend the uses of concrete

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(*Continued from Page 92*) WEAPON. The house had been turned upside down in the search and the flower beds had been thoroughly dug up. She had no idea what had happened to her husband's gun; it might have been missing for weeks; he might have disposed of it himself.

Even that first night I had been tempted to say, "Darling, I don't care about all that. The only question in my mind is whether you'll marry me." I had known her only two days, but I was in love.

We had several more dates before I declared myself, and later she told me that her reluctance was born of the fear that she might hurt me. She had been attracted to me from the first, she admitted, but she knew something of my background and my friends. What would they think of my marrying her?

I told her I didn't care what anyone thought. I told her we would be married privately in New York, and when she reached Menasset she would be Mrs. Michael Stewart and no questions asked. Of course that was the reason I suggested that we honeymoon on the sloop; seclusion was guaranteed. I suppose fundamentally I handled it as I would a problem of public relations at the brass works. I did not call my mother until the day before the wedding, giving her no opportunity to reason or object and barely time to be a member of the wedding party. We were married in New York with her sister Eleanor attending her and George Duncan as my best man and my mother representing all else of family and community. I explained the situation to my mother, naturally, and she responded superbly, arranging to reopen for us the smaller of two houses my grandfather had built in Menasset and undertaking to prepare a carefully worded announcement for our local newspaper. It had worked out perfectly. There had been no headlines about the remarriage of the Orchid Wife.

Stella's voice was calling now from below, "Come and get it, Mike."

As I got to my feet I saw a group in the cockpit of the Thunderbird, saw the canary yellow of Gladys' sweater. Of course it would work out all right, I thought. These people in Menasset were good friends, known to me since boyhood. There might be gossip for a little while, but in a month or so it would all be forgotten. Stella would be happy in Menasset. I would see to that.

The sun had sunk from sight behind a headland, but had not yet set when we steered into Menasset Harbor the next day. The harbor was a broad bight into which the Menasset River flowed, here at its mouth some four hundred yards wide, and my house stood on the west side of the river, the mooring not fifty yards from shore. On the opposite side of the river was the anchorage of the Menasset Yacht Club, and among the fifty-odd craft I saw Sam Bevans' blue sloop already at her mooring. I had not expected to beat the Thunderbird to Menasset and had not even tried.

Here on the west bank of the river there was a neck of land that my grandfather had bought many years ago—ten acres closed off by a stone fence at the narrowest point of the neck. Here he had built a sea wall, and on a broad lawn stood a tall old house that reflected the heyday of the brass works. A hundred yards from it, and sharing the great lawn, was a second, smaller house he had built for my father when he took a bride, and this was the house that had been deeded to me; I was to carry my bride across its threshold, as my father had his. Now, as I picked up the mooring, I noticed movement on the lawn under the white-oak trees, saw the bright summer dresses of women as they streamed down to the landing stage. It was a welcome for the bride and groom.

I smiled at Stella and said, "We have a reception committee."

She looked toward shore. "The only clean things I had left were these slacks, Mike. I'm afraid I won't make a very good impression."

"They all know you've been on a cruise," I said. "Besides, your sister promised to have all your things sent down."

"Yes, but I had sort of hoped, our first night here, that it would be just you and me."

"We'll get rid of them," I said. "And anyhow, I think it's a good idea. You'll meet everybody first off, plunge right in."

"That blond girl is Gladys, isn't she?" she asked as I brought the dinghy alongside.

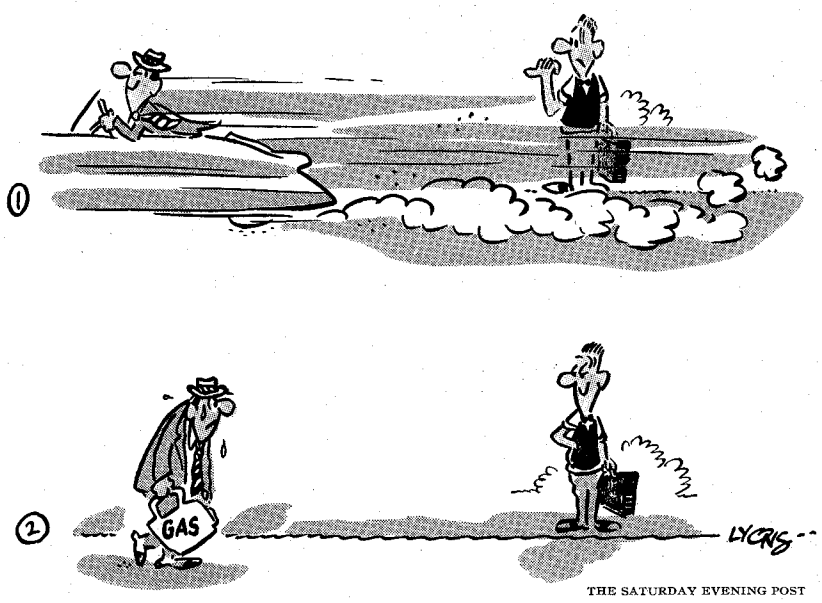
"Yes, and her father with her. They beat us here by plenty." I steadied the dinghy as she got aboard. "Then I see Joe and Molly Downs. Joe is executive vice president at the brass foundry."

"I wonder," Stella said softly, "is this hard on Gladys? I feel a little embarrassed about it. She was your girl."

I shook my head. "I've known her since she wore pigtails, but there was never anything especially romantic between us. . . . I see mother."

"Looking younger than any of them," Stella said.

I was pleased, and said, "She does carry it pretty well, doesn't she?"



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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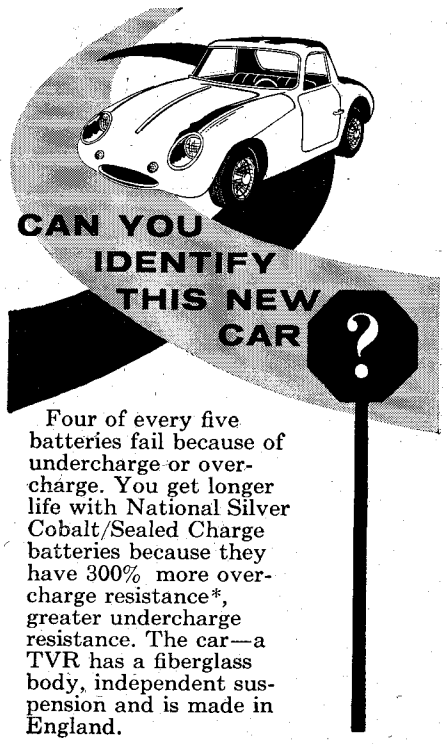

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"And look who's with her!" Stella exclaimed. "It looks like Mousie. It is Mousie!"

I rested on the oars and glanced over my shoulder. Beside my mother on the landing stage stood a slender, smiling girl dressed in pale blue. Eleanor Wheeler had a round, very high forehead and small, delicate features, and her choice possession, which she now exhibited, was a wide and childlike smile.

As the dinghy came alongside the float several hands gripped its gunwale, several hands reached down to Stella and to me. My mother had a generously warm embrace for Stella and a quick kiss for me, and I made the introductions. "Stella, you've already met Sam and Gladys Bevans. This is Joe Downs and his wife, Molly. This is Charlie Wharton, the commodore of our yacht club, and Elaine Wharton. This is Phil Hunter ——" And standing at the top of the steps leading down from the sea wall was George Duncan, grinning at us.

"Mousie, where did you pop from?" Stella asked when she had a moment.

"George drove me down to deliver your things, and Mrs. Stewart insisted that we stay for the weekend," Mousie said. "Then the Bevanses came in and said you were on the way, so we decided to work up a party. Surprised?"

"Very happily surprised," Stella said.

We trooped across the lawn. My mother walked with Stella, asking about the cruise, talking with a spirit of family unity, as if she had known Stella all her life. I could always count on my mother to meet an occasion, although I knew that she would have preferred a formal wedding; would have preferred a better acquaintance with the bride; would have preferred that her son not marry a widow with a past; would, indeed, probably have preferred Gladys Bevans to any other girl I knew. But all my life she had never dictated or interfered, and I felt that she would do her utmost to make Stella welcome.

"Mike, how about it?" Mousie asked brightly. "Aren't you going to carry her over the threshold?"

I picked Stella up in my arms and stepped into the house. Standing there, still holding her, I met my mother's eyes. She had herself been carried over this threshold some thirty-odd years ago and I knew that this must also be a sentimental occasion for her. For the first time I felt a stab of uneasiness and thought that I had handled this whole situation badly. It was unfair to Stella to put her in this position, almost an intruder in this house which was to be her home. I kissed her gently and set her down.

"I've unpacked your things, Stell," Mousie said. "Come on up and I'll show you your room." She looked at me and blushed. "Didn't that sound awful?" she said. "What I meant was, I'd show you where I'd put your things. Imagine offering to show you your room in your own house!"

"Darling, you come on and show it to me," Stella said, and took her hand.

"We expected you a couple of hours ago, Mike," Joe Downs said. "We came in and told everybody we'd seen you two at Fishers Island, and then we set out to manufacture this whingding. What kept you?"

"We came by slow boat," I said.

"Lovely girl you married, Mike," Phil Hunter said, giving my shoulder a friendly pat.

"Thanks," I said, thinking that Phil would be disposed to welcome any girl I married, provided she wasn't Gladys Bevans. Not that Gladys had ever given him much encouragement; he was a rather dry type for her. He was a lean man with a long neck and a small head and he had sharp, watchful eyes and an air of careful decorum; Phil rarely said the wrong thing—rarely, for that matter, gave an opinion about matters outside the financial pages of the newspapers.

I escaped from the group in the living room, and on my way to the stairs I passed a small library room and saw a stack of letters. It was the accumulated correspondence of the past two weeks, sent over from my mother's house adjoining, and I sifted out the first-class mail and carried it with me up the stairs.

The house was not large, but had the solid, careful construction that these days is as rare as a brass bedstead. The staircase was broad and thickly carpeted, and

... ...

Visitor in Eire

By HELEN SMALL

This is the land of my
father's cross—
Orphaned he was, and
rebellion prevailing:
Fog-sentineled shores,
greened over in moss,
Cooling my eyes of the
long, bright sailing.

This is the land of my
father's love—
Innocent, still, and the
devil grieving:
Green as the willow leaves
twinkling above
The little spry brook at her
silver weaving.

Dark hedges are lace on
green hills that rest
In shadows of cloud the
sweet wind is blowing:
This is the land of my
father's bequest—
And I, till this moment,
not ever knowing.

... ...

the rooms upstairs, which opened off a central corridor, were unexpectedly large, with high ceilings and oversize windows. There were four bedrooms, and someone had selected one for Stella and another for me. I passed an open door and saw personal objects of mine laid out, and the next door disclosed Mousie sitting on a bed with her knees drawn up under her clasped hands and Stella seated at a dressing table, brushing her hair. Both girls had black hair, and although they were not blood relations, Mousie looked like a younger sister.

"There's been a mistake here," I said. "There's a master bedroom with a double bed at the other end of the hall. . . . Or did you want separate rooms, Stell?"

"Gladys thought Stell would like this room," Mousie said. "There's such a lovely view of the harbor."

"Gladys did?" I said.

"Yes; I think it was Gladys. We were all fixing up the place and she said something about the room where we put your things being your room when you were a boy, and maybe you'd like it again. Does it matter?"

"There's a perfect view of the harbor from the room down the hall," I said. "After I've had my shower I'll move us in there, Stell."

I tossed my mail onto the bed in the room of my boyhood, undressed and went into the adjoining bathroom, where I let the hot water of the shower beat on my head, washing away the salt and the weariness and soothing the sun-dried skin. I toweled vigorously, pulled on a bathrobe, and sat down on the bed to open my mail.

There were a number of bills. There were notes of congratulations on my marriage from those who thought it would be politic to write them. There was a request for a donation to the Yale Alumni Fund. And there was an envelope addressed in pencil in block letters; the postmark was Menasset.

As I opened the flap I saw a newspaper clipping inside, folded over several times, but there was no letter—nothing else in the envelope. The clipping was flattened sharply at the creases and I unfolded it carefully. There was no date and no masthead to show from which newspaper it had been clipped, but the headline leaped out at me: D.A. QUIZZES ORCHID WIFE.

I did not read the story, but as I was about to cast it aside I saw something written in pencil on the margin. I held it closer and read the words, "In case you didn't know."

After the first quick, staring anger, I crumpled the clipping in my fist. It had to come, I thought. There was always some petty person to be counted on for a message such as this. I threw the tight ball of newsprint into the wastebasket and began dressing. I wasn't angry, I told myself, but I made three unsuccessful passes at buttoning my collar. I wasn't angry, but if my hands had been around the neck of the person who sent that clipping I could have broken it like an October reed.

Everything had been thought out. Margaret, my mother's cook, had prepared a buffet supper and carried it over from the house next door, and Joe Downs had appointed himself bartender and was opening champagne. When Stella and I went down together, there were toasts to the bride and it was like a belated wedding reception, but my mother called it a house rewarming.

"Your father and I had a housewarming thirty-some years ago," she said. "It's high time it was warmed up again."

"There's plenty of fuel," Joe Downs said. "More bubbly, Mike?"

I took a second glass of champagne. I had felt a great letdown and I needed a drink. I felt that I had handled this whole thing wrong—stubbornly and too precipitately. If I had announced our engagement in the conventional way and followed it by a formal marriage in a few weeks or months, the ground would have been prepared. Now I had brought home a new bride who was a stranger to all and I had made her situation more difficult.

"In case you didn't know," the penciled note had said on the margin of the news clipping. Whoever had sent that clipping would pass the word around to all—in case they didn't know.

"Mike, you look pretty grim," Sam Bevans said. "Ten bucks won't break you, will it?"

I smiled and pulled out my wallet. "Here's your money, you pirate," I said. "It was worth ten dollars to keep you out of my sight all day."

"So that was it," he said. "I wondered why you made such a sucker bet."

Buffet dinners have advantages and disadvantages in a pretty close balance. The disadvantages include the balancing of plates and cups on knees and chair arms, and at (*Continued on Page 98*)

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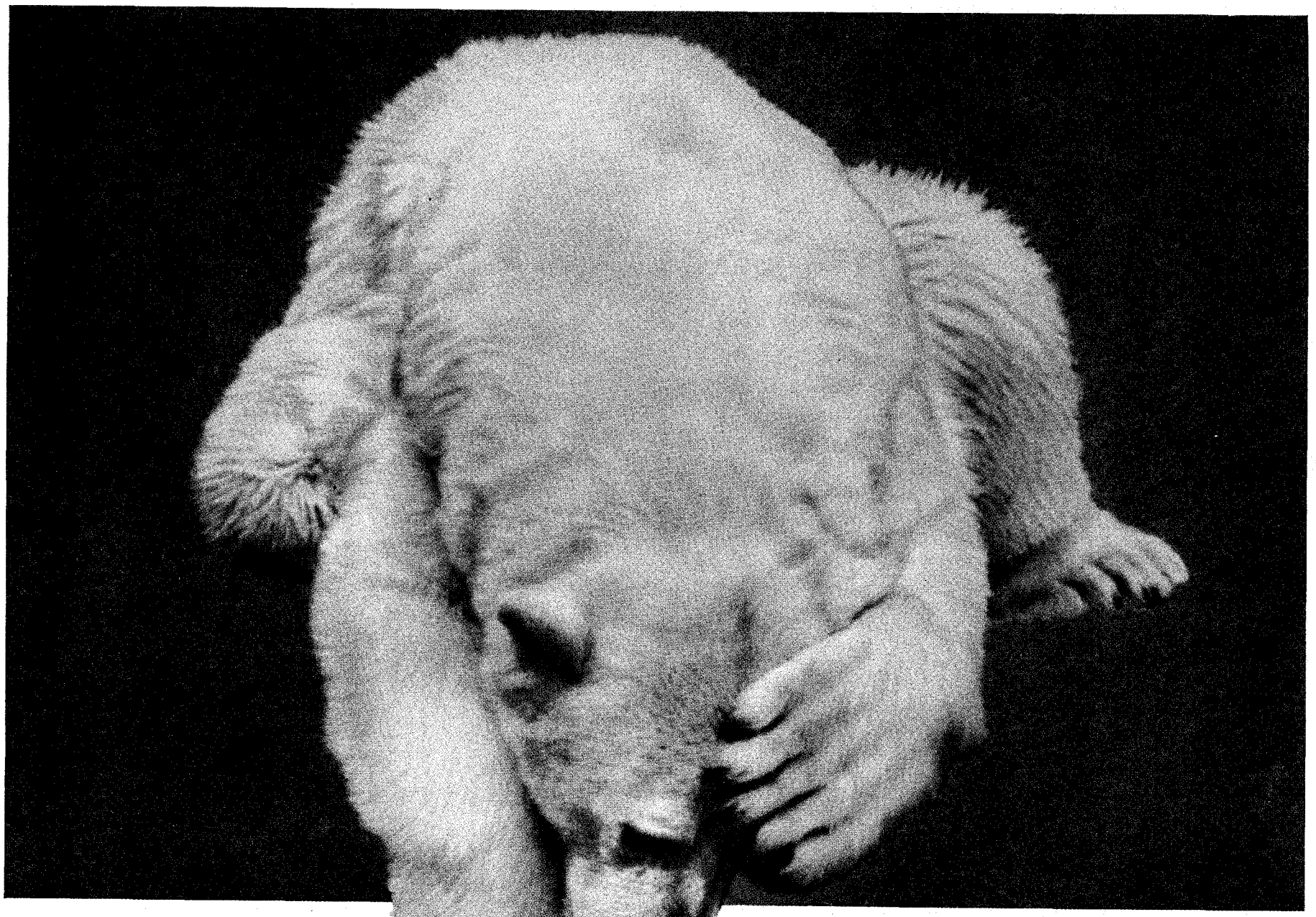

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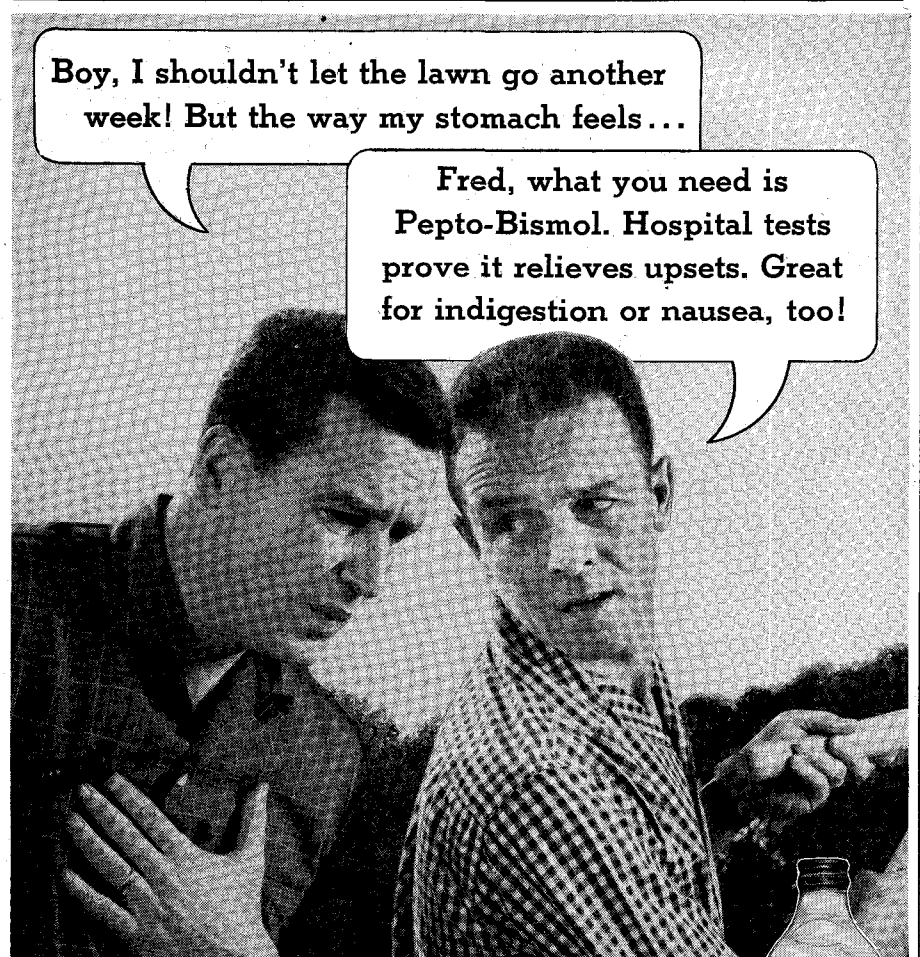
"TODAY," CRIED WILL WATTS OF WATCHUNG,
"MY GRANNY IS EIGHTY YEARS YOUNG!
I KNOW SHE'D ADMIRE
A GREETING BY WIRE—
SHE'S ALWAYS BEEN SO HIGHLY STRUNG!"

ON GAILY DECORATED BLANKS


Boy, I shouldn't let the lawn go another week! But the way my stomach feels . . .
Fred, what you need is Pepto-Bismol. Hospital tests prove it relieves upsets. Great for indigestion or nausea, too!
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(*Continued from Page 96*) least one of the advantages normally is that a group is temporarily split into smaller units and general conversation can be reduced to the particular. This can be a cozy situation or, in extreme cases, a painful entrapment. Tonight Sam Bevans and Phil Hunter appropriated Stella. Mousie sat demurely with my mother and Charlie Wharton, clustered around a coffee table. Elaine Wharton was squired by George Duncan and Joe Downs, and I found myself in a corner with Molly Downs and Gladys. But Molly remembered something she simply had to tell my mother, and moved her plate over to the coffee table. Gladys and I were left alone together.

"I saw you paying pop off," Gladys said, after a long silence. "He should be ashamed of himself. He had a trained crew of three and a fifty-footer that's won all kinds of cups."

"It made him happy," I said. "It was worth ten dollars. He loves that boat of his."

We could not go on talking about boats; that would lead to my talking about the cruise—in other words, my honeymoon with Stella.

"Yale rowed a nice race yesterday," she said.

That merited an approving grunt. Yale usually rowed a nice race.

"Three lengths," she said. "We were anchored near the finish line. That's all we saw—the finish. I always feel so sorry for the losers. They just collapse like pricked balloons."

"Hey, everybody!" Sam Bevans called from across the room. "Stella has never played The Game! How about we play The Game tonight?"

Mousie asked, "What game is that, Mr. Bevans?"

"You too," Sam said. "I thought everybody knew The Game. That's its name, capitalized. It came out of Hollywood a long time ago, sort of an adaptation of charades. You divide up into teams and you're given a title or a quotation or something, and you put it over to your team without using words or props. Just by pantomime."

"I've got one," Gladys murmured to me. "May the best gal win."

I put my plate down on the floor beside me, wishing that Gladys would look me straight in the eye and say whatever she had to say—bawl me out, if she wanted to, damn me up and down.

"Mike, don't look so stuffy," she said with a teasing smile. "Can't you take a harmless little joke?"

"We changed our rooms," I said. "We took the big room at the south end. We didn't care for separate rooms."

"Mike, what in the world are you talking about?"

Her eyes were round and puzzled. I looked across at Mousie as she sat beside my mother with the light shining on her high, rounded, childlike forehead. I frowned and mumbled, "I'm sorry."

"Please don't be sorry," Gladys said. "She's a lovely girl and I guess she rowed a better race."

Phil Hunter detached himself from Stella and Sam Bevans and came over to us. I was glad of the interruption and even willing to discuss stocks and bonds with Phil. He was in Charlie Wharton's brokerage firm and I knew that Charlie had a high opinion of Phil's ability. Phil had a keen interest in money and a brain that automatically reduced any problem to percentages and equations. He made a close study of quarterly reports and I sometimes suspected that he knew as much about the Stewart Brass Foundry as I did; certainly he managed to convey that impression, and probably he had informed himself on the industrial techniques of scores of industries.

The conversation was dull for Gladys, and I saw her eyes flicking from Phil's face to mine, while her face settled into pensive calm. My mother broke it up at last, after Margaret had served the coffee and cleared away the dishes. She stripped twelve cards from a deck, six red and six black, and gave them to Sam Bevans to distribute.

"We're going to play The Game now," Sam announced. "Those with red cards will form one team and those with black the opposite team. O.K.?"

Sam had given me the king of spades and I saw that Gladys held the jack of hearts. Those with the black-suited cards gathered at one end of the room, and I found on my team Stella and Sam Bevans, who announced himself as captain, and Molly Downs, Charlie Wharton and George Duncan. We retired to the library to plan our strategy, and the other team remained in the living room, gathered by the corner bookcase—Gladys, Elaine Wharton, Joe Downs, Phil Hunter, Mousie and my mother.

"You'll have to help me, Mike," Stella said. "I never was much good at charades."

"The captain of the other team will give you a slip of paper with a quotation

---

When youth calls to youth, the telephone company makes money.

HERBERT V. PROCHNOW

---

on it," I said. "Then you act it out so that your team can guess what it is within three minutes. It's simple, honey, and not nearly so dull as it sounds."

"You can generally break every word down into syllables," Sam Bevans explained. "Take, for instance, the word 'penitentiary.' You could put the first syllable across by making writing motions to indicate a pen, and the third syllable by getting across the idea of a tent. From that, anybody ought to guess it."

I looked at Sam's fleshy pink face, framed by the crew-cut white hair, and his guileless blue eyes. I was unduly sensitive, I thought, but that newspaper clipping sent anonymously in the mails had aroused and alerted me. Why, for instance, should Sam use "penitentiary" as an example?

Sam gave us each a slip of paper and asked us to write out suggested quotations, and after discarding some and conferring jointly to complete the list, we came up with our six entries.

Sam opened the library door and bellowed, "Aren't you people ever going to finish? We've been ready for ages."

"Just a minute, please," Elaine Wharton said. "We have one to go."

Elaine was captain of the other team, and she took every obligation seriously. She was a tall, phlegmatic girl who wore slant-lensed glasses with ornate frames and did her blond hair in a compromise between a chignon and a pony tail. Her husband, Charlie, groaned as Sam shut the door and said, "That girl will carry on her epitaph, 'Just a minute, please.'"

Elaine was calling, "All right; come in now."

We filed into the living room. Joe Downs had been busily pouring champagne and we settled down, the twelve of us, relaxed after a good dinner, comfortable in this old-fashioned but cheerful room. Our team grouped itself on one side of the room, on sofa and chairs and

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chair arms, and the other team faced us expectantly as Sam Bevans gave out the first test, calling on Gladys to act it out.

Gladys had always enjoyed playing this game. She had a lightning mind at guessing what a word might be, and when it was her turn to perform, she put all her vigor into it. Now she had been given a book title, Lust for Life, and she held up three fingers to indicate it was a three-word quotation, and then her forefinger alone to show that she would do the first word. Her cheeks pink, her eyes shining, she moved toward Joe Downs. She panted, she rolled her eyes, she moaned, and Mousie called out, "Dog! Is it dog?"

Gladys shook her head and my mother said, "It's an animal, though? Isn't it animal?"

Our side broke out laughing and Phil Hunter said in a calm, thoughtful voice, "I think it must be passion."

Gladys made beckoning motions to show that he was on the right track and the guesses came fast—love, desire, eagerness, ardor, and from Mousie, "Is it lust?"

"Lust for Life!" Joe Downs shouted triumphantly, and Gladys clapped her hands and sat down, her face still flushed, her eyes bright.

"That was eighteen seconds," said Sam Bevans, who had been keeping time. "You're killing us, kid."

Now our team was up. Elaine Wharton glided across the room to Stella and said, "I think we should hear first from the bride. This one is for you, Stella."

Stella went over by the fireplace to read her slip and plan how to act out her problem, and when she turned back I saw bright spots of color on her cheeks. For a reserved person this was heroic medicine, I thought, as she stood facing us, waiting for Elaine to give the signal that time was in. Her eyes met mine for an instant, and before they flicked away I saw a shiny light that puzzled me. There was an expression on her face that I had never seen before; it was set and hard.

"Time," said Elaine.

Stella held up three fingers and I said, "Three words?" She nodded and held up one finger. "You're going to do the first word," I said. "O.K., how many syllables?"

She held up two fingers.

"Two syllables," Sam Bevans said. "Let's go."

For a moment she hesitated, and the color in her cheeks still glowed to her eyes. Her lips were set in a tight line. Quickly she made the motion of drawing a gun from a holster and pulling the trigger.

"William S. Hart," Sam guessed, betraying his vintage and getting a laugh all around.

Stella was acting a body falling. She stretched out on the floor and lay still.

"She shot somebody," Charlie Wharton said, sitting up straight.

"Is it victim?" Sam asked. "Homicide—murder?"

Stella was on her feet again, making the circle sign to show that he had the right word. I felt my lips tighten, and silence settled in the room.

Stella held up two fingers.

"The second word," Sam said.

She made motions of writing on her palm.

"You're writing something," Sam said. "Is it a letter? No. A book? No. A document? A will?"

George spoke in a dry, cold voice that carried like a winter wind. "I think it must be 'Murder Will Out.' . . . Is that right, Stella?"

"One minute and ten seconds," Elaine called.

I know that my face was flushed and my hand was gripped tightly around my glass, and as I met Stella's eyes I understood what I had seen in her face. It had not been shyness that had brought the spots of color to her cheeks; it had been anger, controlled but consuming. She had fortitude, I thought, and plenty of it. She was a fighter, and she had carried it off magnificently. Her voice now was calm and natural as she said, "Good work, team."

As she took her seat, the silence in the room was intense. I looked about from one face to another. This had been no accident, I thought. There was a vindictive, vicious person in this room who had planned this homecoming for the bride. Seeing their faces, I was aware that they all must know the story of the Orchid Wife. They knew, and there was one among them who had staged this ordeal for Stella. One of the six on the opposite team.

I looked across at them; my eyes moved from face to face—Elaine Wharton, Joe Downs, Gladys, Mousie, Phil Hunter and my mother. One of these six had chosen "Murder Will Out" for Stella. Undoubtedly one of these six had either got hold of a back issue of a newspaper and had cut out the item and mailed it anonymously to me or had clipped it a full year ago and saved it, preserved in venom, until now. Why? What rankling spite was hidden behind one unrevealing face in this group?

"It's our turn now, Sam," Elaine Wharton said smoothly, as if nothing had happened. "Let's get on with the game."

TO BE CONTINUED

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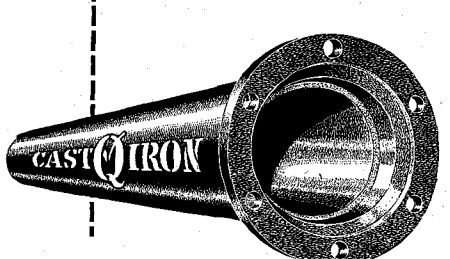

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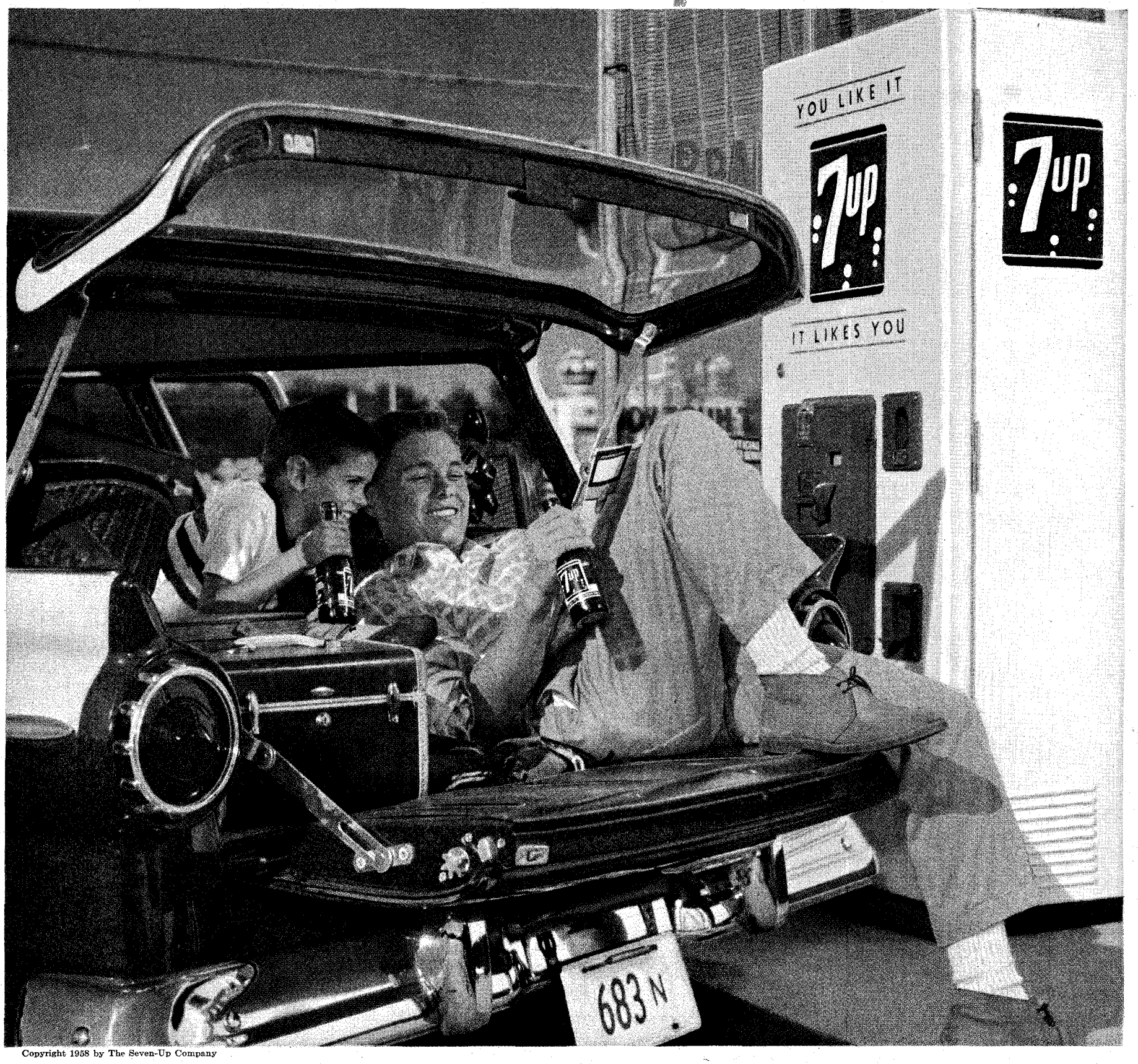

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I've Grown Up and So Has Milwaukee

(Continued from Page 36)

showered us with gifts. They practically adopted us. No player could go anywhere without being spotted, hailed and fussed over. They gathered around our hotels. They followed us into restaurants. Some of them would come right over and sit and talk to us in the middle of a meal.

They just meant to be friendly, but I couldn't get used to it. I had never seen anything like it in the minor leagues. It hadn't been much different the year before in Boston—my first season in the majors. About the only people there who seemed to be interested in the Braves were the fifty or so gamblers who always congregated in the first-base section of the stands.

I was a young bachelor of twenty-one when I came to Milwaukee, and that didn't make life any easier. A married player can retreat to some kind of normal home life away from the ball park. A bachelor has no such refuge. He usually lives in hotels and eats in restaurants. If he wanders into a tavern for a beer and some relaxation, the gossips may brand him a drunkard. If he's seen with a female companion, he gets a reputation for being more interested in blondes than base hits. I spent most of the 1953 season hiding out in movies.

The Milwaukee fans have come a long way since then. I'd say it took them five years to grow up. It took me about the same length of time to gain maturity. For me, growing up really began in the fall of 1954 with my marriage, about which I want to say more later.

I guess most of my past troubles go back to the fact that I'm just a tough guy to know. I'm considered colorless. I'm not good copy for the newspapermen—the Milwaukee writers once named me the most temperamental guy on the Braves. I've been charged with being aloof to the fans.

Well, I don't think I'm an introvert, but I like my privacy. I don't like to expose my family and friends to the public. However, I've learned the hard way that a major-league ballplayer lives in a goldfish bowl. I realize now that it's something I'll have to put up with as long as I'm in the big leagues.

Today the people of Milwaukee are as enthusiastic as ever, but the frenzied hero worship has worn off. We can walk down the streets without being mobbed. The fans have learned to control their emotions. More important, they've learned the game of baseball. They know the difference between good and bad plays now. They don't cheer every little thing on the field. They can tell when you're hustling and not hustling.

I think I hustle—but in my own way. I'm not the type to make a big production out of it. I always regard it as a big joke when I see a guy let his bat fly in the air after he strikes out. If I have to do that to show the fans I'm mad, the heck with it. They should realize that I'm angry at myself. I don't feel I should fling bats around and kick the water cooler to prove it.

Personally, I like Charley Grimm's philosophy. When he managed the Braves, he used to tell us, "You've got a bat, glove and ball. Now go out and play." It was his idea that if you didn't have any fun doing it, then the game was not worth playing.

Don't get me wrong—hustle is important, but it's got to be the right kind. This business of running full steam out to your position, waving your arms during infield practice, making a lot of noise—that isn't hustle. That's grandstand play.

What good does it do to put on a show like that? Hustling to me means taking the extra base, beating out the slow roller, breaking up the double play, knocking the ball out of the catcher's hand, backing up throws, keeping your mind on the game at all times. That's hustling when it counts.

In the same way, I'm not a fellow to give out with the big quotes. I suppose that's why I got that "most temperamental" rating from the writers. Newspapermen are O.K. guys, but I don't think they're entitled to know the innermost secrets of a ballplayer's life. Some players cultivate writers to get a better break in the papers. I don't want any favors. As for giving out interviews, I'm always around and available.

Most of the trouble I had with the writers—and the fans too—came early in my big-league career. I guess I ran into all the problems that most young fellows encounter when fame is thrust on them too suddenly. You could call it growing pains.

The first time I had trouble was near the end of our first year in Milwaukee. It was our last day at home, and we were playing a Sunday double-header with Cincinnati. It had been a great season for me. I wound up hitting forty-seven home runs, driving in 135 runs and batting .302—all personal highs.

But this was not my day. I wasn't much of a fielder then, and this afternoon I was at my worst. I made a couple of errors in the first game which allowed four unearned runs. We lost, 5–3. As I came in to the dugout I was greeted by a wave of boos for the first time since I put on a Milwaukee uniform.

It was hard to take, and I felt the fans were ungrateful. I'd given them everything I had all season. Then I missed a couple and suddenly I was a bum. Maybe the fans thought I wasn't trying, because it seemed that the whole packed house was booing.

I was still burning when I was asked to step up to home plate between games to receive an award for being named to a National League all-star team.

"I'm not going out," I said. "I'll take it here in the dugout or nowhere."

Grimm, who was then manager, and Bucky Walters, a coach, tried to get me out.

"Why don't you go out there like a man and take the thing instead of acting like a kid?" they told me.

"I'm not going," I told them. And I didn't.

If this happened to me today, I'd react differently. As a matter of fact, I think the Milwaukee fans, by and large, have been very good to me. They stuck by me whenever the going was rough the next few years, and it sure was rough at times. Maybe they felt sorry for me. Anyway, instead of getting on me, most of them cheered me. They wrote me letters of encouragement and sent me good-luck charms. I often went out on the field with my pockets loaded with those charms.

The rough going began the very next year. Since I'd led both leagues in home runs with my forty-seven in 1953, people were picturing me as the new Babe Ruth. It hadn't been long since I sat in my room in Santa Barbara, California, and gazed at the Babe's picture on the wall. Now fans were saying I might be the man to hit sixty-one homers and break the Big Guy's record. Unconsciously, and because I was young, I probably started pressing. I ended up with forty home runs in 1954, but writers and fans were disappointed.

My dad died that year on the eve of Father's Day. I found it difficult to play the game with the same spirit. He had led me by the hand into baseball, but he never got to see me play in the big leagues—he had been ill a long time.

Dad had counseled and guided me throughout my career, in the minors as well as the majors. Many a time when I was homesick and in low spirits, either mom or dad would phone. They'd get me out of the dumps and make me stop feeling sorry for myself.

Early that season there was an incident which helped give me a bad reputation. I can still see the headlines in the Milwaukee newspapers in May of 1954:

MATHEWS ARRESTED FOR SPEEDING
MATHEWS STRIKES OUT ON DRIVING CHARGE
MATHEWS OUT "STEALING" ON RED LIGHT

Here's what happened. After a Sunday double-header I was invited out to Bob Buhl's house in the west end of town. We had the next day off. I returned home between one and two o'clock in the morning. I was going pretty fast, because I knew I had violated the club's midnight curfew. I must have been doing forty or fifty.

As luck would have it, a police car approached me from the other lane. Pretty soon I could see through the rear-view mirror that the car was turning and following me. I shut off my lights, hoping the cop wouldn't see me.

Then I realized I was acting like a panicky kid and put the lights on again. The cop drew up alongside me and made me follow him to the police station. There I was given a ticket for speeding and ordered to report in court the following morning.

The judge fined me fifty dollars and $4.15 in costs. I got into a little hassle in court when a photographer tried to take my picture. I didn't want any pictures, and I shouted at him angrily, "You shoot that picture and I'll break your arm." He got his picture and I didn't break his arm.

When I joined the team for the trip east later, Grimm fined me $100 for breaking curfew. What hurt most, though, was the way the newspapers played up the story. It got top billing on the front pages in Milwaukee. Nobody mentioned that the following day was an off day.

You'd have thought I had stuck up a bank. I just couldn't understand it. Actually, the only charge against me was violating a speed law. But I realize now that speeding and then later threatening the photographer were strictly juvenile stuff.

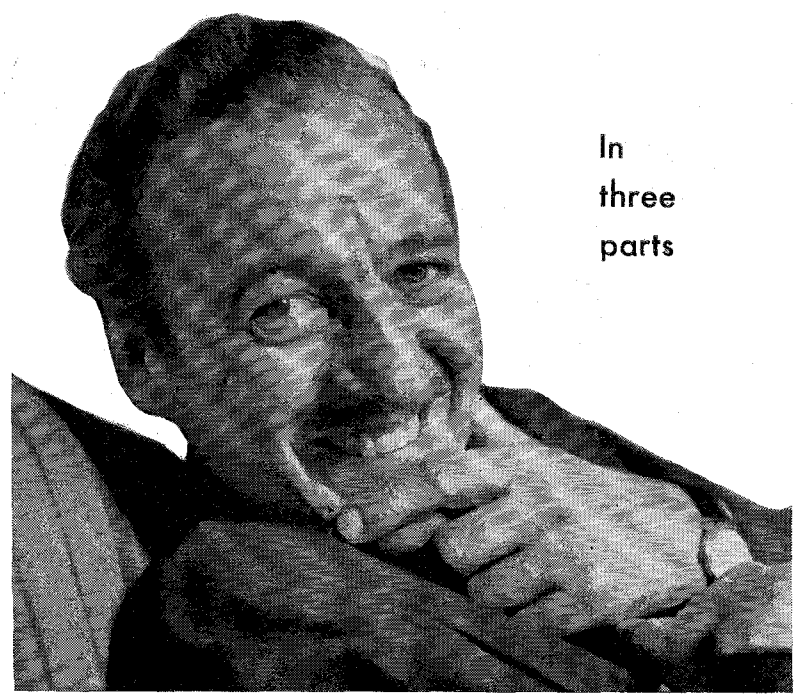
There was another "incident" in 1955. The club was coming north from spring training in Florida. We stopped off for an exhibition game in Atlanta. After the

NEXT WEEK

David Niven tells his own story:

I'm Always Surprising Myself

One of Hollywood's jauntiest stars, the hero of Around the World in Eighty Days and 100 other films, begins the revealing account of his amazing real-life career as an international adventurer.



In three parts

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game several of us arrived at the depot and asked the passenger agent the whereabouts of the Milwaukee train.

The passenger agent thought we were razzing him. One word led to another, and before any of us realized it, he and I had exchanged blows. The fellow wanted to have me booked for assault. But the police officer in charge pointed out that since the agent also had been guilty of fighting, both of us would have to be arraigned.

We parted on what I thought was a friendly basis. I had almost forgotten the whole episode when we returned by the same route the next year. I was served with papers suing me and the Milwaukee ball club for $15,000 each on a "violent assault and battery" charge filed by this passenger agent.

I finally settled out of court last year. It took $1000. It would have cost me more if I had gone down to Atlanta and fought it in court.

Then there was the time in 1956 when five of us stopped off at a tavern near our hotel after a day game in Cincinnati. We were having a beer before eating, when a young lady, who apparently was feeling no pain, came in. A National League umpire also was present.

The young lady happened to be wearing a giant-sized hat. Around then the newspapers were carrying stories about flying saucers. One of the players in our party, who sees something funny in everything, started going into a circus barker's routine.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began. "You see before you the original, one and only world's largest flying saucer. In just about ten seconds it will take off." Then he began counting: "Ten . . . nine . . . eight . . . seven. . . ."

Before he got any further, this young lady wound up and let fly with her glass. It just missed my head and crashed into a mirror behind me. We all shut up quick. We decided we had better finish our drinks and get the heck out of there.

Then she sent another glass flying. This one bounced off the left side of my jaw and hit the fellow behind me. When I put my hand to my face I found I was cut. That did it. We got out of there in a hurry.

On our next trip to New York, two of us were asked to pay a courtesy visit to Commissioner Ford Frick's office. We explained we were merely innocent victims. But I could sense that he was not entirely convinced. So we called attention to the fact that an umpire also was present, whereupon he cleared his throat and said, "Well, boys, I think we'll forget about this entire incident."

That year I had my worst season as a hitter since moving to Milwaukee. My home-run total didn't fall off too much—I hit thirty-seven homers in 1956—but my batting average skidded to .272. At that, I bounced back considerably after the All-Star Game break. I think I was hitting .210 up to then.

Oddly enough, that was a year when I'd really watched myself all winter. I played a lot of handball, went on a diet and reported to spring training in fine shape. But I got off on the wrong foot, and things kept getting worse.

I tried everything from changing my stance to using bats of different lengths, weights and handles. The result was I became so mixed up I didn't know whether I was coming or going.

The front office suggested I go see an eye doctor. When they tell you that, you're in trouble. To show you how confused I was, I even considered seeing a man at Marquette University who was an expert hypnotist. I was told he could get me out of my batting slump.

Luckily, I snapped out of it before I decided to see the guy. It turned out that the reason for my slump was that I was taking my eye off the ball. It was as simple as that.

Probably if I had stuck to my original stance and battled 'em, I would have gotten out of the slump much sooner. But that's what you have to learn. I'm sure if I fell into one of those slumps now, I wouldn't become so panicky. That's what I mean by growing up.

The fans really proved their loyalty during that 1956 slump. They offered me all kinds of advice and wrote letters giving me votes of confidence. Don't think that didn't help. I sure was glad I had bought a home of my own in the Milwaukee suburbs the year before.

My wife is a Wisconsin girl—the former Virjean Lauby, of Marshfield. We were married on September 27, 1954. She was a student at Eau Claire College at the time.

We have two children—Edwin Lee, Jr., who will be three in August, and Stephanie, born last November. What a difference Virjean and the kids have made in my life! It's comforting to have a family to welcome you home after a ball game, whether you've been a hero or a bum. And it gives you a greater sense of responsibility and direction.

In the off season now I am the head of a property-development corporation which adds to my income. My little family will be well provided for if anything should happen to me. I have drawn up a will and set aside a trust fund which should take care of them comfortably.

As for my baseball future, I'm often asked about various home-run records and whether I think I could break any of them. My answer is that I don't know—and I don't care. I'm not one who follows the record book. As far as I'm concerned, records are for older fellows, like Warren Spahn, Stan Musial or Ted Williams. My only interest is to play ball.

It was no accident that I became a ballplayer. My father, who was a semipro himself, trained me to become a bigleaguer almost from the time I was able to walk. I was an only child. I was born in Texarkana, Texas, on October 13, 1931, but my family moved to Santa Barbara, California, when I was five. I played baseball all through grammar school, and made the Santa Barbara high-school team in my sophomore year.

I also played football and was good enough to receive offers of athletic scholarships from U.S.C., California, U.C.L.A. and a few other schools. I rejected all bids, because I had made up my mind to play baseball instead of going to college. I hated studying from the word "go," although I had good grades in high school.

It wasn't until my senior year that I realized big-league scouts were watching me. I know at one time there were fourteen scouts looking me over. Not all of them contacted me or my father, but some of them made a real pitch, although nobody actually could make me a concrete offer until midnight of June 18, 1949, my graduation date.

I finally signed with the Braves for $6000, the top figure a youngster could get at the time without being declared a bonus player. My dad and I didn't want any of that bonus business, because the rule then was that a bonus player could have only one year in the minors. We felt it would be better for me to be assured of as much minor-league seasoning as I needed.

Before assigning me to a minor-league club, the Braves wanted to look me over themselves. I joined the Braves in Chicago. It was my first long trip away from home, and my first taste of professional baseball. I had brought a glove and spiked shoes with me, and I carried them out to the park in a paper bag. When the players saw this, they really gave me a going over. That was my first experience with what we call "agitating."

At Wrigley Field I walked into the Braves' clubhouse, and there sat a bunch of ballplayers holding a meeting. I got the bum's rush outside. I learned later that I had landed in the middle of a player-manager dispute, and this was an indignation meeting being held by the Boston players. I had joined the club during the dissension period which eventually led to Billy Southworth's retirement as manager.

I didn't stay around the Braves very long. I was seventeen and very green. I couldn't touch the ball, even in batting practice. I wound up being shipped all the way down to Class D at High Point-Thomasville in North Carolina. I was paid a flat $1000 for the balance of the season, and the money was deducted from my $6000 signing fee. I earned it with my hitting (.363), but not with my fielding.

I was moved up to Atlanta of the Southern Association (Class AA) in 1950. I set a pattern for the future by starting slowly, but Dixie Walker, the manager, stuck with me. I finished with a .286 batting average, thirty-two home runs and 106 RBI's.

After the 1950 season in Atlanta, I was about to be drafted, so I enlisted in the Navy. Some weeks later dad was taken to a hospital, where they discovered he had tuberculosis. His condition became increasingly bad. After I was in eight months, I applied for a dependency discharge and got it. There was no money coming in at home, and somebody had to pay the bills.

In what was left of the 1951 season, I divided my time between Atlanta and the old Milwaukee Brewers, of the American Association. In the spring of 1952, I got the biggest break of my life when Bob Elliott, the Braves' third baseman, held out. He was eventually traded to the New York Giants, and I got his job.

Again I was off to a bad start, hitting only .167 during the first few weeks. This prompted a Boston newspaperman to write, "The Braves traded away Bob Elliott, who averaged nearly 100 RBI's a season for five years, to make room for a mere babe who belongs back in the baseball nursery."

He was so right. I did manage to hit twenty-five home runs that first year with the Braves, but I was a long way from having matured. In fact, it's taken me years.

I think one of the best indications that I've been making progress came in the 1957 World Series against the Yankees, after I failed to get a hit in the first three games. I'd drawn five walks, but I was at bat officially eight times without hitting the ball out of the infield. It looked like I was on the way to becoming the flop of the Series.

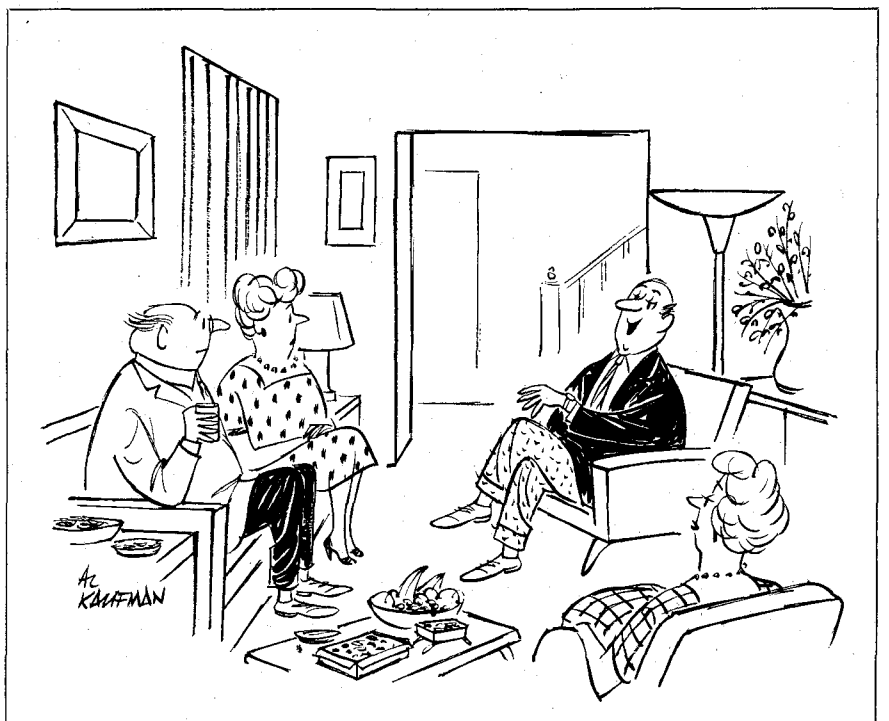
I hate to imagine how this would have affected me a couple of years ago. As it was, I broke through with a double off Tom Sturdivant in the fourth inning of the fourth game. Then I hit a home run off Bob Grim with a man on base in the tenth to give us a 7–5 victory. I also had hits in each of the remaining games, including a "leg hit" the next day that set up the only run in a 1–0 victory by Lew Burdette.

I think the Series also pointed up the fact that I am not as bad a fielder as was generally believed. I've really worked hard to improve myself. There were plenty of extra hours I put in down at spring training that were instrumental in my making the last play of the Series.

We were leading, 5–0, and Burdette appeared to have the game sewed up, when the Yankees loaded the bases after two out in the ninth. Bill Skowron slashed a vicious grounder over to my right inside the third-base line. Somehow I managed to get my glove there just in time. It was a lucky stab. I felt the ball hit solidly inside the pocket, and it stuck there. All that remained was to step on the bag for a force-out.

Well, this is a new season and a new pennant race. We've got to do it all over again. We've got to prove we're really a great team, and no club is great unless it repeats.

The same goes for me. I won't be satisfied unless I can hit over .300, get thirty home runs and drive in more than 100 runs. Naturally, I'd be tickled if I could lead the league again in homers. But that's not so important as having a big all-around year. A truly outstanding ballplayer must show consistency. That's my target from now on. It's my final step toward maturity. THE END



"Who pays attention to time when good friends are together—why, it's only twelve-eighteen and a half."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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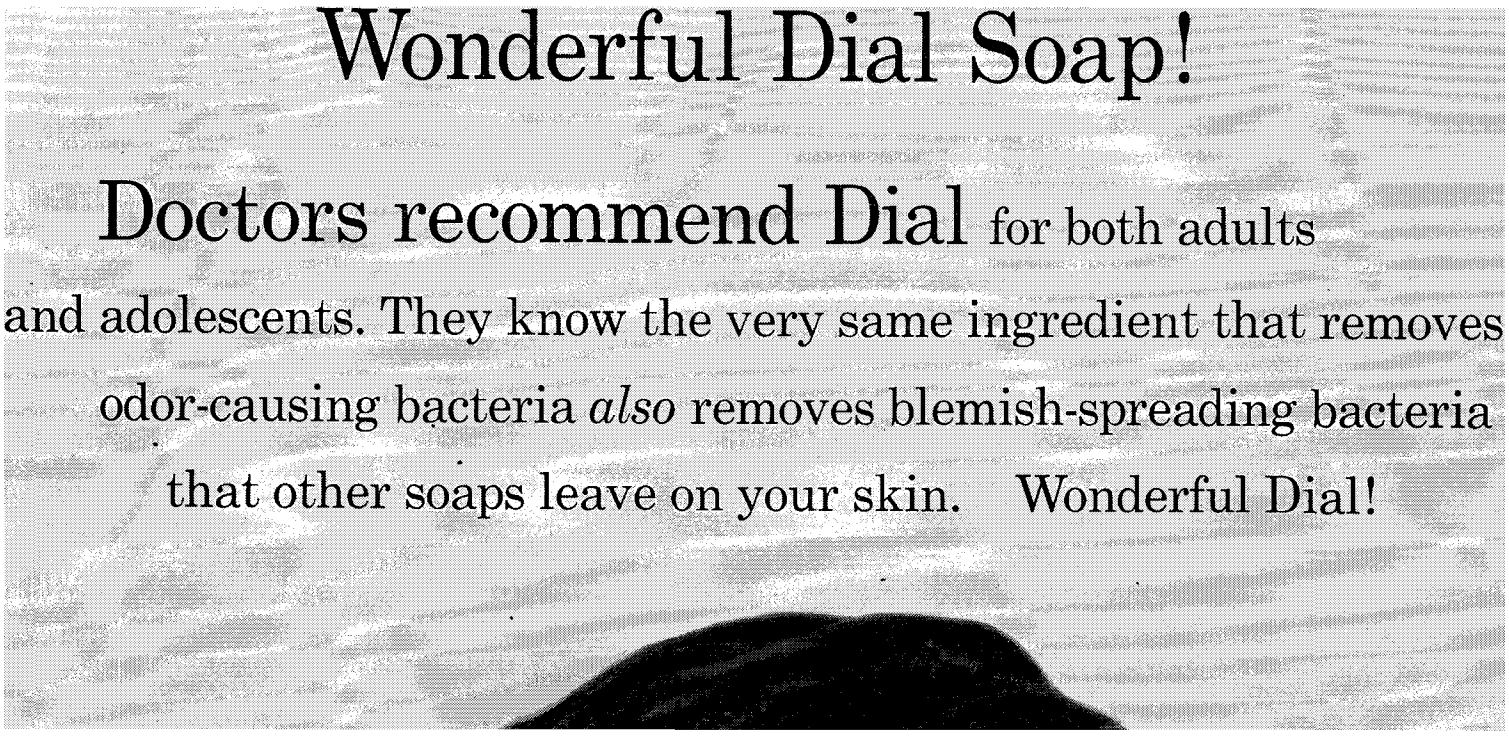
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The New Weapons Against Cancer

(Continued from Page 33)

ago—physicians of the Sloan-Kettering Institute and Ohio State University Medical School have been injecting live cancer cells into the arms of Ohio prison volunteers. Other researchers are prying viruses apart to see how they are put together and what causal connection they may have with cancer in man—a connection fully established in many animal cancers. Whether the prisoner studies and the virus work will lead to a vaccine against human cancer is anybody's guess.

Some of the very brightest hopes for successful treatment spring from evidence that many common cancers, notably those of the breast and prostate, and possibly others, are dependent upon a certain hormonal environment for their early growth. Medical or surgical alteration of this environment may, if begun soon enough, reverse the cell's lethal metamorphosis back toward normal.

It should not be inferred that any of these maneuvers have yet given us a sure chemical cure for malignancy. To be frank, optimism regarding this form of therapy is somewhat more restrained than it was in the 1940's, when this writer was reporting the first break-throughs with hormone and chemical treatments. Experience has brought a more realistic appreciation of the tenacity of both the leukemia and the cancer cells. Doctors have repeatedly seen them bounce back to destructive dimensions after being held in chemical check for years.

But one cannot overlook the fact that the patients treated by these new methods have gained precious intervals of comfort and fairly good health—sometimes lasting many years. This is no small achievement in the battle against otherwise hopeless malignancy. It is a bright ray of hope piercing the gloom, a sign that measurable progress is being made. On the dark side are the 250,000 who die of cancer each year in this country. But balanced against them are 800,000 men and women now living who were saved from cancer by better methods of detection and treatment. Thousands of the women in this group owe their lives to the cell-smear technique of detecting uterine cancer, devised by Dr. George N. Papanicolaou, whose seventy-fifth birthday last May thirteenth was marked by the American Cancer Society with a luncheon. It has been estimated that cancer of the uterine cervix would be almost 100 per cent curable if all cases were detected early. This and other practical results of research have already increased the cure rate of cancer in general to 32 per cent. And the research army is steadily amassing new knowledge that is almost sure to be fashioned into more effective therapy for the future.

To review in detail the entire research front, naming every one of the hundreds of worthy projects, would be impossible in a single article. In this report, therefore, we shall simply trace some of the main lines along which the cancer fighters are driving and indicate a few of the high points of hope.

The multiplicity of therapeutic weapons, both old and new, is in itself a valuable asset. Many patients are gratefully aware of this. During a tour of research centers conducted last spring by the American Cancer Society we visited New York's Sloan-Kettering Institute, largest of these centers, and talked to Mrs. C. An attractive, dark-haired woman of fifty-five, she had fought cancer to a standstill no less than five times in twelve years.

The first trouble occurred in her breasts, and surgeons removed both of them in 1946. Mrs. C. remained well until 1950, when severe backaches signaled a return of the cancer and its spread to the spine. X-ray treatments suppressed the condition and gave her three more years of comfort. A second recurrence in the spine was put down with a second course of X rays. But in 1954 the cancer struck again, producing intense pain in the legs. Once more she received X-ray therapy. Again a short respite. When pain and numbness in the legs returned in 1955, the physicians decided upon surgical removal of the pituitary gland. Even though the cancer was in the leg bones, it was still composed of breast-cancer cells and theoretically would respond to hormone control.

The pituitary is located on the underside of the brain, and removing it interferes with a hormone upon which the breast cancer may still be dependent. Dr. Olof H. Pearson, of the Sloan-Kettering staff, and Dr. Bronson Ray, neurosurgeon of the Cornell Medical School faculty, have four years of evidence that excision of this gland often slows down advanced breast cancer. Mrs. C. was among their first 109 patients, a group whose progress has been recently evaluated in a follow-up study. She is one of the 50 per cent who gained relief from the operation.

It abolished her pain at once, and two months later she was able to walk again. For the past three years Mrs. C. has been employed as a secretary to a busy sales executive, she told us, and she goes to and from work on the subway. To replace some of the hormones whose output was reduced by pituitary removal, she takes cortisone and thyroid. "That's no trouble at all," she said. "I simply keep track of my medication by marking it off on my calendar day by day."

Most of the research approaches, whether in the laboratory or at the bedside, have as their target the interior of the cancer cell itself. Cancer has long been regarded by many authorities as a result of breakdown of the orderly life of the body's normal cells. The big unanswered question has been the precise nature of that breakdown, the identity of the forces that convert a good cell into a bad one. Today, with their increasingly sensitive instruments and methods—electron microscopes, radioactively tagged atoms, ultracentrifuges, paper chromatography, even electronic computers—the researchers are obtaining a close look at the cell's inner structure.

What they hope to find is the metabolic sand that is jamming the gears or throwing the thermostat out of kilter. They want to learn just what it is that causes the useful, hard-working normal cell to get out of hand and degenerate into a lazy, worthless but highly destructive lump of protoplasm. And once the cell has become cancerous they want to know how to interfere with its metabolism in such a way as to stop its growth.

Enough is already known about some of the steps in cancer formation to permit the researchers to get a chemical toe in the door. They began to do this more than ten years ago. At that time Dr. Sidney Farber, director of the Boston Children's Hospital Cancer Research Foundation, and the late Dr. Yellapragada SubbaRow, biochemist of the Lederle Laboratories, found that certain anti-vitamins called folic-acid antagonists would gum up the metabolism of the leukemia cells. Treatment with these compounds added months and in some cases years to the lives of young patients. In 1953 another potent antileukemia medicine, 6-mercaptopurine, was developed at the Sloan-Kettering Institute with the co-operation of the Wellcome Research Laboratories.

Just recently, dramatic success with one of those first folic-acid antagonists—originally named A-methopterin, but now called Methotrexate—has been reported against a rare and usually fatal form of uterine cancer. The cancer is choriocarcinoma, and it arises in a placental membrane, either during pregnancy, in which case it destroys the fetus, or after the birth of the baby. Dr. Roy Hertz and Dr. Min Chiu Li, of the National Cancer Institute—the latter is now at the Sloan-Kettering Institute—found that heavy, almost toxic doses of Methotrexate caused the tumor to regress or disappear. Of the first fifteen women treated, ten have been restored to normal living and have been entirely free of symptoms for from three months to more than two years. In some of them no evidence of cancer could be found following treatment. It is too early for a final evaluation, but the results are an unequivocal triumph for chemotherapy.

Among the variations on the Methotrexate formula is a Lederle compound called dichloroamethopterin, and current interest in it is running high because of its achievements in mouse leukemia. Dr. Abraham Goldin and his associates at the National Cancer Institute found that it is 75 per cent more effective than Methotrexate in extending the survival time of these mice. Trials in human patients are now under way, with preliminary reports expected sometime this year.

Another biochemical achievement of recent date is that of Dr. Charles Heidelberger, of the McArdle Memorial Laboratory at the University of Wisconsin. He knew that cancer cells use a substance named uracil much more rapidly than do normal cells. Following the principle of fooling the cell's metabolic machinery, Doctor Heidelberger reasoned that if he could alter the uracil molecule just enough, the greedy cancer cell, mistaking the fake molecule for the real thing, might eat a lethal amount of it. The normal cell, absorbing it at a slower rate, would only get sick.

So with the aid of Dr. Robert Duschinsky, of the Hoffmann-LaRoche pharmaceutical company at Nutley, New Jersey, Doctor Heidelberger set about synthesizing an imitation uracil. They replaced a hydrogen atom of the uracil molecule with an atom of fluorine, obtaining a compound called 5-fluorouracil. After tests on animals, Doctor Heidelberger's clinical colleagues, Drs. Anthony R. Curreri and Fred J. Ansfield, tried it on patients with far-advanced cancer who had gained little or no help from other treatments. At first nothing happened. Then the doctors doubled the dose. Again no effect. They doubled it again. Finally, when the patients began to suffer from nausea and other toxic effects, such as anemia, their cancers began to shrink. This happened with cancers of the neck, breast, ovary, liver, stomach and intestine, although in some patients there was no response. And it is only fair to add that Doctors Curreri and Ansfield have had more encouraging results with 5-fluorouracil than have many other doctors.

While it is possible to slack off the dosage a little, after reaching the toxic level, the margin is slender, and 5-fluorouracil is recommended for use only by physicians experienced in cancer chemotherapy. Because of its toxicity its value is limited, the Wisconsin investigators conclude. "But attempts are now being made," they state, "to alter the structure of the drug so as to reduce its toxicity while maintaining its therapeutic effect."

Not only synthetic chemicals but compounds from natural sources are being employed. One of the most promising of the latter is a filtrate obtained from human placentas by prolonged incubation at twenty-five pounds pressure. Dr. W. Steele Livingston, formerly a practicing veterinarian and now a research associate in the School of Medicine at the University of California at Los Angeles, has been quietly working on this material ever since 1945, and made his first report on it only last February in the Journal of the National Cancer Institute.

"This work was stimulated," Doctor Livingston said, "by the widespread speculation during the first quarter of this century that some product of tissue breakdown might possess growth-regulatory capacity." He also felt, from noticing how often swelling and pressure accompanied the healing of wounds in nature, that pressure might be a factor in producing the beneficial chemical, whatever it was. Hence, his use of pressure in preparing the placental extracts.

The precise chemical identity of the effective compound has not yet been determined, but the material has brought about complete or partial regression of naturally occurring cancers in twenty-one of twenty-three dogs, and more recently has shown striking effects on transplanted tumors in mice. After a week of treatment, mouse tumors are only one fifth as large as those in untreated animals, and their spread to other organs has been prevented.

Doctor Livingston's work is being supported by the California Institute for Cancer Research and by The National Cancer Institute.

While the chemical attack on cancer is receiving the strongest backing—$25,000,000 in Government funds alone this year—a number of scientists are looking for ways to strengthen the body's natural defense machinery. This is the immunity approach, and it motivates the experiments with the Ohio prisoner volunteers, begun two years ago and still continuing. They are directed by Drs. Chester M. Southam and Alice E. Moore, of the Sloan-Kettering Institute; Dr. Charles A. Doan, of Ohio State University College of Medicine; and Dr. Richard H. Brooks, of Ohio State Penitentiary.

When live human cancer cells were implanted under the skin of the forearms of the healthy prisoners, there was at first a red swelling, but it disappeared in one to three weeks as the body destroyed the foreign tissue. This was a normal and expected reaction. In New York volunteers suffering from internal cancer, however, similar implants under the skin grew for many weeks—in a few cases as long as six months—before they finally degenerated and vanished. This could be explained on

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Number One

By Hal Chadwick

Whenever a fellow
With marriage ties binding him
Observes that his spouse
Is forever reminding him
About his mistakes,
From the least to the worst of them,
He's likely to figure
That she was the first of them!

... ...

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the basis of the generally low resistance possessed by cancer patients.

But when a second injection of cancer cells was made, both the prisoners and the cancer patients rejected the cells much more rapidly than they had the first time. This suggested to the researchers that the first inoculation had stimulated immune mechanisms which then acted more promptly on the second contact. There was even a speed-up in the rejection of a different type of cancer cell, indicating an encouraging degree of cross-immunity.

Just what is the nature of this anti-cancer response? Can it be boosted to a practical level? These questions are now under intensive study, and no one yet knows the answer. One factor which may play a part is a natural defense chemical known as properdin, discovered a few years ago by the late Dr. Louis Pillemer, of Cleveland. The blood level of properdin is well below normal in advanced cancer patients. Injections of a yeast product, zymosan, increase blood properdin levels in animals and cause disappearance of transplanted mouse tumors. Whether such treatments will raise the properdin in cancer patients remains to be seen. Preliminary tests are under way in which properdin obtained from blood albumin prepared for the Armed Forces is being administered to a few children with cancer.

Dr. Cornelius Rhoads, director of the Sloan-Kettering Institute, is enthusiastic about the immunity approach. He believes it might be possible by use of a soluble antigen—a vaccinelike preparation—to "enhance the patient's rejection of his own cancer cells."

"We here regard the cancer cell as a foreign cell," he remarked. "It behaves differently and is biochemically different. In fact, I think the failure to recognize this has retarded our own advance against cancer."

Because the whole problem is so very complex and involves so many different branches of science, efforts have been made to develop a "unified field theory" of cancer to serve as an over-all guide. This would be analogous to the "field theory" which Einstein and more recently other mathematicians have postulated for the universe as a whole.

One of the most articulate cancer theoreticians is Dr. Van R. Potter, professor of oncology (cancer science) at the University of Wisconsin. He presented his ideas, based on his own research and that of many others, in a symposium on The Biology of the Cancer Cell, at the big Philadelphia meeting of the Federation of American Societies for Experimental Biology last April.

Doctor Potter sees the normal cell as a biochemical factory with three levels of molecular function: (1) the blueprints, (2) the machine makers, or enzyme-forming system, and (3) the machines or enzymes themselves. The blueprints are molecules of heredity-controlling material known as desoxyribonucleic acid. These molecules, the hottest item in present-day biochemical research, are tiny spiral storehouses of coded information that guides the growth and destiny of the cells and the individual. The amount of information in them is fantastic. A British scientist quoted by Doctor Potter has calculated that the DNA molecules in a single fertilized human egg, much smaller than the head of a pin, carry information equal to the number of words in fifty sets of the Encyclopaedia Britannica.

The blueprint molecules direct the construction of the machine makers and they, in turn, stamp out the enzymes, in much the way that a factory die stamps out spoons. And like a kitchen spoon stirring ingredients together to make a cake, an enzyme is a catalyst which promotes a chemical reaction. The reaction may be a building up (anabolic) or a breaking down (catabolic). A familiar example of an enzyme is pepsin, which helps split our food proteins into smaller molecules called amino acids. Other enzymes build those amino acids back into human-type proteins for muscle or skin. Enzymes also assist in the cell's respiration and in its production of energy. And where reactions occur stepwise, as they usually do in the building or dismantling of large molecules, there is a specific enzyme for each step. Consider, says Doctor Potter, that hundreds of compounds are being converted into hundreds of other compounds, each via ten or twenty steps, and you can see how there can be from 3000 to 5000 different kinds of enzymes at work in a single cell at any one moment.

All of this goes on in the normal cells, which not only perform their assigned functions for the body but also make copies of themselves according to the information in the blueprints. Usually the system is foolproof, says Doctor Potter, but things can go wrong at any one of the three levels. For example, cells have a tendency to make errors when they try to reproduce. This occurs only about once in every million cell divisions. But when a series of errors accumulates in one cell, that cell becomes cancerous. Cancer is thus "an expression of random imperfections in the chemistry of the body."

Since the adult body contains some ten trillion cells (10,000,000,000,000), and millions of them are continually dividing, especially in the skin, the lungs and the lining of the digestive tract, there are many opportunities for error. Not all errors give rise to cancer, but the more numerous the mistakes, the greater the likelihood. Moreover, the error rate can be increased by such external influences as radiation, cancerogenic chemicals, hormonal imbalances, and perhaps viruses.

When the errors are expressed as derangements of the enzyme-forming system, there is a loss of essential enzymes. This phenomenon has been termed the "deletion hypothesis" of cancer formation, and the enzymes most acutely missed are the catabolic, or "breaking down," type. Without them the products of cell life are used for abnormal growth instead of being broken down and disposed of in a controlled manner.

"What is beginning to emerge," Doctor Potter writes, "is a picture of cells that may in some cases be near the simplest forms of life—cells in which the enzyme pattern has been reduced to near the absolute minimum."

An encouraging feature of this theory is the emphasis on accumulation of errors. To throw a normal cell into a fixed pattern of malignant growth requires not one but several metabolic mistakes. They may be spread out over years. Hence there may be opportunity to nip the cancer cell in the bud. Doctor Potter suggests that an initial injury, produced perhaps by radiation, may induce a slight but not malignant alteration in the DNA. Then, many years later when the cell is called on to divide, in response to infection or a hormone stimulus or old age, its crippled enzyme machinery produces cancer instead of normal cells.

Can the widely discussed virus theory of cancer causation fit into this general hypothesis? Some authorities believe it can, although it should be emphasized that in spite of all the discussion the only human tumor known to be caused by a virus is the common wart, which is not cancer at all. Nevertheless, much basic research on viruses is being pursued under the heading of cancer. Dr. Seymour Cohen, on a lifetime grant from the American Cancer Society, is working almost exclusively on bacteriophages, tiny viruses that infect bacteria. He and other virus investigators, including Dr. S. E. Luria, of the University of Illinois, point out that the virus particle may be regarded as a "fragment of genetic material" which can alter the characteristics of the host cell.

"The virus brings in a new set of blueprints and compels the cell to make the virus' own type of nucleic acid," Doctor Luria explains. "If a cancer cell is one which has alterations due to changes in its control system, infection with a virus is certainly one way this could happen."

The theory is quite compatible with what is being learned about the "hormone-dependent" tumors of the breast and prostate. These are among the commonest life-threatening cancers in the American population. More than 52,000 new cases of breast cancer are diagnosed annually, a figure exceeded only by skin cancer (55,000), which is relatively easy to cure. Cancer of the prostate is discovered in about 24,000 men each year. These and possibly other tumors thrive only when the hormonal environment is favorable.

Although breast cancers are primarily dependent on female sex hormones and prostate cancers on male hormones, this states the situation much too simply. In the case of the breast, normal development and function are maintained by a complex interplay of hormones from the pituitary and adrenal glands, as well as from the ovaries. Cancer apparently results from derangement of this delicate balance. Dr. Sheldon C. Sommers, of Boston University, has noted that 60 per cent of the women with breast cancer also had an underactive thyroid gland, a slow-down which may have called forth the harmful speed-up of other glands.

The physician's problem here, then, is to correct the imbalance while the cancer cells are still in their dependent phase. Otherwise they eventually become autonomous and go on growing regardless of the state of their hormonal environment.

Ideally the hormone imbalance should be corrected before the tumor is large enough to be seen or felt. But at present that is hardly possible, because there is no reliable scale to tell the doctor exactly when the endocrine system is off balance. Doctor Farber, of Boston Children's Hospital, and his associate, Dr. Jacob Furth, have proposed a hormone assay of a large number of healthy persons and cancer patients to provide better guidance on this point. In the meantime, a dozen different methods of shifting hormone balance are being employed to check dependent but far-advanced tumors.

No one is more firmly convinced of the usefulness of the hormone-dependence principle than Dr. Charles B. Huggins, of the University of Chicago, who nineteen years ago was the first to apply it in human patients. He treated cancer of the prostate by castration, which removed the tumor-supporting male hormone. Remissions in some individuals lasted up to sixteen years, which, as Doctor Huggins recently commented, "approaches the concept of cure." In a condition that usually kills within nine months after it has spread to the bones, these results are almost miraculous.

"We have come to the conclusion," Doctor Huggins said; "that hormones have nearly everything to do with cancer—its cause, progress and cure. This doesn't mean the problem is simple. There are some 2000 hormones and related substances, and a great many have not yet been investigated."

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Doctor Huggins' newest theory to explain the hormone dependence of the prostate cancer is that "the male hormone surrounds the tumor and shields it from the violently active female hormone." Removing the testes takes away the male hormone protection and lets the patient's female hormone attack the cancer.

Doctor Huggins and his associates at the University of Chicago's Ben May Laboratory are employing the hormone-control approach not only against prostate cancer but in advanced breast cancer. They believe that about 45 per cent of breast cancers are hormone dependent, and the hormones may come, as we have previously indicated, from the ovaries, the adrenals or the pituitary. One or all of these glands may be removed to check the cancer. In fact, Doctor Huggins was the first to do an adrenalectomy for breast cancer, and we have already mentioned the results of pituitary surgery, as shown by Doctor Pearson and Doctor Ray.

Some physicians believe that results almost as good as those from gland surgery can be achieved through the use of counteracting hormones. Over the past five years Dr. Henry M. Lemon, of Boston University, has treated sixty women with cortisone or its relative, prednisone, to neutralize the estrogenic hormone from their adrenals and thereby arrest the spread of breast cancer. The patients under sixty-five had already had their ovaries removed. More than half of the women enjoyed definite clearing of their symptoms, and in a third of the series the remissions lasted six months or more. One woman is still well four years, and another three and a half years, after the treatment began.

"These results exceed those accomplished through surgical removal of the pituitary," Doctor Lemon pointed out. "Indeed, we feel that much of the benefit attributed to the operative procedures probably comes from the postoperative supportive medical therapy, which always includes cortisone."

Doctor Lemon even believes these studies "may be extended ultimately toward the prevention of breast cancer, since the administration of small doses of adrenal corticoids over long periods of time appears to be relatively free of hazard and very well tolerated by women in the age groups prone to develop cancer."

Among several new compounds reported at the Philadelphia meeting of the American Association for Cancer Research is an orally active chemical of the female-hormone class. It is 9-alpha-bromo-11-eta-ketoprogesterone—known for convenience as Broxoron, or just BOP. Dr. Ulfar Jonsson, Dr. Ralph Jones, Jr., and their associates at the University of Miami School of Medicine, in Florida, reported measurable improvement—shrinking of the tumor and recalcification of cancerous bone—in seven of thirty-four women with advanced breast carcinoma.

One of their first patients, Mrs. S., on her own initiative, wrote to me in glowing terms about the help it had brought her, after hormone and X-ray treatment had failed. "I weighed less than eighty pounds," she said, "was in constant, terrible pain, and completely helpless—unable to even lift my hand to my face." After treatment started, the pain disappeared, weight and strength improved and she was able to sit up and get around in a wheel chair, and then to walk with a cane, supported on her husband's arm. "Doctor Jonsson was so happy to show me off," she wrote, "that he looked as if a light were turned on inside him. . . . Believe me, today, 'God's in His heaven—all's right with the world.'" Unhappily, this was not, as Mrs. S. had hoped, the long-sought-for cure. Its holding power eventually waned, and a few months after her letters to me she suffered a relapse and died. But as Doctor Jones remarked at the cancer meeting, "She had six extra months of pleasant life as a result of the therapy."

Six more months of life may seem like a slight accomplishment. But to the patient and her family they are of immeasurable importance, assuming they were comfortable months, as they often are. And the results are also valuable for the light they throw into the dark interior of the cancer cell and upon its many links with the glands.

Let us examine further those complex connections with the pituitary. This master of the endocrine system produces several hormones. One of them stimulates lactation. Now there is an old theory, hardly more than folklore, that a nursing mother can't get breast cancer, that there is some antagonism between lactation and malignancy. Recently a group of Texas physicians, after an accidental observation that gave some support to this theory, made practical use of it to help several women in the late stages of breast cancer.

Dr. Nylene E. Eckles, research physician at the M. D. Anderson Hospital and Tumor Institute, at Houston, was caring for a Negro woman who had had a breast removed but whose cancer had so honeycombed her bones that she could not stand or walk. It had invaded her legs, pelvis, spine, ribs and skull. As a last resort, Dr. George Ehni, a neurosurgeon, performed what is called a pituitary stalk section, leaving the pituitary gland in place and supplied with blood vessels but severing the stalk that joins it to the hypothalamus, a part of the brain.

The patient immediately gained strength and weight. She was able to return to her job as a domestic and she actually grew fat. Her remaining breast filled out and, curiously, seven months after the operation, she noticed milk oozing from it, although she had not borne a child.

When this occurred in a second patient, Doctor Eckles recalled the old theory about the antagonism between lactation and cancer and reasoned that something like the following had happened: (1) Cutting the pituitary stalk had interrupted brain messages which normally inhibit pituitary production of lactogenic hormone, (2) this hormone therefore flowed, via blood vessels, from the pituitary to the normal breast and to breast-cancer cells now scattered through the bones, (3) the lactation hormone stimulated the normal breast to produce milk and redirected the breast-cancer cells away from the malignant-growth pattern back toward functional differentiation—that is, a more breastlike cell.

Impressed by the results in the first two patients, Doctor Eckles and Doctor Ehni prescribed the operation for fifteen more women with disseminated cancer of the breast. Five of the seventeen died within two months of the operation, but twelve had regression of their tumors, including strong healing of bone lesions, and four lactated. Here again, the relief was temporary. The longest survival was twenty-two months, this patient dying last January of Asian flu.

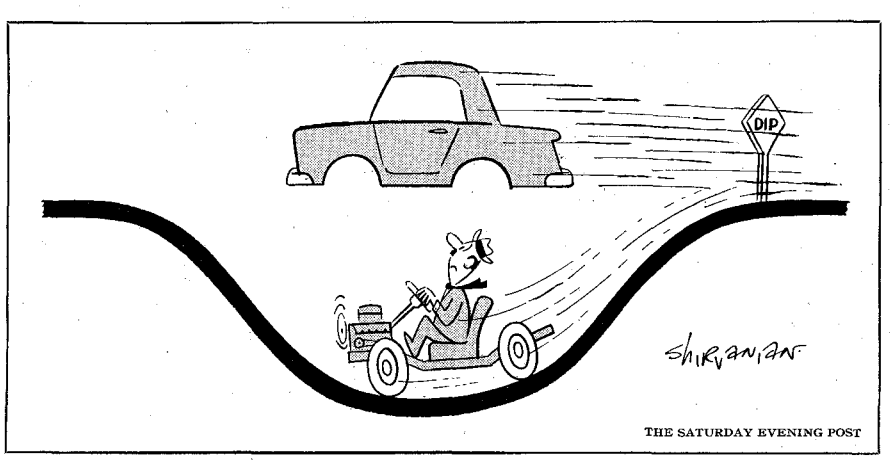
Because of space limitations we have been able to discuss only a few of the advances being made by such clinical investigators as Doctor Huggins and Doctor Sommers and Doctor Eckles. There are many others, and so long as sensitive and imaginative doctors are confronted with suffering cancer patients they will continue to find new and better ways to help them. We have room here to mention only three more.

First, several blood specialists are transfusing bone-marrow suspensions in an effort to improve the treatment of leukemia, in which the patient's own blood-forming tissues are defective. Dr. Leandro Tocantins, of Jefferson Medical College, who combines the marrow transfusions with conventional X-ray therapy, obtains the marrow from the contributors to a "walking bone bank." These volunteers permit one or two ribs to be removed surgically for their marrow content. The ribs grow back if the membranous bone sheath is left in place. Dr. William Dameshek, professor of clinical medicine at Tufts and director of the New England Center Hospital's blood-research laboratory, also has the co-operation of donors, usually members of the patient's family. He infuses the marrow after "super doses" of anti-leukemic chemicals.

Doctor Tocantins explains that the X ray and the bone-marrow transfusions complement each other. The X ray not only attacks the leukemia cells but also depresses the normal immune reaction which would otherwise destroy the foreign marrow. The marrow, on its part, bolsters the patient's supply of blood-forming material. Neither Doctor Tocantins nor Doctor Dameshek, however, feels that a definite evaluation of the method can yet be made.

At Tulane University School of Medicine, in New Orleans, surgeons have worked out a method of isolating the cancer-ridden part of the body—an arm, leg, lung or even the pelvic area—and flowing a high concentration of anti-cancer chemical through it. This perfusion technique protects vital organs from the toxic effects of the drug. The surgeons, Drs. James N. Winblad, Robert F. Ryan, Oscar Creech and Edward T. Krementz, developed the method as an offshoot of their work in blood-vessel surgery. It requires the careful tying off of large blood vessels and the use of a heart-lung machine to pump blood through the perfused part. The cancer medicine is then injected into this circuit. A number of patients with far-advanced cancer have experienced marked relief with this treatment, and their tumors have diminished in size.

Finally, a nationwide program has been organized to determine whether anticancer chemicals which have to date given only palliative results might produce real cures if used earlier in the course of the disease. A number of authorities have had a theory, recently voiced by Dr. Louis Lasagna, director of clinical pharmacology at Johns Hopkins University School of Medicine, that we are missing a bet by limiting cancer chemotherapy to the "terminal" stages. Why not, they have asked, give the chemicals at the time the cancer is operated upon? This seems an appropriate moment, because there is evidence that the operation itself may jar some of the cancer cells loose from the primary tumor and send them drifting through the circulation to set up new growths elsewhere in the body. Additional evidence, mainly in animals, shows that not all such circulating cells do take root, and that fairly large clusters are necessary. Thus, if chemicals could be injected early enough they might mop up all of the floating fragments of malignancy and prevent the metastatic tumors which are so often the cause of death.



It was on these premises that the Cancer Chemotherapy National Service Center, a Government group, set up a statistically controlled study known as the Adjuvant Use of Chemotherapy in the Surgical Treatment of Cancer. Surgery departments of twenty-seven medical schools and twenty-one Veterans' Administration hospitals are participating and will pool their results. Dr. Michael B. Shimkin, chief of the biometry branch of the National Cancer Institute, and Dr. George E. Moore, director of the Roswell Park Memorial Institute at Buffalo, are supervising the program, which is starting off with two projects: (1) the administration of Thio-TEPA to patients at the time of surgical removal of stomach cancer, and (2) the use of nitrogen mustard in connection with surgery for lung cancer. Additional studies of other types of cancer and other drugs, as well as radioisotopes, are under consideration.

Although the first patients in this investigation were treated in November, 1956, those in charge feel that a total of 500 patients in each of the two studies—with half receiving the drug and half getting surgery only—will be necessary before final conclusions can be drawn. Early statements, however, are hopeful. Doctor Shimkin and Doctor Moore, in an article soon to appear in the Journal of The American Medical Association, say that "a review of pertinent experimental work suggests that a moderatively effective agent against an advanced tumor may be curative against smaller tumors and unestablished cancer cells." And Dr. Warren H. Cole, of the University of Illinois, who has been combining chemicals with surgery for some time, has said, "It is too early to evaluate the results, but my whole impression to date is favorable. The next three years will tell the story."

No one expects that the story will be that of 100 per cent cure. Cancer isn't going to give up that easily. But as I thumb back through my foot-thick pile of notes and reports, covering as they do the work of hundreds of talented and dedicated research scientists, I cannot help but feel encouraged. For we now have many different procedures which can hold cancer in check for varying lengths of time. Each method alone may produce only moderately good results. But the total effort assumes important dimensions. It is worth noting that this is a war in which every new weapon pushes the enemy that much farther back. Our own movement is always forward. There is every reason to believe that the terror and heartache will in time be driven away.

THE END

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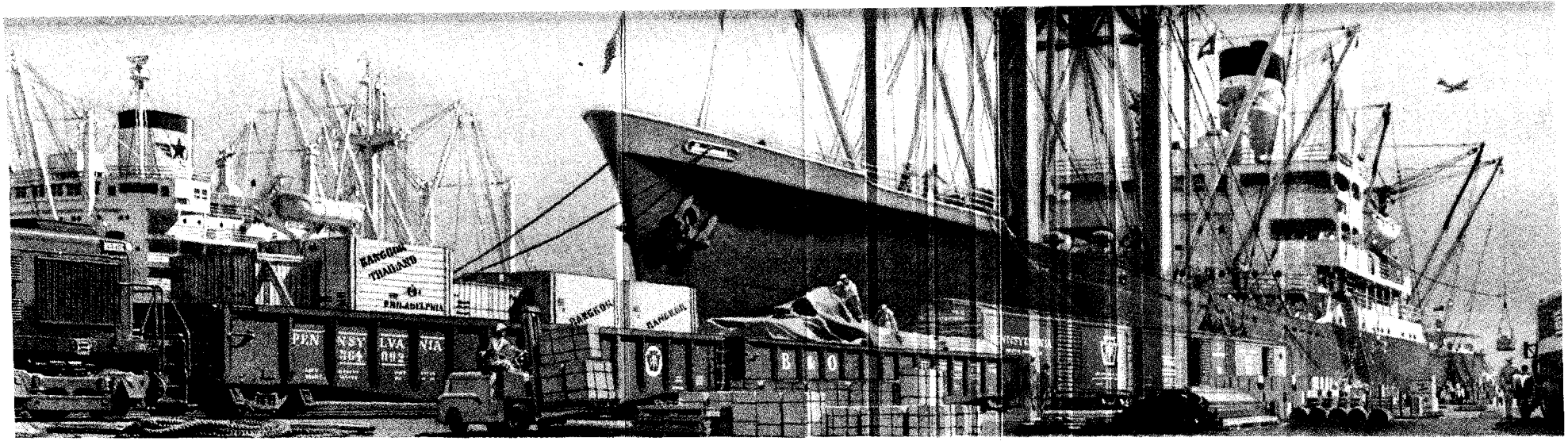

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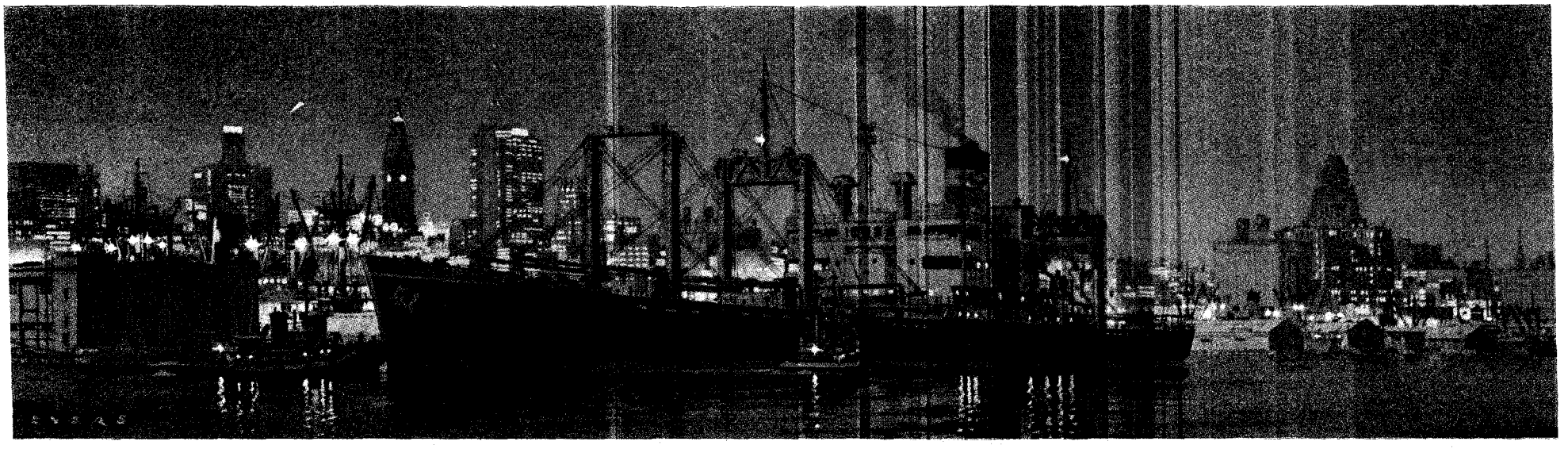

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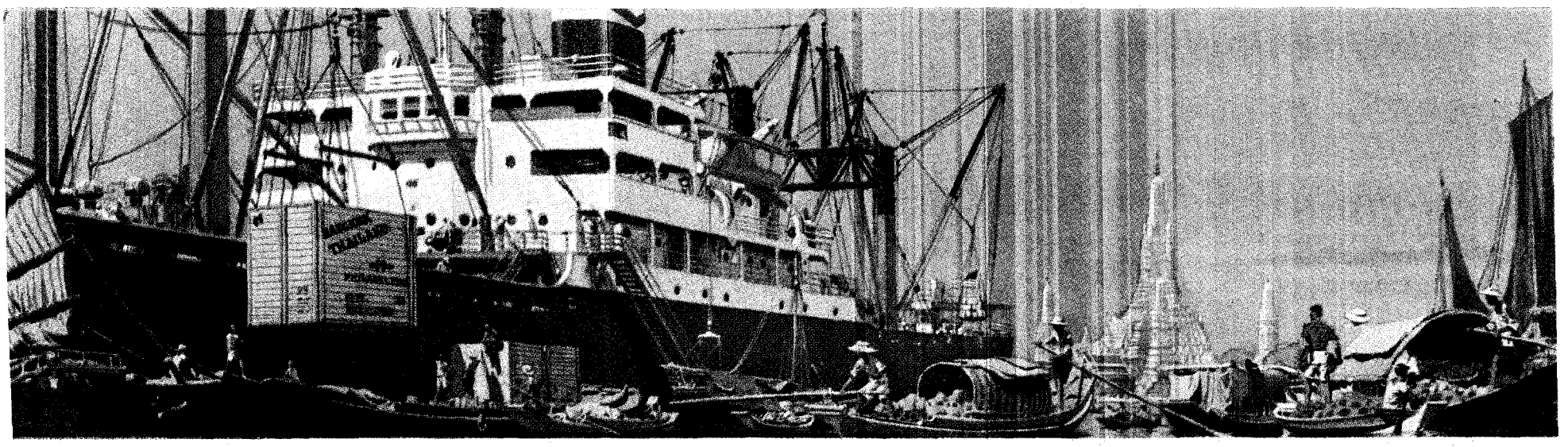

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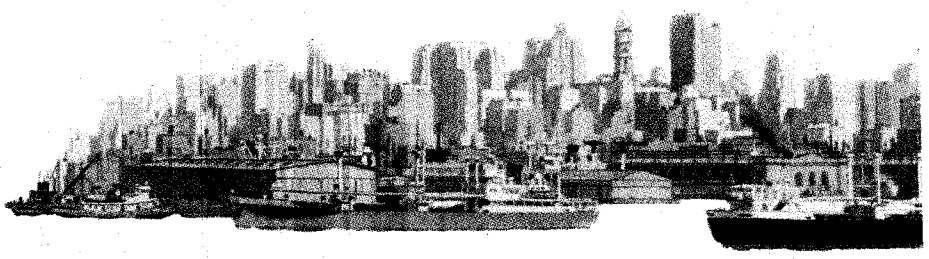

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The Taming of the Squaw

(Continued from Page 30)

"She'll come to no good end," they predicted. And when she was kidnaped and made a squaw by the Indians they all said they had told each other so.

Matilda, though, had no idea trouble was brewing the afternoon Charlie Benton walked into the trading post and threw a pile of pelts on the counter. Big, blond and easygoing, Charlie had, at twenty-two, a reputation along the river for being as handy with his fists as with a rifle, but there was nothing about him now to suggest trouble.

"That's a mangy-looking bunch of hides you've got there," said Matilda, opening the ceremony of haggling with the traditional remarks.

Charlie looked down at her and smiled. "I guess," he said, "anything would look ugly alongside something as pretty as you."

Matilda looked up at him and felt a strange sensation run through her, pleasant but frightening.

"Stick to your business," she said, but she said it without conviction, and she couldn't for the life of her think of what to say next. He kept looking at her tenderly and finally, in confusion, she asked: "Uh, how much you want for them?"

"I guess," he said, "whatever you figure will be about right."

She paid him twice what they were worth and watched as he left, turning twice to smile at her and tripping over the threshold. Then she turned and ran to where the mirrors hung, patted hurriedly at her hair, bit her lips until they were even redder, and tucked her shirt into her pants, turning to see the results in the mirror and wishing she had on a dress with frills. Then she ran to the door, stopped, and walked slowly and primly outside, hugely surprised when she almost bumped into Charlie Benton.

"You—uh—going somewhere?" he asked.

Matilda walked on, looking straight ahead.

"I'm going home," she replied sedately, and held her breath until he fell into step beside her.

Before they reached her home, Charlie told her a great deal about hunting and trapping, and Matilda found that there were a lot of things that a girl didn't have to be taught about talking to a man. The second afternoon he confided that he wanted to be a rancher, not a trapper; and the third afternoon, just before they reached her house, Charlie grabbed Matilda and kissed her. She swung a sharp right, as she thought she should, and he caught and held her easily, as she thought he would. The next afternoon he kissed her twice, and the second time Matilda made up her mind to marry him, returning his kiss and clinging to him as tightly as he held to her.

It took three days to get him around to the subject. That night she was late getting home to supper.

"Where you been?" asked Silas.

"Walking," she said.

"With Will Henderson?" her mother asked hopefully.

"With Charlie Benton," said Matilda. "I've made up my mind to marry him."

Silas came roaring out of his chair like a stuck bull.

"Charlie Benton!" he bellowed. "That buffalo rassler? That varmint mauler?"

"Charlie's a good man, and you know it," said Matilda calmly. "He comes from nice people."

"Pig farmers!" screeched Silas. No daughter of mine's marrying no ridge-running son of pig farmers. Nossir!"

His voice rattled the gourd dipper on the wall, but it was a whisper beside the howl he let out the next morning when Charlie walked into the post and asked for Matilda's hand in marriage.

"Marry my daughter?" he stormed. "Where you going to live—in a fox hole or a beaver dam?"

Charlie looked distressed. "I've heard," he said, "that you ran a few trap lines yourself when you first came out here, to get started."

Silas reddened. "We ain't talking about me," he snapped. "We're talking about you, and how my daughter ain't marrying no mushrat."

"I don't aim to trap any more," said Charlie. "I've saved up a right nice piece of money, and I've got twenty head of cattle over on my pa's place. I figured to settle down out back of the flats and raise cattle. Lots of good grass back there. Be good money in it."

"A cowboy!" sneered Silas. "Why, Matilda's got chances to marry educated men. Young Will Henderson's just waiting for her to say the word. And you think I'm going to let her marry a cow nurse? I'd as soon she married an Injun."

"Matilda's of a mind with me on this," Charlie said doggedly. "And it looks to me like a woman ought to have her own say on the man she marries."

"Matilda'll do what she's told," roared Silas. "And if I catch you trying to see her, I'll shoot you on sight. Now, get out!"

He lunged toward Charlie, but stumbled to one knee. Charlie bent and picked him up.

"I'm hoping," he said, "you'll change your mind."

That evening, the Haley household was a cave of winds. Silas threatened and her mother wept, but Matilda wouldn't budge. Finally she was ordered to her room until she changed her mind.

"I can't figure out why he's so set against me," said Charlie, after Matilda had slipped out the window to meet him.

"It's all my fault," mourned Matilda. "I should have broken it to him more gently—let him think it was his idea. I don't think he has anything against you, really. It's just that he started out with nothing, and he's always had his head set on me marrying somebody with education, you know. Now that his head's set, he'll never change it."

"Makes it a problem," said Charlie.

"But I'm not going to change mine either," said Matilda. "You say the word and I'll go with you right now."

Charlie shook his head. "Wouldn't seem right," he said. "When we marry, I want it done right. In church, with your folks and mine there. I figure you ought to meet my folks first too. Proper."

"Oh," said Matilda, "maybe they won't like me, what with the way my folks are acting and all."

"They couldn't help it," he said gently, holding her head against his chest and smoothing her hair with a big right hand.

"What are we going to do?" she asked, as women have asked since time and parents began. And he, in keeping with the ancient pattern, said, "Don't you worry. We'll think of something."

He promised to get in touch with her, and she slipped back through the window and the next morning appeared for breakfast looking drawn but determined. Her mother was distressed, but she began to hope when days went by and Charlie didn't show up, and when Silas told her that he had heard that Charlie had left and gone upriver she began to have real hope that Matilda would forget him.

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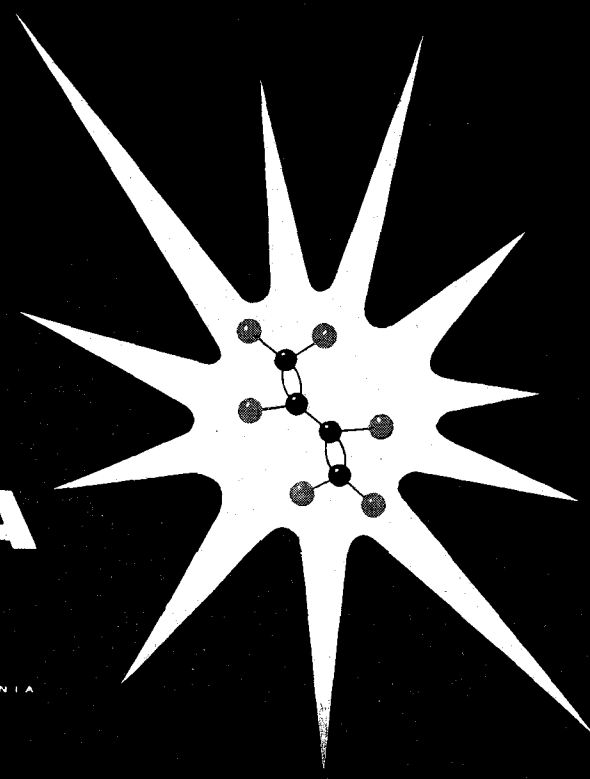

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Her hope grew as Matilda began to mope less, and it turned to open joy when she finally agreed to go for a walk with Will Henderson. Happily, her mother helped her put on her best dress and pack a huge basket of food.

"That's a good idea," she said slyly. "The way to a man's heart, you know." She sniffed and smiled as Matilda and Will disappeared around the hillside.

Silas crowed triumphantly when she told him the news at noontime. His mood was shattered, though, when Will burst into the trading post a few minutes later and staggered to the counter, his feet muddy, his clothes disheveled and one side of his face bruised.

"Indians!" he panted. "Indians!"

Everyone looked at him curiously, including two Indians lounging near the door.

"What about Indians?" asked Silas.

"They've got Matilda," Will croaked. "We were walking out beyond Taylors' farm, when a whole bunch of Indians jumped out of the bushes and grabbed her."

"Good Lord," Silas shuddered. "It must be Blackfeet. I didn't think they'd come down this far. A raiding party, likely. Didn't you try to stop them?"

"Stop them?" exclaimed Will. "The whole bunch of them?" He drew himself up. "I was simply overpowered, sir. I got several of the scoundrels, but the others carried her off, kicking and screaming, scratching and clawing."

"Poor little Matilda," moaned Silas. "My little baby. How many Blackfeet were there?"

"A whole war party," said Will. "Well, a half dozen, anyhow. Or four or five."

"Well, don't stand there," snapped Silas. "Go get a posse! We'll track the dirty savages down to the last man! Get your horses!"

Several of the younger men left with a whoop, but some of the older ones thought they ought to go over to the next town and get the marshal. The two Indians said they weren't interested. There were good Indians and bad Indians, they said; they were good Indians.

"She no make good squaw," said the older one. "They bring her back."

Finally a posse was organized and they tore off into the woods. They found hoofprints, but it got dark before they could make out where they were going. The next day they lost the trail at a creek, and by midafternoon everyone but Silas had given up. Matilda's mother was beyond comforting when Silas finally slumped home and admitted defeat.

"And to think," she wept, "that I sent her to that fate." Silas patted her shoulder and said, no, it was his fault for being so hardheaded.

The women of the village agreed it was a terrible thing, but they were secretly pleased that the way to young Will Henderson was now open. The men entertained themselves with accounts of what the Blackfeet were said to do with white women. Will took to his bed.

On the third afternoon after the kidnaping, Mrs. Haley, still grieving, sat on the back stoop, her tears mingling with the beans she was stringing, when suddenly she heard a voice calling, "Mamma! Mamma!" and Matilda burst out of the woods and came running toward the house. Her clothes were torn, her hair hung about wildly, and her face and hands were scratched, mute testimony of her terrified flight through the forest.

"Mercy be praised, child!" cried her mother. "You're safe!"

Matilda looked toward the woods with horror-filled eyes.

"Oh, get me inside, Mamma," she wept.

Her mother helped her inside, bathed her scratches, calmed her and helped her into clean clothes.

"Are you all right, child?" she asked anxiously. "I mean, they didn't harm you, did they?"

"I'm all right, mamma," Matilda said weakly. "I'll tell you all about it in a minute. Just let me rest a little while."

"Of course, sweet child," crooned her mother. "You don't have to talk. You just lie here and rest."

Matilda lay quietly until Silas got home, and then she managed to totter to the table and consume a huge meal.

"Poor baby," her mother soothed. "You're just starved. And no wonder. Oh, baby, are you sure you're all right?"

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Matilda looked down at her hands in her lap.

"Yes, I'm all right, mamma," she said softly. "I—I guess."

Her mother looked at her, shocked.

"What do you mean?" she demanded. "Matilda, look at me! Now, tell me straight. That savage didn't —— I mean, he didn't —— You didn't stay with him, did you?"

Matilda nodded numbly. "Yes," she said faintly, turning away.

"By George," thundered Silas, "that's all I need to know! I'm going to get the marshal tomorrow. We'll wipe them out. Yessir. Wipe them out!"

His wife drew herself up stiffly. "You'll do no such thing," she snapped, and her voice had the ring of sudden authority. Silas looked at her in surprise.

"You're not going to say one word about this to anybody," she said firmly. "You go spreading the word around that Matilda was forced to be that Indian's squaw, and what chance has she got to get a husband? Do you think any man's going to want another man's woman—a squaw? You want to have her here on our hands the rest of her life? You'll just act like nothing's happened. Matilda has come home safe and sound, and we're happy to forget the whole thing. And, Matilda"—she looked sharply at her daughter—"when Will Henderson comes courting tomorrow, you take him, and no questions, understand?"

For the first time in her life, Matilda nodded meekly. "Yes, mamma," she said.

And Mrs. Haley's plan might have worked had it not been for old Mrs. Wizner, who lived just up the hill from the Haleys. She and her husband had just finished discussing Matilda's escape and had retired for the night when she heard someone outside. Going to the window, she saw, as she told Mrs. Hanrahan next morning, "this heathen Indian standing there as big as life. Dark as it was, I could see his paint, and all them feathers sticking up, and he was hollering, 'Matilda, come back. Matilda, you my squaw now. Come back, Matilda!'"

For a few seconds, Mrs. Wizner gawked. Then she flapped her arms out the window.

"Shoo!" she hollered. "Shoo, you red heathen. Shoo out of here!"

The shadowy figure retreated quickly but quietly into the trees.

"Anyhow," Mrs. Wizner called, "you got the wrong house. Matilda Haley lives down the hill next door."

She turned back to where her husband was sitting up in bed. "Well, did you ever?" she asked. "His squaw!"

The next day Silas ran into Will Henderson on the street.

"Will, boy," he said, throwing a fatherly arm around the younger man. "Haven't you heard? Matilda's home! She got away!"

"Yes," said Will. "I heard."

"Well, ain't you going up to see her?"

Will fidgeted. "Well, now," he stammered. "From what I hear, she's already—you might say she's already taken. You might say she's already married to that Indian. I don't know that I want—that I should be calling on a man's wife, so to speak."

"Good Lord, boy!" Silas spluttered. "You don't put any stock in all this talk, do you?"

Will did. So, it appeared, did the other young men of the village. Matilda, they made it clear by their conduct toward Silas, was now regarded as secondhand goods.

"It's that awful Martha Wizner's fault," wailed Mrs. Haley. "I mighta known she'd be mad because I didn't ask her to my quilting bee. Now my poor baby will never get married!"

The thought made Silas' hair stand on end. Matilda just sat quietly, looking off into space.

Silas, with a heavy attempt at good humor, began making approaches to some of the more eligible young men, making it known that the lucky man who got Matilda would also get a nice tract of land, and maybe a good bit of money. There were no takers.

He had just about given up hope when, late one afternoon, he saw Charlie Benton passing the trading post. Charlie, he realized, had been upriver! He couldn't have heard! Maybe they could make a deal. Maybe it wouldn't even cost him anything. He'd have to work fast, though, and get the boy committed before he hung around and heard.

"Why, hello, there, Charlie," he called genially.

Charlie eyed him with suspicion.

"Been wondering where you were," said Silas, patting Charlie on the shoulder. "Hope you didn't take what I said last time too much to heart, boy. You know how a father hates to lose a daughter. Makes him say things he doesn't mean." He dabbed at his eyes.

"I've been thinking," he continued, "about what you said about that ranch, and about what nice folks you come from. And"—he nudged Charlie and grinned confidentially—"I bet I know where there's a pretty little girl that'll be awfully glad to hear you're back."

Charlie looked at him sorrowfully.

"I'm sorry," he said.

"Huh?"

"I heard," said Charlie.

"You heard?" Silas quavered.

"I heard."

Silas grabbed him desperately by the shirt.

"Look, boy," he said. "Don't put no faith in all this talk. Matilda's just as good as new. A good woman, boy, with all that old stubborn, headstrong streak taken out of her. She'll make you a good wife, Charlie. A good strong wife for a rancher, I always said. Yessir, a nice, gentle, obedient wife."

Charlie shook his head in embarrassment.

"It wouldn't seem right," he said. "You know. A squaw."

Silas was sweating.

"Boy," he said, "I'll tell you what I'll do. You take Matilda, and I'll throw in that big piece of land I own, back there between the ranges, right in there where you said you'd like to graze cattle."

Charlie looked thoughtful, but then shook his head.

"I'll throw in fifty head of cattle, Charlie. You be in business. A big man. A rancher. And when I die, you and Matilda will get the post here and the house. And I'm not one to brag, Charlie, but you'll come into a nice piece of money, boy. I haven't gotten this reputation for being a hard trader for nothing. Think of it, boy. And she's in first-class shape. Good as new. Loves you too. How about it?"

Charlie gazed out the doorway. Twice he walked to the door and back again, then stopped and looked the older man straight in the eye.

"Put it in writing," he said simply.

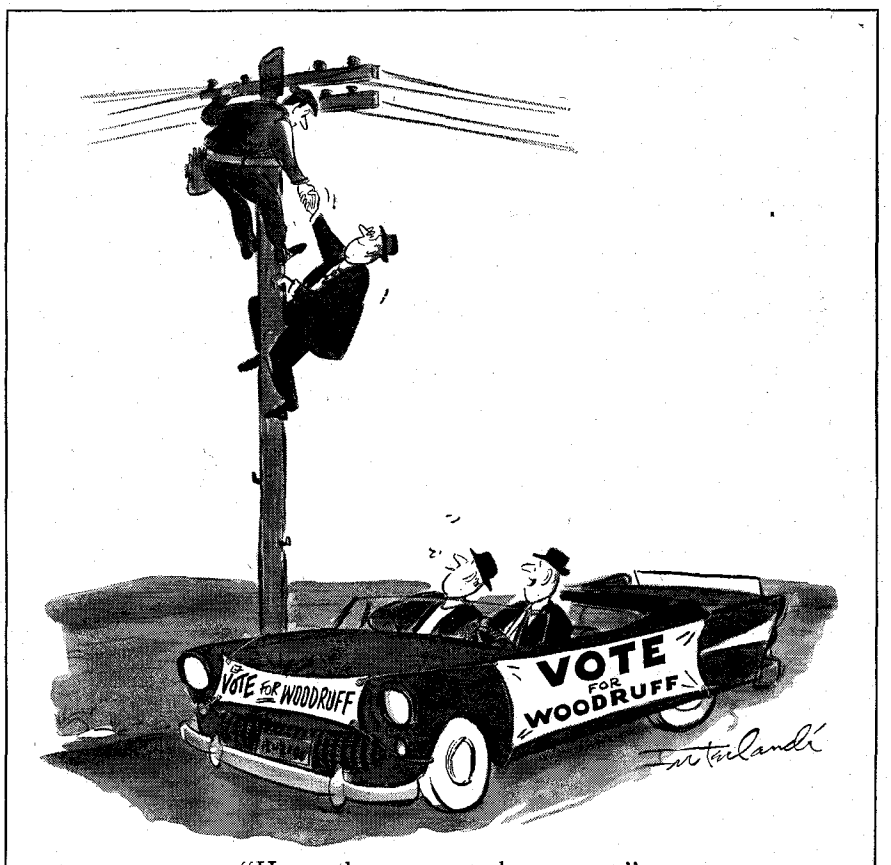
Silas scrambled to get pencil and paper, and when he had done writing both men signed.

"Have her at the church at ten in the morning," Charlie said flatly. "You and your missus. I'll be there with my folks. If I'm going to do it"—he straightened, and a sad look came over his face—"I'm going to do it proper, just like I promised her once, before ——"

He turned and left the store.

The Haleys were waiting with the preacher the next morning when the Bentons arrived, dressed in their best Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes. Mrs. Haley had been doubtful about Matilda wearing a white wedding dress, considering the circumstances, but Matilda snapped back into her old ways and sat down and refused to go through with it unless she could wear the dress she'd always planned to wear. She stood now in front of the preacher, as prim and pretty as if nothing had ever happened.

"Stand over here," she said to her father. "I'm not supposed to see him until we're standing before the preacher. It'd be bad luck."



"He needs every vote he can get."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Bad luck, thought Silas, sweating. The church had filled quickly as the news got around, and Silas could feel the eyes of the curious on them as he walked forward to hand Matilda over. At least, he thought gratefully, Matilda and Charlie were playing their parts well. She looked as demure and radiant as any bride who ever said "I do" and lifted a white veil, and Charlie looked at her with what anybody would have thought was pure love as he gave her a kiss that brought smiles and tears all over the church. Then they were outside, and Silas and his wife turned to greet the Bentons.

Strangely, Charlie was grinning like a hyena, and Matilda was laughing as she kissed her mother and turned to be gathered in by Mrs. Benton, while Charlie's father pumped his son's hand proudly. It occurred to Silas that they didn't know the untidy truth.

"You looked so sweet," Charlie's mother said to Matilda. "Just like I said when you were over at our place, I knew you'd be a lovely bride."

Silas gaped.

"I didn't know you and Matilda had ever met," he said.

Mrs. Benton regarded him with a puzzled smile.

"Why, now, Matilda was with us for two days week before last, remember? I knew when Charlie brought her home that she was the right one for my boy."

She turned to Mrs. Haley, who stood openmouthed.

"It was mighty neighborly of you to send those pickles and things by Matilda," she said, taking Mrs. Haley's hand. "Now, you've just got to come over and try some of my preserves, now that we're family."

Silas stared at his daughter and turned slowly green as realization crept in.

"You," he muttered sickly to Charlie. "You're the Indian. There wasn't any war party. Just you."

"Ugh," said Charlie. "Just me. Chief Sharp Trader."

"Me squaw," said Matilda. "Squaw Think-Up-Idea."

Silas made choking sounds. "You staged it," he wheezed. "That paper. My property. You cheated me."

But Charlie was pulling a familiar piece of paper from his pocket.

"Here you are," he said, handing it to Silas. "This"—he looked down adoringly at Matilda—"is all I wanted. I just had to pretend to drive a hard bargain to make sure I got her."

Silas looked at the paper and back to the couple before him. Suddenly his eyes began to mist and he found it hard to speak.

"Shucks," he said, thrusting it toward Charlie. "Take it. I want you to have it."

The news spread through the crowd, and Charlie and Matilda were surrounded by well-wishers, laughing and shaking Charlie's hand. Then Silas motioned for quiet.

"All right," he shouted. "I admit it. I got outsmarted. But," he said, with a fond glance at his daughter and her husband, "it took my own children to do it. Now, everybody up to my house. As soon as I get through explaining to the Bentons here, who must be a mite puzzled by all this, we're going to have a wedding party that is a wedding party."

It was too. As Matilda said, it was a good way to start a good marriage, and a good marriage it proved to be. She and Charlie built one of the finest ranches in this part of the country before they were done, and brought up seven good sons. My father was one of them, and if we've inherited anything from Matilda Benton, including her stubbornness, I'm not apologizing for it. THE END

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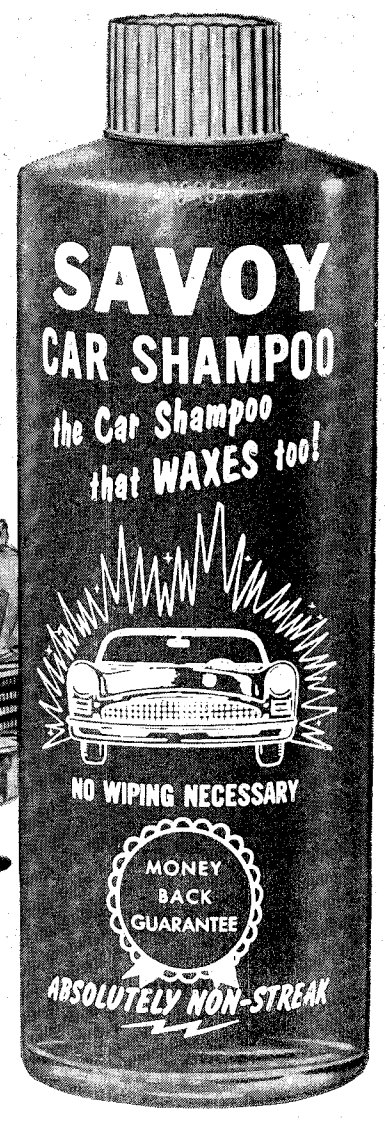

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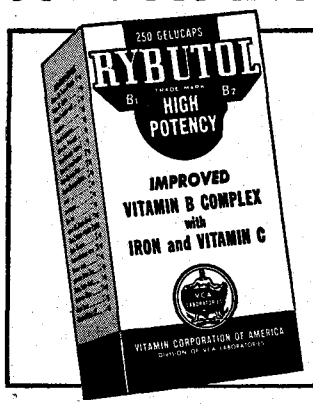

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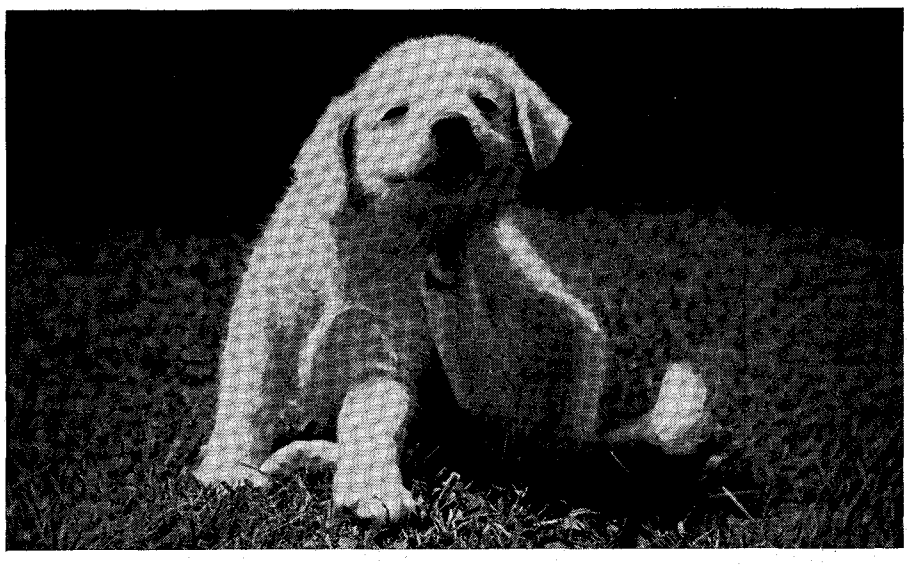

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The Stranded Blonde (Continued from Page 34)

one large suitcase for my vacation in Europe. It isn't much fun to start a vacation by losing all your clothes."

I could see she was feeling pretty bad about it, and I didn't blame her. Nobody likes to lose his clothes. I said, "Baggage never gets lost, Miss Robbins! It may be misplaced for a day or two, but never lost. We'll have it back in no time."

"But this is terribly inconvenient," she said, speaking very earnestly, with a small, concerned frown between her eyes. "I have nothing to wear! I can't go around in this suit all the time, and I need other things too."

I took a good look at the suit and I must say it fitted her very well. Charcoal flannel—very practical for traveling—with a Kelly-green ascot to match her eyes.

"We can take care of that," I said. "If you need, uh—necessities——" Suddenly I wished I had the passenger-traffic manual handy for a quick check on the female equivalent of the socks, shirt, underwear and razor I knew could be purchased for a male passenger in the same fix.

"I have a toothbrush in my overnight bag," she said, "but I'll need underwear, nylons, a nightgown and cosmetics." There went my need for the manual.

"All right," I agreed; "if you'll buy what you need and bring me the receipts, we'll reimburse you."

That was fine with her, and she didn't seem so insecure then. There are many ways to keep passengers happy, and one is to make them feel secure. She showed signs of leaving, so I asked her what she was going to do when she got back to the States.

"Resign," she said, "and stay home for a while. Greece was fun, but I'm ready for a good long session in the U.S."

I asked her where home was and, when she said New York, I was able to keep her another ten minutes talking about it.

When she finally stood up to leave, she turned to me and said, "I hope you'll be as understanding and as generous about my hotel bill." Her smile was very sweet.

In spite of the smile, I said, "I'm afraid not, Miss Robbins. Since you had planned a stopover in Florence, the hotel expenses are on you."

The smile on her good-natured lips didn't waver as she said, "I had planned two days in Florence. If I have to wait any longer than that, Trans-Atlantic pays the bill. Right?"

That was right, and I admitted it. "But," I said, "there's no fear of that. We'll probably have your suitcase for you tomorrow morning. It can't be very far."

As I reached for the door to let her out, it occurred to me that she knew quite a bit about the rights and privileges of passengers.

"How did you happen to know that an airline will buy necessities, and possibly pay for a night or two in a hotel in a case like this?" I asked.

Giving me that serious, wide-eyed look again, she said, "Oh, I guess I forgot to tell you. I was in the transportation office of the mission in Athens. I learned lots of things about the airline business." There was no doubt then that I was dealing with more than a casual vacation traveler—in more ways than one.

After I sent the telegrams about the Robbins bag, I picked Mr. Graham's letter up to see if anything had inspired a decision since the last time I had read it, but somehow I just couldn't bring myself to a commitment one way or the other. I had almost forgotten Helen Robbins' pale blond hair when Signor Casali stuck his curly Tuscan head in the door.

Smiling he said, "She's back!" His eyebrows lifted one full inch.

I followed him out to the passenger counter again, and there she was. She put four small bundles on the counter and held out four receipts to me.

I read them one at a time, adding the amounts in my head. I came to the total and said, more or less to myself, "Twelve thousand, four hundred lire." Then I converted to dollars—twice—and could hardly believe it. "That's twenty dollars!" I said. I had never spent twenty dollars on underwear and socks and things like that at one time in my life.

"These are necessities, Mr. Denton," she said sweetly. Well, I've never been married, but I've been around people who are, and I know there is no point in quibbling over a woman's idea of necessities.

I paid her, and as she was happily gathering her packages I said, "I'll have to know where you're staying so I can let you know when we find your suitcase."

"I'm staying at the Grand Hotel," Miss Robbins said. "Call me any time." She laughed, waved gaily and was gone.

Next morning there were two telegrams on my desk—one from Rome saying simply and clearly that the suitcase was not there, and the other from Milan saying the same thing. Not very helpful. Then I took the next step and wrote cables to the Trans-Atlantic offices in Paris, London and New York. Writing them, I thought of the expense of the cables, which, added to the cost of Miss Robbins' so-called necessities, made mishandled baggage a pretty expensive proposition.

When I called to tell her how little I had learned so far and what else I had done, I heard her sigh with disappointment as she said, "Oh, my." Then she seemed to cheer up as she said, "I'm afraid I'll need some more things, Mr. Denton. I really can't go on living in this suit."

"What do you really need?" I asked, hoping she would get the idea.

Tentatively but somehow brightly she said, "Well, I'm afraid I'll need a dress."

That's what I was afraid of too. "What kind of a dress do you need?" I asked.

"Nothing elaborate, Mr. Denton—really. Just a simple little ready-made dress. Something to tide me over until my suitcase arrives."

There seemed to be no escaping it, so I said, "All right. Just bring me the receipt. Get what you need, but you know—within reason."

"Oh, of course, Mr. Denton," she said. "I'll be as reasonable as if I were spending my own money." It sounded all right at first, but the more I thought about it, the more uneasy it made me.

When she sailed in an hour later, smiling happily, I caught a look at the name on the suit box she was carrying and almost fell out of my chair. "Miss Robbins! Pacci!" was all I could gasp.

"Yes," she said, very pleased with herself. "I had heard about Pacci, and just went in to look around. Luckily, they had exactly what I wanted. A gold print chemise. Very practical, you know." She looked at me very seriously and practically. "They wanted fifty thousand lire for it, but the customer they had made it for had never come back, so I got it for twenty-five thousand. Fits me perfectly. Wasn't I lucky?" She was so sweet, and so pleased with herself, that I couldn't have been angry even if we had been married.

I managed a sort of smile and said, "Yes. Very lucky." Then I took a deep

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breath and said, "Well, I guess you're all set now and won't need anything more until your suitcase arrives."

She was cagy. In a low voice, she said, "That depends on when it gets here." Then, as I reached for a petty-cash slip, she said, "Oh, by the way, I needed some more little things—you know." She pushed two more receipts for another seven thousand lire toward me.

With the help of the petty-cash book, I did some quick mental arithmetic and said, "Miss Robbins! That's forty-four thousand, four hundred lire so far. Seventy-two dollars!"

Her eyes opened wide and she said, "My, Italy is expensive, isn't it?"

"I know you need all these things," I said firmly, "but please be reasonable."

She listened to my feeble protest, then said, softly and sweetly, "I wouldn't have had to buy all these things if Trans-Atlantic hadn't lost my suitcase."

"Not lost, Miss Robbins. Misplaced," I reminded her.

"Misplaced," she repeated after me. "Now, if you'll let me have my money, there are a few more things I want to buy. For myself," she added quickly, so I closed my mouth again.

Things went on that way for the rest of the week. Nobody seemed to have the Robbins bag, and Helen Robbins, who had become the guest of Trans-Atlantic Airlines, seemed to be having the time of her life shopping, and there wasn't a thing I could do about it.

She had to have a skirt and blouse on Wednesday, and a pale gold blouse with a stand-up collar and deep neckline on Thursday. Also on Thursday she broke a heel on her only pair of shoes and, as she explained when she came in to be reimbursed, was lucky to be right in front of Ferragamo's when it happened. I felt myself go white when she gave me the tab for thirty dollars, and something icy clutched at my lower ribs at the thought of Mr. Graham's reaction to my disbursement report for May.

Friday she didn't need anything but another skirt—a gay, flowered one—and a handkerchief-linen blouse to go with it. White.

By Friday afternoon the total bill for clothes was up to one hundred and ninety-six dollars, and Trans-Atlantic Airlines owed the Grand Hotel seventy-eight dollars. Also on Friday, late, there was a cable from our office in Athens. I read it rapidly, gave a big sigh of relief and put in a call for Helen.

"We've found your suitcase," I said.

"That's fine," she said, relieved. "Where is it?"

"Still in Athens," I said, wishing for the moment that I didn't have to admit it. Interpreting the sparse wording of the cable, I explained that the identification portion of the claim check had apparently been torn off before the bag had been loaded, and without that there was no way of knowing where it was to go or to whom it belonged.

"When will it be here?" she asked.

"I'm cabling Athens now to send it to Milan on tomorrow morning's flight, which will arrive there about noon. Do you want to go to Milan on the morning train and meet it?"

The sooner I got her out of town, the sooner my disbursement report would settle back to normal. I didn't particularly want her to leave so soon, but business is business, and Mr. Graham can be pretty tough about what he considers nonessential expenses.

She was quiet a moment, then said, "No, I don't think I would care to do that. Something else might go wrong, and I don't want to do this all over again in Milan. I think I'll wait here in Florence."

"But, Helen," I said, "it will take an extra day to send it here by train. You know there's no air service to Florence."

"I know," she said, "but I'm so comfortable here, and Florence is so pleasant. I think I'd better wait here at least until I know my suitcase is in Milan. Then I'll go."

There was a slight change in her voice as though she thought I was trying to get rid of her. In fact, she sounded a little hurt. So, although we're usually pretty formal with passengers, I said, "How about dinner tonight? We can talk about it then."

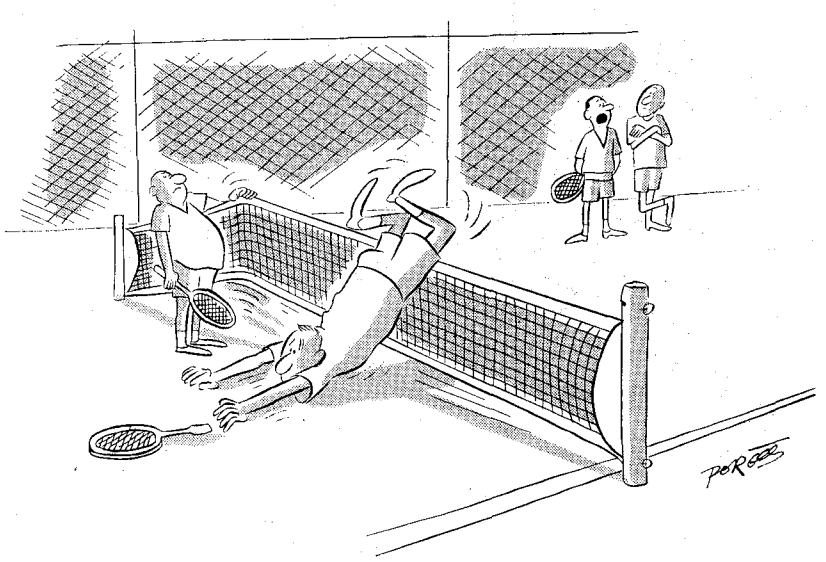
She said, "Well—that would be very nice."

At seven o'clock I was waiting in the lobby of the Grand, facing the elevators when she came out. She was wearing the dress from Pacci and the Ferragamo shoes, and I must say the total effect was spectacular. I was going to tell her, in spite of what she had done to my disbursement report, when she stopped for a moment at one of the jewelry-display cases.

"Helen," I said, "jewelry is absolutely out!"

She looked at me sort of blandly and said, "I know. I was only looking." It was a close one though.

The evening was a success, as far as I was concerned, even though I didn't get around to convincing her that she should go up to Milan next day. I drove her out to Villa la Massa for cocktails and the view, and we came back to Harry's for



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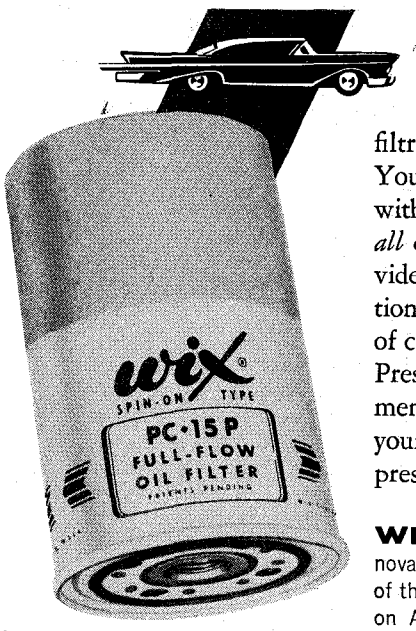

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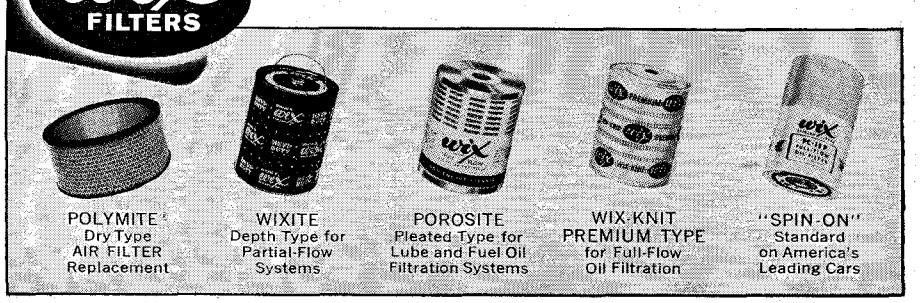

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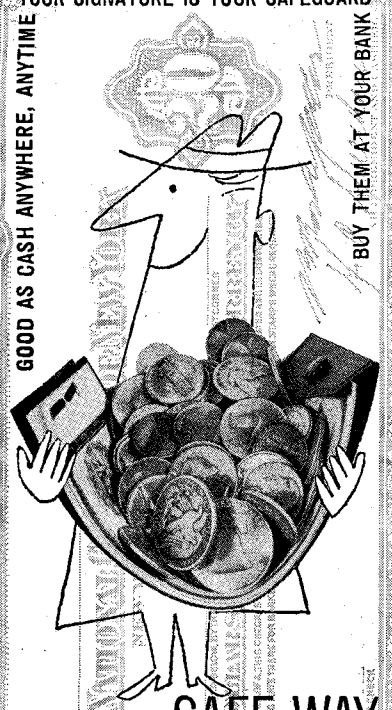

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dinner. When we went to the Baglioni Roof for dancing, I still hadn't got around to the subject of her leaving Florence. With my arm around her, dancing, the disbursement report didn't seem terribly important. When we talked, we didn't talk about misplaced baggage, and we only touched once on the subject of airlines, and then lightly. That was when I told her about Mr. Graham's letter about deciding whether I was going to stay in Florence or go back to New York. She agreed that it would be a difficult choice, which didn't help me much.

I don't usually go to the office Saturdays, but this time I did, to see if there was anything new on the Robbins bag. There was nothing, and when I called to tell her, she wasn't in her room. I phoned Saturday afternoon from my apartment, but she was still out. I had thought she might like to come up for a drink and to see the view. At eight o'clock she still hadn't come in, and I wondered where she could be.

Sunday I called her several times, but she wasn't in and I just loafed around all day.

Monday morning, instead of a message from Milan confirming the arrival there of the Robbins bag, there was a handful of cables from all over Europe, it seemed. It took me half an hour to read them and figure out what had happened to that suitcase.

It had arrived in Milan on Saturday, all right, but by mistake was sent on to Geneva, except that the plane was diverted to Zurich because of thunderstorms. Milan radioed Paris to intercept the bag; Paris did not find it when the plane arrived there and asked the handling airline at Zurich what had happened. They, according to my copy of the radio, had sent it back to Athens by mistake, and they were very sorry. I was sorry, too, but that did not alter the fact that the Robbins bag was back in Athens. As closely as I could figure it, that suitcase was worth about three hundred and fifty dollars to Trans-Atlantic Airlines, in addition to its value to Helen Robbins.

I was sitting at my desk, holding my head, when Helen walked in. Neither of us felt it was necessary any longer for Ubaldo to announce her, or for her to bother to knock. After all, as I had explained to her, I didn't seem to have much else to do lately but try and bring that suitcase to earth.

She had a wide smile for me as she asked, "Well, where is my suitcase?"

"In Athens. Again." I had to be honest.

She laughed gaily. "This is getting to be funny," she said.

I didn't think it was very funny. In fact, I was beginning to feel a little silly about the whole thing. There shouldn't be anything difficult in stopping a misplaced suitcase, when you know where it is. But here was this Robbins bag, shuttling back and forth, messages flying all over Europe, telephone calls—ridiculous.

Very firmly I said, "Your suitcase is leaving Athens tonight and will arrive in Milan tomorrow at noon." I nodded once, decisively, and she did the same thing, imitating me. Then, when she laughed, I couldn't help laughing with her. She might have been angry.

"All right," she said. "As soon as it gets there, let me know and I'll go and get it." She was quiet for a moment, then said, "That was fun the other evening—dinner and everything." I agreed with her. It had been fun.

She left the office then, and I walked to the front door with her. Passengers like personal attention. She turned to walk down the street and I watched her out of sight. The men in Italy turn and look at women out of habit, but when they turned to watch Helen Robbins, they stopped walking while they watched.

After lunch that day, I was crossing the Piazza della Signoria on my way back to the office. About halfway across I caught a glimpse of blond hair. I double-timed and, sure enough, it was Helen Robbins in her new gold blouse. I was about twenty yards behind when I noticed that she was walking with a man. When I got a little closer and saw who the man was, I was absolutely astonished. Paolo Vinci! I've known Paolo Vinci a long time—not very well, but I know plenty about him. I certainly thought Helen would have known better.

I was going to catch up and talk to her, but it made me a little sore, seeing her walking along, talking and laughing with Vinci, so I stayed behind them. No wonder she was in no hurry to leave Florence!

She didn't come to the office that afternoon, and I had plenty of time to think things over and decide what I'd tell her when I saw her. A girl like Helen Robbins should have sense enough to steer clear of types like Paolo Vinci, and if she didn't, then somebody should tell her.

When I left the office Monday afternoon, I walked down to Harry's Bar for a drink. I sat there awhile, talking to Raffaelo, but Helen didn't come in and neither did Paolo Vinci.

I felt in need of some fresh air when I left Harry's, so I walked down to the Excelsior and listened to the piano for a while. She wasn't there either. She wasn't in the Grand, so I went home. The Arno looked like a slow green trickle that evening, and the Ponte Vecchio below my balcony was nothing but an old bridge. There were floodlights on the tower of the Palazzo, but they were pretty dim. Before I went to bed I decided not to worry about her any more. She would be leaving tomorrow or the next day—and that was just the trouble.

Tuesday she wandered in around noon and sat in the chair next to my desk as though she owned the place. I knew I might not have another chance to talk to her seriously before she left, so I said, "Helen, there's something I want to talk to you about."

She gave me a bright sort of anticipatory smile and said, "What's that?"

I looked at her for a moment seriously, to give her a chance to understand that what I had to say was no laughing matter. I said, "Helen, you probably don't know much about Italian men, so maybe I should tell you."

She looked at me then with a puzzled, interested expression and waited for me to continue.

"Italian men are very romantic," I went on, "but you shouldn't let that impress you. They're very gay and attentive, but the whole thing is a great big wonderful game to them. *Amore*, they call it."

She no longer looked puzzled, only interested. There was no smile, either, as she watched me, listening.

"I saw you with Paolo Vinci yesterday," I said, "and I think you should be more careful."

"Of what?" she asked in a direct, level tone. I had the feeling all of a sudden that she wasn't too pleased with my warning.

"You see, there's a group of characters who hang around the hotels and places like that looking for rich, young, attractive American women. Vinci is one of them."

In that same level tone she said, "But I'm not rich."

"Perhaps not," I said, "but you certainly look it in all the new clothes we've bought you since you've been here, and I really think you should be more careful. I'm only telling you for your own good."

There was a short silence while she watched me. Then she asked, "Have you finished?"

I nodded.

"All right," she said and changed her position slightly, almost ominously, as though bracing herself. I noticed, too, for the first

(*Continued on Page 116*)

"The game was called because of broken glass."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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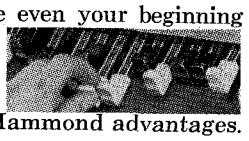

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(*Continued from Page 114*) time, a glitter of ice in those blue-green eyes. They narrowed slightly as she started to speak.

"I met Paolo Vinci because a friend who was here last year asked him to look me up when I arrived. That friend, in case you're interested, is a business associate of my father. I met Paolo the day I arrived, but that was also the day I met you. Then, when I realized that that duty dinner was all the attention I could expect from you, I asked Paolo to show me something of Florence, and that is exactly what he did."

I should have known there would be some logical explanation, so I said, "Oh, I didn't understand. I thought that you—that ——" I stopped to give myself a chance to find the right words, because it was beginning to look as though I might be getting in over my head.

Helen didn't give me a chance, though. She said, "You thought that because Trans-Atlantic Airlines is buying my clothes and paying my bills, you can tell me how to conduct myself. Is that it?"

I wanted to tell her that that wasn't quite the way it was, but I didn't have a chance. "Well, let me tell *you* something," she said, and by this time she was right on the edge of her chair. "Trans-Atlantic Airlines doesn't seem to care if I sit in my hotel room all day and every evening reading guidebooks while they're trying to find the suitcase they lost! And in case you're interested, Mr. Denton, I've seen more of Florence in the last three days than I would have if I had waited any longer for you!" She stood up quickly and started toward the door.

She had the whole thing wrong—or I had, and I wanted to tell her. But she paid no attention when I asked her to wait a minute, and disappeared through the door. *Well*, I thought, *I've really fixed it*. It was all unfinished, misunderstood—all wrong.

I sat for a moment, running over what I had said, and how I had said it. The idea still seemed all right to me, but somehow in the saying it had lost something. I could also see that there were two things I should have done. First, I should have kept my advice to myself, and second, I should have been more careful of how I offered it. I was confused.

I began to wonder if somebody, somewhere, would one day figure out a way to prevent passengers from separating themselves from their baggage, because that was what had caused all the trouble. That reminded me of Helen's bag again, so I put in a call for Charley Magner, the district manager up in Milan. I knew, too, that after I talked to him I'd have an excuse to call Helen, or go round to her hotel and explain to her what I had really meant.

> A lot of women keep their schoolgirl figures best in their high-school annuals.
>
> DAN BENNETT

When Charley came on the line, I said, "Charley, I hate to bother you, but this Robbins bag is getting to be a pain in the neck."

I didn't hear what Charley said then, because I heard a loud gasp from the doorway and looked up. There was Helen Robbins.

"Here she is now," I said, then listened while Charley explained that the bag was right there in his office, where he would keep it until Helen arrived and claimed it.

She was still standing in the doorway when I hung up. I was very glad to see her, because I knew that if she had really been angry with me, she wouldn't have come back. I said, "Everything is fine. Your suitcase is definitely in Milan."

I had expected her to be pleased, but she didn't say anything. She glared at me.

"I heard what you called me," she said accusingly.

I was baffled. "What did I call you?" I asked.

"You called me a bag. 'This Robbins bag is a pain in the neck'—that's what you said just now, on the telephone, when you thought I wasn't listening!"

For a moment I didn't know what she was talking about, but as I began to understand, the whole thing seemed ridiculously funny. I laughed.

With as much dignity as she could get into that sweet face and slim little figure, she said, "I only came back to tell you that I wasn't really angry with you, because after I left I realized that you were really trying to protect me. And what happens? I hear you, of all people, calling me a bag! On the telephone!" The way she said it made it seem as though the telephone made it worse.

I said, "Helen, I was talking about your suitcase. In Trans-Atlantic Airlines, we would never refer to a passenger as a bag."

I stopped laughing then, when I noticed the tremble on her lower lip. "Everything has gone wrong," she said slowly and sadly. "First my suitcase got lost, and you kept trying to rush me out of Florence. Then you called me a bag, and now you're laughing at me."

She turned and started for the door again. This time I was a little faster, or she was a little slower, because she didn't quite make it.

"Helen," I said seriously, "I wasn't laughing at you, any more than I called you a bag. It only seemed funny that you would hear part of the conversation and misunderstand the whole thing—just the way I misunderstood about you and Vinci."

"Let me go," she said.

"I will," I said, "as soon as you tell me you believe me."

She watched me dubiously for a moment, then said, "You're sure you weren't talking about me?"

"I'm sure," I said.

She watched me some more before she said, "W-e-e-ll, let's forget it then. We're even on the misunderstandings now." She gave a little sigh and said, "It doesn't really matter, I guess, since I'll be leaving tomorrow."

Leaving tomorrow! How would she get along without me, I wondered. What would I do all day, now that the Robbins bag had been located? I let my hands drop from her shoulders, and one hand nudged a letter off my desk. I bent to pick it up, and saw it was the one from Mr. Graham. Right then, Bang, I had the answer.

"Helen," I said, "wait two more days and I'll go with you."

"Go with me?" she said suspiciously. "Why should you go with me?"

"Because Trans-Atlantic Airlines has too much invested in you now to take any more chances," I said. "Besides, you know so much about the airline business you could probably be a big help to me."

She gave me one of those narrow looks again. "Give me one more reason," she said, "and you'd better make it a good one."

She lifted her lips very sweetly, and I made it as good a one as I could. When I got a chance to look at her, I saw that glitter again, deep in the blue eyes. This time there was no ice.

"Who pays my hotel bill for the extra two days?" she asked gently, after a minute or two.

"You do," I said.

She didn't even protest.

The Chains of Fear (Continued from Page 51)

room, "Zhenechka, come here a minute!" A young woman, also dressed in white, entered. He turned to her. "Zhenechka, take my place a while. I'll be back."

On the way home, he assured her, "It was an accident, surely an accident."

In the apartment house the news spread immediately. People crowded into her room, shaking their heads solemnly, a few even shedding tears as they tried to console her. Among themselves, however, they talked in whispers. And one of the neighbors said to her husband as they returned to their room, "Now that Sheptareva is alone with the little boy, that room is too big for them. Talk to the manager and get him to transfer Sheptareva to our room and us to hers."

"That's a good idea. I'll speak to him tomorrow. But it'll mean a bribe."

The following day a militiaman came to ask questions and take notes.

At five o'clock Semenov came. Evlalia Grigorievna had almost forgotten his existence. He entered her room from the corridor in his usual rough manner, pulled a chair back from the table and sat down.

"I know," he said curtly. "I was informed today. It's a hard blow. Has someone from the militia visited you?"

"Yes, this afternoon. Pavel Petrovich, I'm afraid!"

"Of what?"

"The NKVD did it to him. He was summoned to the NKVD and ——"

"Who summoned him? Why?"

"I don't know. He just got a summons."

"What summons? When was it sent?"

"Yesterday—that is, the day before. He got a summons, so he had to go. I waited, but he never came back. He was to go to Room Twenty-seven."

"Number Twenty-seven? Did he go there?"

"Yes, he did."

"Who told you? Did you find this out yourself? Did you go there yourself?"

"Yes, myself. A polite young man told ——"

"Polite? They're all polite over there!" shouted Semenov. "All right, I'll find out, but if I don't, then there's nothing to worry about. Suicide or an accident, isn't it the same?"

"What do you mean, the same? If it's suicide, then—then I'm to blame!"

"You?" He stared.

"Yes. He—you told me everything about him that time and I knew it was true, but —— When he came back he was so miserable that—I should have been sorry for him and protected him, but I ——"

"Sorry? Protected?" He exploded into another shout. "And who's sorry for you? Who's going to protect you?"

"You're sorry for me," Evlalia Grigorievna said with sincerity.

"I am?" Semenov averted his eyes. "I'm not sorry for you. It's—it's something quite different." He stared at the floor. Then he raised his head and said in another tone, "I'll tell you something, Little Bluebird. Even if you were guilty for what happened, you would still be innocent. That's how it is."

"I don't understand."

He waved it away and shifted in his chair. "Well, you have your son and that wonderful old lady. Do you have anyone else?"

"No one."

Semenov cracked his fingers pensively. "How strange I feel, looking at you! If you only knew!" he said. "How is it possible for a person like you to be living in these times? You have no strength, no will, no teeth or claws, no understanding, and not even friends around you! All that's left for you is to perish. But you don't perish. How is that? And it's absolutely vital to protect you—absolutely vital. You've got to be protected! I'm a Bolshevik—turn the whole world upside down, remake everything—that's what I'm for; that's what I do; that's what I am. But you—what are you exactly? I can't make it out. A little bluebird, that's what you are, but ——" Suddenly he got up and smiled guiltily. "You see, sometimes I talk a lot of nonsense. Don't listen; don't pay any attention."

He turned sharply, went to the coat rack, put on his coat and grabbed his cap. "Of course, there's sure to be a row all through the house now. This room's too large for you, and there'll be a wagonload of people scrambling to get it. But don't worry, don't even give it a thought. I'll bring it up over there"—he nodded in an unspecified side-way direction—"and they'll speak to the manager. Everything will fit like a glove, don't worry."

Evlalia Grigorievna smiled gratefully. "You think of ——"

"Of what?"

"Even this room—so they won't take it away from us."

"Oh, that! I thought of it, yes. Why? Because it's nothing but a worthless trifle! Our whole lives are full of trifles; that's what we're preoccupied with—trifles! That's all we care about. Big ones and small ones, it's all the same; this room or—the five-year plan. But if it's not a trifle, then we don't want to think about it because we can't think about it. So the worth-while things pass us by and never penetrate."

"What worth-while thing?" said Evlalia Grigorievna.

He did not answer. He moved toward the door. "You say your father was summoned to Room Number Twenty-seven. All right, I'll find out about it and let you know." Abruptly he turned and went out.

In early December, Lyubkin was summoned to Moscow. He remained an unexpectedly long time—two weeks. There was a rumor going around the directorate that "something was wrong," that "it looks as if our Lyubka's day of reckoning has come."

Suprunov, too, was worried. When he had finished the official part of his report, he asked Lyubkin in a lowered voice, "What's going on?"

Lyubkin hesitated for a moment and said, "Quite a lot. I'm waiting for the chance to (*Continued on Page 118*)

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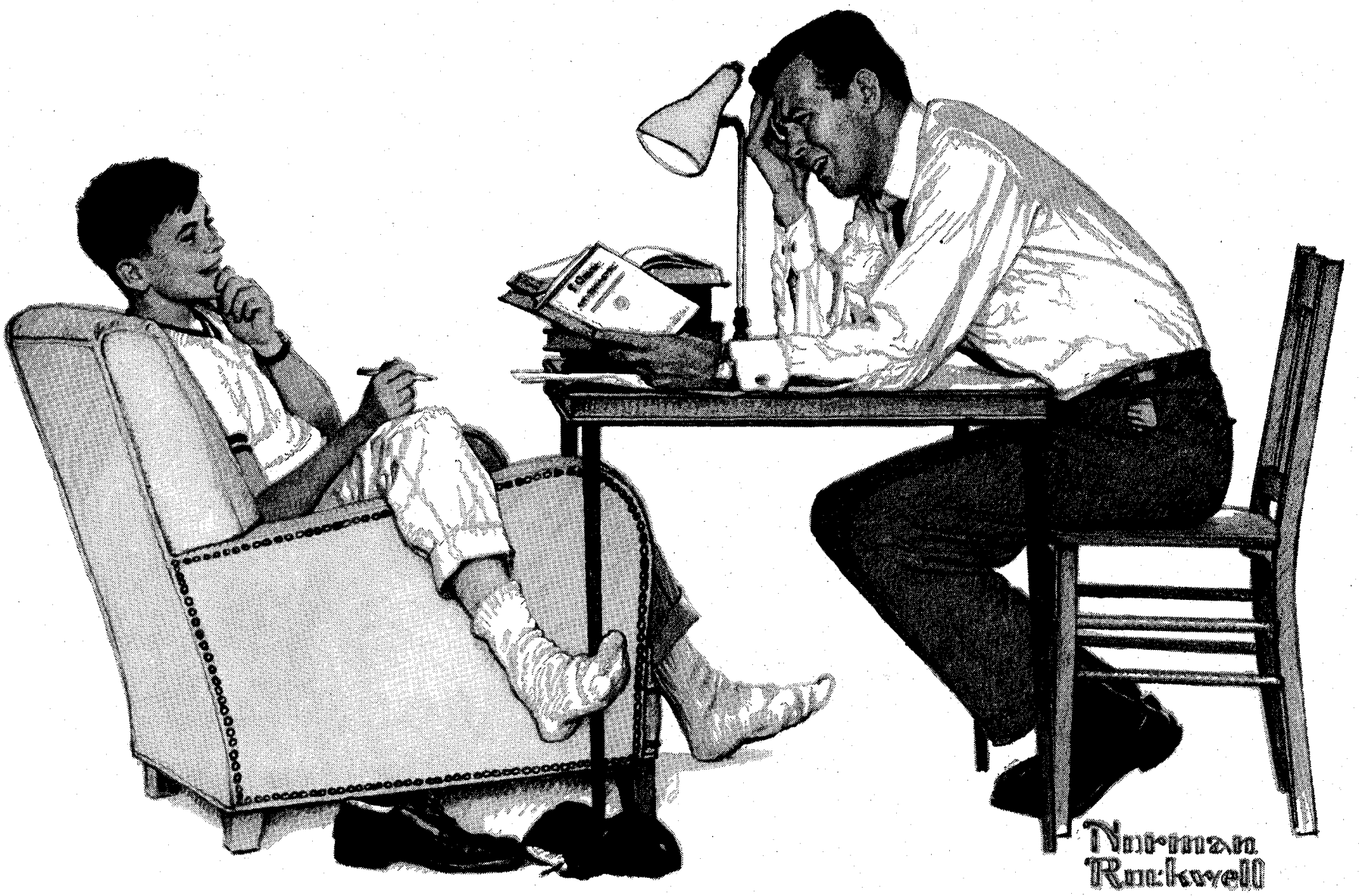

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(*Continued from Page 116*) tell you, Pavlusha. Are you free this evening?"

"About ten o'clock?"

"Ten would be all right. This is what we'll do: we'll go to the Theatralny and take a private room. All right?"

"All right."

The news which Lyubkin had brought from Moscow was, in fact, very important to him. He had been given an assignment in Afghanistan. It was dangerous, but he gave no consideration to danger. Something else caused him anxiety.

He was to form a group which would establish ties with the Indian Communists, furnish them literature, arms, money and instructors, and organize detachments of insurgents. It was necessary at the same time to play a double game with the Indian Nationalists. They reasoned with Lyubkin in Moscow. "If the Nationalists come out ahead, we can put the screws on them later. For the time being, you will work with them like brothers. Understand?"

Lyubkin understood. He understood far too clearly for his own comfort. This operation was to take place in a country whose government did not trust any Soviet citizen. Moreover, he had to reckon with the British.

"It's going to be rough," he said gloomily.

"Are you going to refuse, or what?"

He looked at the speaker stiffly. "I never refuse party demands."

Given the opportunity to choose an assistant, he at once named Suprunov. However, after two days he suddenly announced that Suprunov must stay with the directorate, and requested that they appoint Chichagin as his assistant. This caused amazement: Chichagin was suitable for the post, but it was known that Lyubkin detested him.

"Can you work with him?"

"He's the man for the job," Lyubkin answered quietly. "In the interests of the party, I do not inquire whether a man is personally pleasing to me, comrade."

They looked at him with wonder and respect. It was a spirit they all remembered, but few believed it still existed.

That evening, as they had agreed, Lyubkin and Suprunov went to the Theatralny and took a private room. Assigned to them as their waiter was old Sergei Fedorovich, who, in the days before the revolution, had worked at the Cuba, Petrograd's most fashionable restaurant.

Lyubkin slapped him on the shoulder. "Today, old fellow, I haven't any whims. You can choose the menu yourself. Give us a minimum of food, but as tasty as possible, and plenty to drink."

The old waiter went out, and Lyubkin sat next to Suprunov on a couch and began to tell him about his assignment in a low voice. From time to time, Suprunov interrupted with a question, and upon receiving the answer, went on listening, squeezing his silver cigarette case tightly with his fingers. All through the account he did not express an opinion, but Lyubkin could see his displeasure.

"Well, there you have it. That's all, I guess," Lyubkin finished. He was silent a moment. "What do you say?" he urged.

Slowly Suprunov opened his silver case, took out a cigarette, stared for a few seconds at the burning match, took a drag and blew out a couple of puffs. "Congratulations."

Lyubkin made a wry face. "Cut that out. Talk sense."

"And why aren't you talking sense? Why aren't you taking me with you?" said Suprunov.

"You take over the directorate, Pavlusha."

"The directorate?" said Suprunov. He sneered. "As far as I'm concerned, the directorate can go to hell. You know that. But you won't be crying about that in Afghanistan, will you?" He got up abruptly. He adjusted his belt with an automatic, absent-minded tug of his hand, and holding his cigarette daintily between his fingers, he looked angrily at his friend. "As long as you're going to talk about it, Efrem, then let's have it all. Are you trying to save me?"

Lyubkin met his eyes. He opened them wide to feign innocence and amazement. At that instant Sergei Fedorovich came in with two other waiters. They spread a cloth on the table and began uncorking bottles and laying out the china. Then they wheeled in a table with hors-d'oeuvres. Sergei Fedorovich looked over the table and made an inviting gesture.

Lyubkin placed his hands on his knees and got up cumbersomely. He and Suprunov sat down across from each other at the small table. Lyubkin poured the vodka. "Let's clink glasses, Pavlusha! First of all, let's drink. Be in good health!"

Suprunov drank in silence, while Lyubkin drank with a kind of decisiveness, as if he wanted to quench his thirst and to have done with it. He set down the glass. "You say 'save'! That's not the right word, but let it ride! As long as I'm going to be snuffed out, then why should you be? There's no getting out of Afghanistan, my friend! If I foul up this Afghanistan business, either the Afghans will get me in their sights or I'll be recalled by our own boys to Moscow, and stood up against the wall there for 'failure to carry out a responsible task.'"

"Sure they'll put you against the wall if you fail! But you won't fail."

"And if I make good, Pavel, and attain the necessary goal, then when it's over they'll stand me against the wall anyhow."

Suprunov looked up at Lyubkin with eyes gone as bright and hard as glazed china.

"For this business they're letting me in on big secrets." Mockingly Lyubkin stretched out the words, "'International secrets.' How many do we know who have been trusted with 'international secrets' in the last ten years, Pavel? And how many are still alive?" He laughed without noise. "I leave you in the directorate, Pavlusha."

Suprunov suddenly lowered his gaze. "And you can't refuse."

"Absolutely not. If you refuse, they liquidate you right away."

Lyubkin picked a bite of food off the plate with his fork and raised it to his mouth. "I didn't realize it at first"—he swallowed—"and at first I asked to have you with me. But I took a look around, and I saw—going, going, gone—period! Well, why should I drag you over the edge? No, stay here and live a little longer! While I ——" He gave a sudden snort, and his eyes began to shine almost gaily. "Do you know whom I choose to take with me as my assistant? Petka Chichagin."

"Chichagin!"

"That swine! When they told him, you should have seen him stick his nose in the air. The highest trust! What a blockhead! After a year or two, it'll be get ready for the last mile. For a long time I've wanted to land him in the churchyard, but I've never had the chance." Lyubkin closed his fist around his glass. "Damn it, why isn't the vodka warming me up?" He rested his elbows on the table and propped his head in his hands.

"Something's wrong with me!" He gave his head a twist. "All these thoughts, you know! There's a half million people in this town and they're all afraid of Efrem Lyubkin! Right now, tonight, for instance, they're all trembling in fear before Lyubkin! And I—maybe I fear this Lyubkin more than they! I'm afraid of Lyubkin. That's it!"

Suprunov was silent, staring straight ahead, occasionally stroking his chin, as if checking the quality of his shave. At last he looked around the room in his rapid, efficient manner and quietly addressed Lyubkin, looking directly at him.

"Don't be a fool there in Afghanistan. Wait as long as necessary, and then, when you've got your bearings, run out on them—run!" He spoke the last word with extraordinary passion.

It was as if Lyubkin had sobered up in an instant. He looked sharply at Suprunov, as if to determine whether he had actually heard the word "run." He never in the world would have confessed how often he had secretly thought this word, there in Moscow and during his ride in the train. "Run."

"But that's—betrayal!" With formal and artificial indignation he parried the word. At the same time he felt neither real indignation nor conviction.

"You were never a fool," said Suprunov. "Why be a fool now?"

Without warning, Lyubkin slammed his fist on the table so hard that the dishes rattled and a glass of vodka spilled.

Suprunov looked directly at him and said softly, "Just think it over; examine it."

"There's nothing to examine! It's been examined!" cried Lyubkin. More quietly he added, emphasizing each syllable, "I've been in the party since 'Twenty. And I've been with the party since 'Seventeen."

Suprunov merely shrugged. "So you've been with the party since 'Seventeen! All right. But has the party been with you even one day?"

Lyubkin met his gaze in silence.

"Our party," continued Suprunov, "the Communist Party," he repeated carelessly, as if he were talking about a nonentity, "is a pack ass. Whatever you put in the hampers it will carry for you."

"And then?" cried Lyubkin suddenly. "Who's driving this ass? Who? The Bolsheviks, isn't it? Isn't that it?" He leaned compellingly toward Suprunov. He was positive that Suprunov must give to this word, "Bolshevik," the same meaning as he gave it himself. As with the word "run," their thought was the same. Their thoughts had grown together.

"Yes, the Bolsheviks," Suprunov answered quietly, and poked his cigarette butt into the uneaten gravy on his plate. "They're the ones who are sending you to Afghanistan. Take your hampers over there, you; and expire! And why? Because they're Bolsheviks. And you're a Bolshevik! You've always done the same yourself. Have you forgotten how we handled Variskin and Yakhontov? That's why I'm telling you to run!"

Lyubkin stared at him. Not one idea was new to him. Each had been in his own mind.

"I'm a Bolshevik," said Lyubkin. He looked at Suprunov with drunken pride.

"Then what the hell are you afraid of Lyubkin for? Why do you keep referring to some idiotic betrayal! A Bolshevik is a straight line, Efrem—absolutely straight. Complete freedom, freedom from everything, that's a Bolshevik—no God, no man, no law. And you say 'betrayal.' Whom are you betraying?"

Lyubkin let out a deep sigh and wiped his swollen face with his palm. He said thickly, "How can you free yourself from everything? How do you do that?" He slumped into his chair. His face had the doughlike relaxation that precedes drunken unconsciousness. But slowly he pulled up his head. "This business—this 'run'—oh, how carefully I've got to think it out!"

And then comprehending that with these disconnected words he had uttered his agreement, he straightened. Suddenly he seized his glass. He drained it at a gulp and staggered to his feet, knocking over his chair behind him. "If I run, do I get to be a new man then? Will I be new if I am somewhere else?" He roamed, weaving, about the room.

Unmoving, almost unblinking, Suprunov sat like a rock.

"How does a Bolshevik stop thinking like a Bolshevik?" cried Lyubkin. "Can I be a Bolshevik (*Continued on Page 120*)

"He's a bit squeamish about shots."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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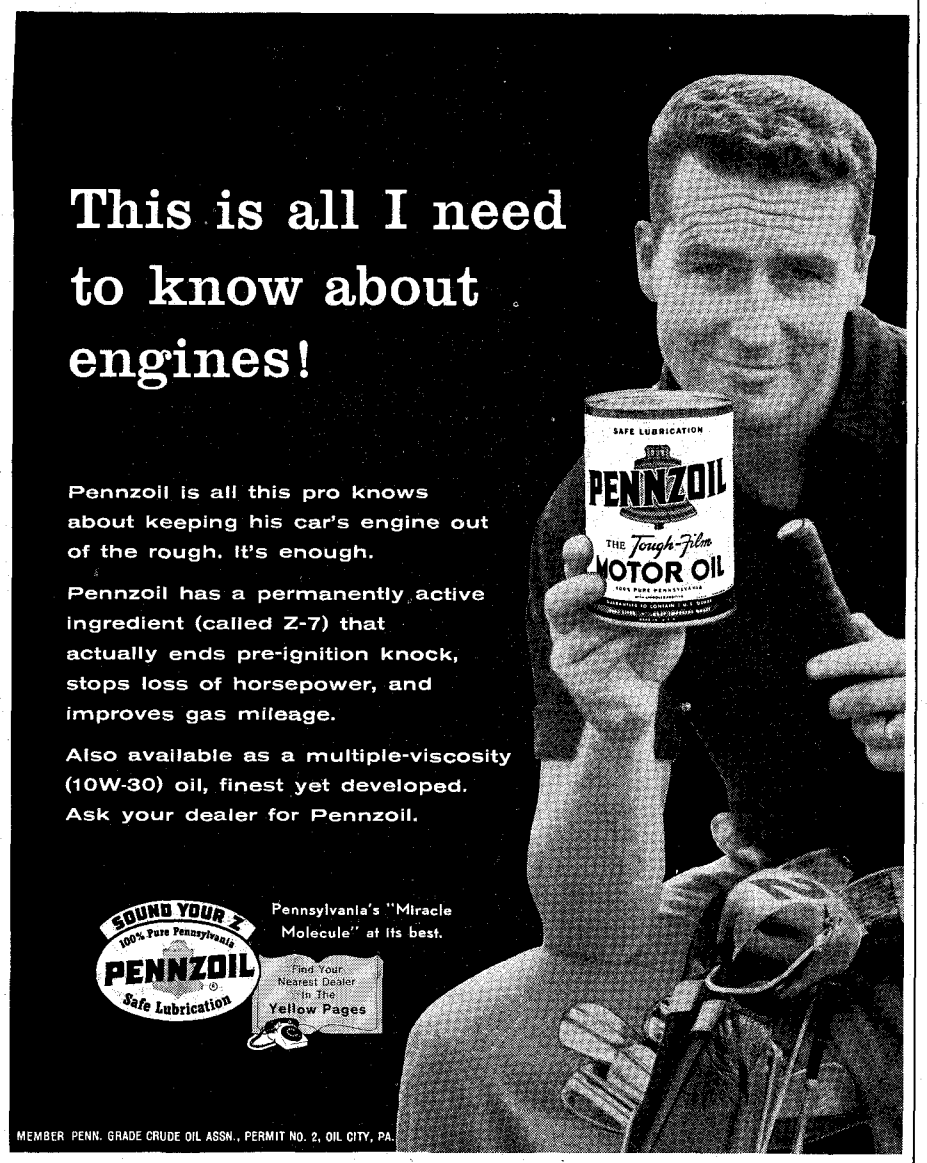
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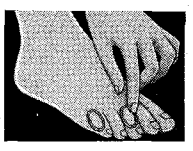

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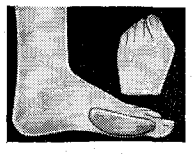

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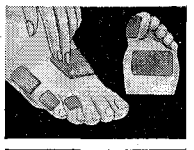

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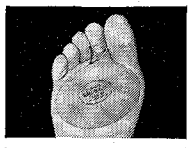

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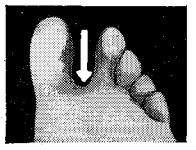

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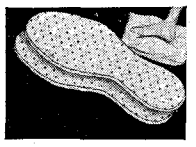

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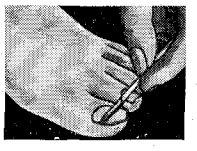

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(*Continued from Page 118*) somewhere else? No, because if I run, then I stop being a Bolshevik! I'm not holding reins if I run, Pavel! I'm being driven! And if I'm driven to run, I stop being a Bolshevik. But then there'll be nothing left of me, because there is no me except the Bolshevik. Could I be then like everyone else—a human person, just a person, a human being?"

He stopped stock-still and an expression of delight traversed his features, as if the idea of being like everyone else, a human being, had filled him with drunken bliss.

Suddenly he shook his head from side to side, as if to shake something off. "A Bolshevik without Bolshevism is no different from a fish without water, Pavel. How can I live without the Bolshevik water?" He threw back his head and glared at Suprunov. "I won't run! If I run, I can't be me, and I can't be a human being either. Can I run to nowhere?"

Suddenly he turned. He reeled against the table and it fell over. He threw open the window, double-framed for winter, and tearing open his tunic, he leaned out, shouting, "Reality! Citizens! They've stolen reality! After them!"

And then, pulling in his head, he gazed leadenly into the close heat of the room. He dropped onto the floor like a poleaxed ox. He rolled onto his back and was still.

Suprunov got up. With an awkward, soldierly movement, he leaned over Lyubkin and closed his tunic. He got a pillow off the couch and stuffed it under his head. Then he went out and closed the door.

The following day when Lyubkin arrived, Elena Dmitrievna was not expecting him. At first glance she realized that he had come in a bad mood and that she should pretend to be happy. So she affected great enthusiasm, fluttering about him, reaching out to take his greatcoat and lifting her face to him invitingly.

But he answered her kiss indifferently, threw his coat over a chair and crossed the room with long strides. "Well, how are things?" he snapped, turning toward her. "It's been a long time."

He collapsed onto the couch, stretched out his legs and looked at her. He slumped back, rubbed his cheeks heavily with the palms of his hands and shifted a little to one side. "Sit down," he said abruptly, "I have something important to talk about. I'm going away. Far away. And forever."

Something throbbed inside Elena Dmitrievna. *This is it*, she thought. *Everything is to be decided now.*

"Where to?" she asked.

"I'm going to Afghanistan."

"To Afghanistan?" Speculation raced. Afghanistan—Pamirs—somewhere in Asia? Part of India? The British? At once she was gripped by almost hysterical impatience. The "season on the Riviera" which had been the goal of all her dreams suddenly seemed close at hand. In her imagination, a white yacht sailed out into the world on a benign blue ocean. For her the decisive seconds had arrived. Either Lyubkin, a captive of her love, would take her and lead her into the world of her dreams or—or—or what?

She struggled to master her agitation, but her chest heaved in nervous spasms. *Afghanistan? Not Rumania?* she thought. *It's all the same. It's all the same, as long as he takes me along. Once I am there I'll leave him. He'll never suspect, the fool.*

"Are you leaving soon?" she asked urgently.

"From here, yes, but I don't know when I'll arrive in Afghanistan. I'll be in Moscow awhile."

Suddenly her agony took such hold of her that she could not control herself. "What about me?" Her voice trembled.

Straightway she sensed her mistake. She should have prepared him. She had blundered. This filled her with bitterness, and with all her long hate she hated him even more.

Lyubkin was silent. He did not look at her or even move.

She was overflowing with hatred. "What about me?" she repeated softly, tenderly. "I love you," she added uncertainly.

The tone was so false that Lyubkin actually turned to look. He stared with intense curiosity. She could not meet his gaze.

"I can't possibly take you with me," he replied. "It won't be that kind of a party."

"Then you mean ——" She checked herself. In the minute to come, everything would be decided. Either she would get away or she would remain forever. *What should I do?* she thought. *What can I do? Right now, this very second. Burst into tears? Fall on my knees? Beg? Order him?*

"But I love you!" she repeated desperately, and felt immediately again that she should not have used those words.

Lyubkin's frown deepened. "It's no longer a question of that," he said tonelessly.

"So it's no longer a question of that!" she cried. "What am I—nothing? You're getting rid of me?"

"You can stay here or—do whatever you like. Think it over. If you need anything, I can fix it up."

"Think it over! That's very simple, isn't it? Very easy and simple. 'Think it over.'" In an agony of malice, hypnotized by the gulf yawning before her, she threw herself into it. "You!" she shrieked, raising her chin to him. "You don't even think about me!"

"I've got my own problems."

"Your own problems! Ah, that's it! Your own!"

At last Lyubkin raised his eyes. Her expression startled him so that he recoiled. There were tiny bubbles of saliva at the corners of her mouth. *What's the matter with her, anyway?* The question flashed through his mind.

What a slut, he thought suddenly, and he said it aloud. "Slut," he said slowly. "God, what a slut!" He spoke dispassionately, with boredom and disgust.

Elena Dmitrievna leaped from the couch. He felt that it would not be improbable if she were to hurl herself at him, dig her pointed nails into him, scratch his face and spit in his eyes.

"A slut!" Gasping, she recoiled, with her whole body ready to spring. "I'm a slut, am I? What did you think I was? You thought I loved you! Could anyone love you? You fool! Hangman! Chekist! Hangman! And you thought I loved you? I wanted only one thing—to break loose from this place, to get out of this foul country of hangmen and idiots! And you really thought I loved you, you crude fool! You don't even know how to respond to love! Even that means nothing to you. You're deserting me!"

"You didn't—didn't love me?" Lyubkin spoke in a hoarse whisper. It was this alone that he heard, this alone he understood. The rest had swept past, hardly reaching his consciousness. But that she had not loved him, that her love was only another "unreality" —— Cumbersomely he pushed himself up from the couch and stood before her. Suddenly he seized both her hands, dragged them down and threw her to the floor. She rocked forward, but remained on her knees.

"You believed it? You believed it?" she taunted. Beside herself with fury, helpless, she looked up at him. "You idiot! I wanted to escape! I wanted to be free! Do

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you know what freedom is? Can you understand what it is with that black, stupid soul of yours? Slave! Bolshevik!"

He did not let go of her hands, but twisted them painfully with more and more pressure. She writhed, giving way to his strength, but still looking up directly at him. Panting, she spat in fury. "I'm not afraid of you! I hate you! You're not even a human being! You're worse than a dog! One can love a dog, but no one could love you! No one! No one!"

He twisted her hands, leaning over her. "You didn't love me? You didn't?"

"Chekist! You'll kill me now! Go ahead! How glad I am that I can spit at you. If it's not freedom, then, at least——"

She wrenched her hands free, staggered up, stumbled to the side, where she stood trembling, gasping for breath.

He straightened, breathing heavily. Suddenly it came to him—the word which explained everything—his boundless hate and everything he was feeling. "You're—you're—unreal!" he cried out.

Without looking down, he fumbled at his holster and jerked it open. He took a step toward her, and she gave a stifled cry and ran into the bedroom. He followed slowly. She ran to the bed, stopped with her back to it and put up her hands, the palms out. He crossed over to her and gave her a shove in the chest with his left hand. Bending at the knees, she fell across the bed on her back and had time to let out a short, anguished groan.

Lyubkin raised his hand, aimed along the barrel and shot her in the left temple. He took a step back, looked again, stood a few seconds more, and slipped his revolver neatly back into its holster. He turned, went back into the front room and put on his greatcoat. He opened the door and went out.

He descended the stairs pensively, not in the least in a hurry, and climbed into the waiting automobile. "To the directorate," he said curtly.

The car drove off. "Is this automobile real?" he muttered to himself.

He sat upright, gripping his knees with his hands, as if to confirm to himself that he was sitting there. He railed in an anguished whisper, rocking his head from side to side: "Now I see. Why have we lost everything? What have we lost? It's because we can't see what's real any more. Variskin—he thought something up, and then he believed it. It's the same with me: I think something up, and then I believe it. Bolshevism—even that. Are there any people who don't think things up, people who are real?"

The automobile turned into Rosa Luxembourg Street. Lyubkin suddenly leaned forward and shook the chauffeur. "Never mind the directorate, Vasya!" he shouted.

The chauffeur cut the throttle, put his foot on the brake and turned half around. "Where are we going then?" he asked sourly. "Back, or what?"

"No, not back, but ——" He gave the chauffeur an address, laughed and fell back against the cushions. "Let's go, Vasya, give it the gas!"

Whenever Semenov came, Evlalia Grigorievna always at once recognized his ring—short, confident and distinct. This ring was quite different—a precipitate burst—and when she opened the door and recognized Semenov, she recoiled in surprise. She was not disconcerted by the fact that for some reason he had on a military uniform—she was very poor at distinguishing uniforms—but rather by his appearance. He seemed drunk, his face was red and swollen, with fever-lacquered eyes. He said something to her hoarsely and incoherently, and went quickly along the corridor into the room. He opened the door, entered and stopped stock-still.

Evlalia Grigorievna did not know what to say. After standing a half minute, he turned and, extending his arm, looked at the sleeve of his overcoat. He snatched his military cap hastily off his head and looked at it, too—a long, intent scrutiny.

"There you have it!" he exclaimed. "I'm Lyubkin, see? There is no Semenov. There never was. Semenov was unreal. I thought him up. I almost believed in him myself. But I'm Lyubkin! See!"

There seemed to be something in these words that surprised him, as if when he heard them they took on more meaning than he had intended when he was speaking them.

"I can't!" he cried. "I'd like to be a Semenov, but—I can't! I'm Lyubkin! That's the end of it!"

"You're terribly worked up, Pavel Petrovich," murmured Evlalia Grigorievna cautiously.

He shot her a look, sat down near the table, laid his right arm on it and appeared to lose himself in thought. Evlalia Grigorievna did not know what to do. She remained silent, casting timorous glances in his direction. She did not sit, but stood near him, seeing how his lips were gray and trembling, and how it was almost impossible for him to control himself.

Suddenly, very gently, she touched the sleeve of his greatcoat. She had been seized by unaccountable pity. Lyubkin's face suddenly twisted. He jumped from his chair, seized her by the shoulders with a vicious jerk and looked into her eyes.

"Strength—you have strength. What kind of strength? Is it real?" he cried in a low voice, and let her go. Without waiting for her reply, he hurried on, his voice breaking and his hands gesticulating. "I've reached the limit now. I've reached the limit! If you have strength, help me!"

"You—in me—you're looking for help from me!"

"In you! Only in you!"

"Why? What help? Why?"

"I saw it right away—I saw it right away that time!" Lyubkin cried. "That time I bumped you with the car and knocked you down. Remember? I came with you here, into this room, and—I saw it! That is, I didn't see anything at all, but still—I saw it! Yes, yes, it's true what I'm saying. I didn't see anything, but all the same I saw it: your eyes and your voice and—everything! You were a person, a

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Girl With New Doll

By Elizabeth Landeweer

She feeds the new doll
when it frets,
Then rocks it while it weeps
and wets,
And fumbling with a safety
pin,
She makes it dry and tidy;
then
Prepares its bottle, just in
case,
Inserts the nipple in its
face,
And, tirelessly, the cycle
keeps
Repeating, as it wets and
weeps,
While sprawled like orphans
cast aside,
Her other dolls stare,
glassy-eyed.

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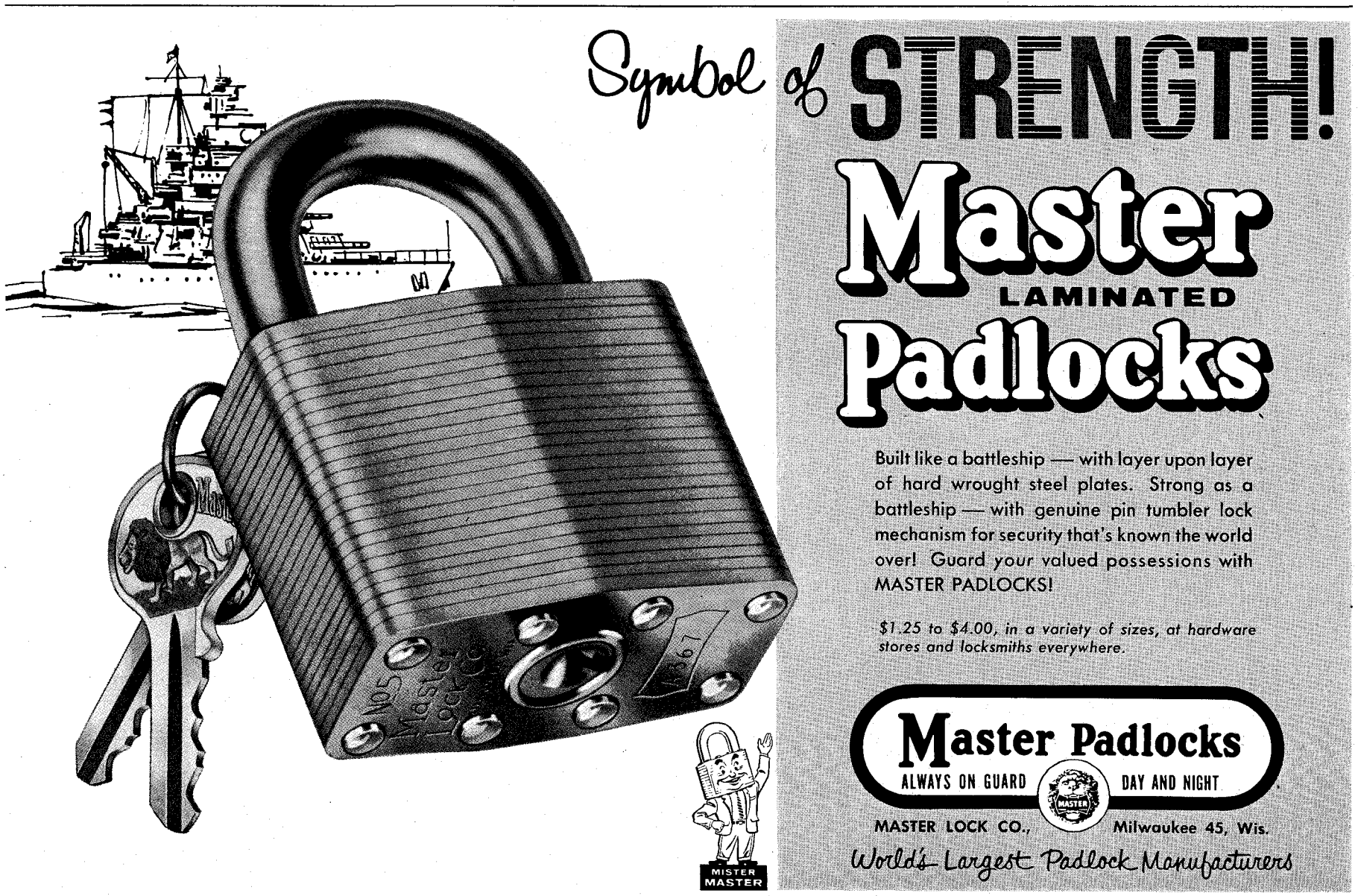
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human being; you were real. And I hid behind Semenov because I couldn't be Lyubkin with you. And then it was worse than that—much worse. 'What's your name?' I asked. And you—'Evlalia!' I heard it, and how it struck me! 'Is it really Evlalia?' I thought. Can it really be that she, that you—can it have happened by chance?"

"But what —— I don't understand at all. Why?" Evlalia Grigorievna implored.

"I've told you; your eyes and voice, and—all of you. And on top of it, you're Evlalia too. There was—there was such a person! It was a long time ago. There was a girl in our village, the daughter of our landowner—'Mistress Lyussa.' She wasn't Lyussa, though; her real name was Evlalia. And I had such a feeling for her. She remained inside me, you know. She's been dead for a long time already maybe, but she's still alive in me. Alive? Eh? Real? Alive? Can it be that something which never existed has continued to live in me all my life? And it is real? Can it be?"

He did not give her a chance to answer. He went on frantically, hurrying and stumbling, "That's why I felt it so much that time. I looked at you, at Evlalia, and the old memory came up in me. I thought, maybe, Semenov—that is, I, I myself—maybe I can too? In general, I can't—I just can't—but here in your place—at your place, maybe I could?"

"You could what?" cried Evlalia Grigorievna. She strained desperately to grasp his meaning.

Lyubkin frowned. Instead of an answer—or was this his answer?—he said the unexpected—inconceivable, impossible. With great difficulty, but very distinctly, he stammered, "I—just now I—that is, an hour ago—I killed someone! A woman! There!"

He stretched out his hands, spreading the fingers wide.

Evlalia Grigorievna looked at him and knew instantly that he had spoken the truth. She paled. Then suddenly she seized his hand.

"You?"

"Now just don't you be shocked—don't be shocked, you dear soul," he muttered, his eyes glowing. "Don't be shocked, because there's worse to come. Is it her alone that I've done for? There's no fear in that. It's something else. I've reached such a point that there's no escape. I'm not afraid because I'm going to my death. They're sending me to slaughter, but I'm not afraid of that. What makes me afraid is this: I can't escape now because there's nothing for me to escape to. Whether I killed or whether they kill me, there's nothing to be said about it, and I don't fear it! But I'm afraid of something else. I'm terrified."

"Of what?"

She listened intently, missing not a word or an intonation. And resolutely she held onto his hands.

"What am I afraid of?" he cried. "I'll tell you! Do I really exist? I've given him ——" (He didn't say whom; either he did not care, or it was understandable to himself without words.) "I've given him everything, I've become his, and only now I see what it means. I've landed in the unreal. Everything held so well together, but it's not real! There's nothing to it! And now I see; our Bolshevik salt isn't salty! And yet I'm a Bolshevik!" He struck himself on the chest. "I'm a Bolshevik, but the Bolshevik salt isn't salty. Of course, it must seem that no one in the world is saltier than the Bolsheviks. We look so sure of ourselves! We're building and doing things that never were done before. What we're doing is so big you can't even get your mind around it. But I've examined it all; I've examined the whole essence of it. And now I see that a lot has been accomplished, but the salt is lacking. We don't have any salt, that's what! The salt stayed with you."

"With me?"

"With you—with you! With whom else? With you and that old lady of yours, Sophia Dmitrievna. With you and with her the salt is real. I tell you I know it; I've seen it. And if people like you are all ever destroyed, there won't be any salt left. Wait a minute!" His voice rose to a shout. "Wait a minute! Do you have the Gospel?"

It was so completely unexpected that Evlalia Grigorievna did not immediately understand. And when she understood, it seemed to her that this request was supremely important. It was a deciding moment.

"I don't," she admitted almost inaudibly.

"You'll find something in it about salt," Lyubkin said. He was speaking with sudden quiet. "I've forgotten how it goes. I'd like to read it again, to make sure what it is. But where'll you find the Gospel?"

"Sophia Dmitrievna has it!" Evlalia Grigorievna suddenly recalled joyfully.

"Sophia Dmitrievna has it!" Lyubkin was joyful too. "Now that's the way it should be. That's good! Of course Sophia Dmitrievna is the one that has it."

"I'll go get it right away! One moment!"

Evlalia Grigorievna almost ran from the room. Lyubkin followed her with his eyes. *Just look at her. How lightly she moves*, he thought in delight. He circled the room ponderously, finally wandering to the window.

Evlalia Grigorievna came in swiftly with the book in her hands. "I've got it! Here it is!" she cried while still in the door. "Look!"

"Where is it, then?" He snatched it from her.

"Right here it's marked. I asked Sophia Dmitrievna and she stuck in slips of paper."

Lyubkin opened to the page and slowly read out loud, with stressed, tense deliberation, "'Ye are the salt of the earth, but if the salt have lost his savor, wherewith shall it be salted? It is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men.' That's it!" He nodded emphatically. "You see? 'Trodden under foot'—how else? It goes without saying."

"And there's more! Right here!" Evlalia Grigorievna pointed to another slip of paper.

Running his fingers over the leaves, he opened to another place. He read, still slowly, "'Salt is good, but if the salt have lost his saltness, wherewith will ye season it? Have salt in yourselves, and have peace one with another.'"

"And here's another verse! Here, from Luke!"

Lyubkin read farther, "'Salt is good, but if the salt have lost his savor, wherewith shall it be seasoned? It is neither fit for the land, nor yet for the dunghill; but men cast it out. He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.' You understand?" he shouted suddenly. He looked up, marking the book with his finger. "'Let him hear'! And what if he doesn't want to hear—on purpose? Not that he plugs up his ears, but just simply doesn't hear. What can you do with him then? He's for the dunghill? To be trodden underfoot?"

Evlalia Grigorievna went quietly around the table and sat down by his side. She felt herself compelled to come close to him. But he seemed to take no notice of her. He was looking out the window.

"It was a day like this when I came here the first time, remember? Ever since that day I wanted to help you. I wanted the best for you. I had Chubuk let you off your work and raise your salary. But what good did it do? What did it all lead to? And why did it have to turn out like this? I wanted good, but it turned out to be bad—with you, with your father, with everything. Am I damned, or what? Is there a Bolshevik devil cursing me? You can't do anything good, the devil says, and anything good you try to do will turn to bad. Isn't that so? Whatever a charcoal dealer touches, he turns it black. And a Bolshevik is no different. And why is it this way? There's nothing about it in Lenin, nothing! If that's the way it is, there's nothing to do but put up with it or—run." He finished with this word, strangely emphasized and entirely incomprehensible to Evlalia Grigorievna.

"What—with father?" she asked, afraid suddenly of her own voice. In a whisper, she repeated, "What happened with you and father!"

"With your father?" Lyubkin continued to stare out the window. "I wanted to help you—and didn't I spot him right away? I spotted him first thing—that very first time—his beard was so noticeable. I recognized him all right—one of our collaborators. Well, afterward I made inquiries. They knew everything about him at our place, you see. We keep a special watch on that kind. So it was easy to find out exactly what kind he was. And I wanted—I wanted to do you a favor. . . . Wait a minute! Don't say anything!" Suddenly he turned to her. "I saw your father wouldn't bring you anything but harm, so I ordered him arrested."

"You?" Evlalia Grigorievna whispered. "It was you? On purpose?"

"Was it really wrong? Unjust?" He stared at her. "Wrong? Unjust?" he repeated. In his tone there was intense feeling, but in his eyes and the thrust of his head there was much that appeared to be something else altogether—curiosity, simple puzzlement at a dilemma he could sense, but not understand.

"To my way of thinking, it's quite expedient!" He uttered the last word with a slight stammer and grew angry because of it. He slammed his open palm down on the table. "Expedient! And if it's expedient, then it's just! I didn't want to bring your father to any harm, that's the truth! He was to be exiled, not to Kolyma or to Vorkuta, but somewhere easier. That's all! Only I didn't check up, and for that I'm to blame. To tell the truth, I'd put it out of my mind. I thought you'd be glad to have a nasty load taken off your shoulders, and that was that, as far as I was concerned."

"Glad?" Evlalia Grigorievna gasped. "Glad?"

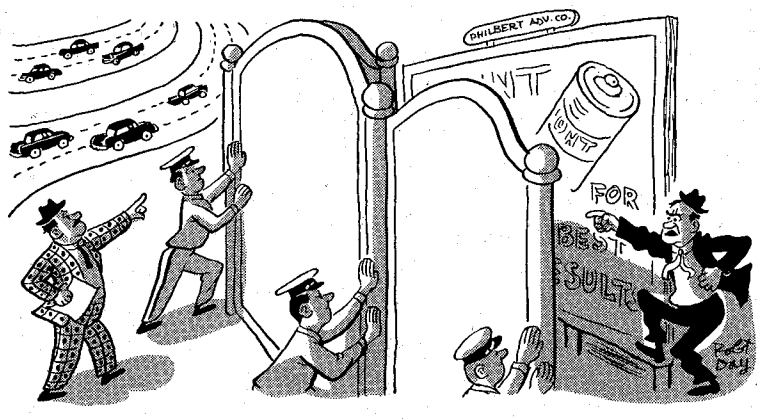
"So then—I talked to you and saw I was mistaken. I talked to you and talked to you, and you admitted I was right! But still you said, 'I'll go to Lyubkin himself!' That's what you kept saying, remember? 'I'll go to Lyubkin himself.' When I saw that you couldn't be stopped, the next morning I gave orders to let him go. Anything that happened after that happened without my knowing."

Evlalia Grigorievna put her face in her hands.

"So that's it!" Lyubkin finished savagely. He stared at her lowered head. "A curse was on me, that's what—I couldn't do anything good. But even then, from the beginning, when I saw you for the first time, I was drawn—deep, I was drawn —— What was I drawn to?"

"To what?" asked Evlalia Grigorievna. She

(*Continued on Page 124*)



You be the Judge

By BRUCE M. JONES

Philbert erected a huge billboard as close as possible to the new state highway. State officials objected. Philbert refused to yield. So the state constructed a large decorative screen in front of the billboard. Philbert indignantly sued for its removal.

"This is a deliberate move to destroy the value of my property, namely, my billboard," he charged. "Perhaps the screen is prettier, but the state has no business spending taxpayers' money to beautify the countryside."

"The highways are built for motorists, not for advertisers," state attorneys replied. "And as long as we have to build a highway, we feel that it should be made to look presentable."

If you were the judge, would you make the state pull down its screen?

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The state won. The court ruled that the screen was a reasonable measure. It said that "if the outlook from the road is improved by shutting off the view of the billboard, so much the better. . . . Beauty may not be queen, but she is not an outcast beyond the pale of protection or respect."

Based upon a 1932 New York case.

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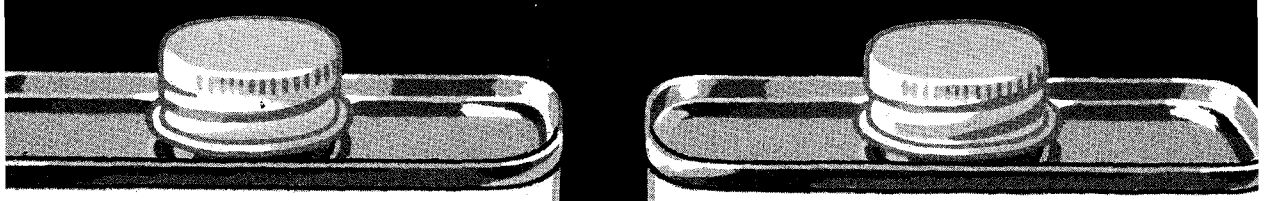

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(*Continued from Page 122*) looked at him intently, and tears welled in her eyes.

"To what? I didn't know what to call it myself. I understood only afterward. Drawn to what? To—to—to ——" He did not seem to be groping for the word, as much as for the power to utter it. Several times he seemed on the point of saying it, but something overcame him. Finally, as if he lacked the strength, he went on in a lowered voice, "It just seemed to me I had to help you. Not for your sake so much as for mine."

"I understand," said Evlalia Grigorievna. "I understand that very well, Pavel Petrovich. Your life and you ——" Almost calmly, she checked herself and considered. "You had to do good—you had to do some good for someone, because you had done so much evil. I understand that very well."

"The good!" Lyubkin seized her word uncontrollably, his eyes shining. He returned her look almost ecstatically. "That's it! That's it! That's it! That's the very word! I never can find the right words. None of them are real."

He jumped to his feet. "But that's the real word, the one I wanted to say, only I couldn't get it out, though it was on the tip of my tongue. Don't they say it's not for the devil to say, 'Praise the Lord'? I didn't dare, but you said it so easily! Like the sun shines! Why? Don't I have the right? Yes, that's it—I refused the right, you see. I sold it for a mess of pottage and it departed from me. And then, I'm—I'm to be trodden underfoot?"

He stood looking down at her, seeking her gaze. But when finally she again met his eyes, at that moment he turned quickly aside.

"I'm going away soon. I'm going clear away—out of the country. I really came to say good-by. I just wanted—I want you to give me your strength—real, salty. I've come to such a point—you saw—you saw it!—I can't even say the word 'good.' The only thing left for me is to be trodden underfoot."

"Pavel Petrovich! For the love of God!" Evlalia Grigorievna jumped up and took him by both elbows. With her eyes wide open, she stared at him.

With greed, in ecstasy, with a kind of rapture he drank in her look. "You—you Little Bluebird," he murmured softly.

"It's all right! It's all right!" She spoke rapidly, almost gaily. "You—you—you had lost, you see—you had lost something necessary, that was all. Not now, but sometime, a long while ago. But you will find it now. It's not that you did something good for me, but you tried to do it! Do you see? Isn't that the reality you want!"

Without taking his eyes away from her, he caught each word.

"And don't you give in!" she cried. "Wherever it's leading you, that thing that's inside you now, just follow it! Don't be frightened. I didn't understand what you were saying, but you know what's real, all right—you see where it is."

"Then, it's to—run?"

"Run?" Evlalia Grigorievna was astonished.

He lowered his body cumbersomely onto the chair. "When I'm gone, don't you be frightened either," he said levelly. "I'm going away and you're staying here alone, but you won't be alone. I've already thought that out. Suprunov will remain here in my place and look after you. I'll tell him everything. And all this—the typewriter and the work—you keep it, it's yours. Suprunov will find you work. And if anything happens, don't hesitate. Go right to Suprunov. He'll help you. Be sure to go; don't be afraid. Remember? You even wanted to go to 'Lyubkin himself'!" He smiled at her.

She seemed about to speak, but he shook his head.

"That's all. I'm going away in a week, but I'll come back before then with Suprunov. From my hands to his I'll pass you along. And give my regards to Sophia Dmitrievna. Be sure to give my regards. Thank her for the salt. And I—I'm going now."

He took her hand and squeezed it so hard that it hurt. It seemed as if he wanted to say something more, but he turned and went into the corridor. Heavily he walked out onto the landing without looking around. She waited until he had gone down one flight, and only then shut the outer door, trying to make no sound.

And then rapidly, almost at a run, she hurried back—not to her room, but to Sophia Dmitrievna's. She rushed in, took the old lady by the shoulders and burst into tears.

"What's the matter? What's the matter?" Sophia Dmitrievna asked anxiously. "Did something happen? What happened?"

Evlalia Grigorievna, choking back her sobs, incoherently started to tell Sophia Dmitrievna that Semenov was not Semenov but Lyubkin, that he was going away, that he was being "sent to die." She kept repeating that he was unhappy, that he wasn't guilty of "papa's death." She tried to explain something about "salt." She said he had told her that "the typewriter will remain with me." She talked ever more inconsistently, murmuring that "he wanted the good, the good." She was pouring it all out so hurriedly that Sophia Dmitrievna could hardly follow, but she said nothing about the fact that he had confessed to murdering a woman. And Sophia Dmitrievna, listening in silence, sought to understand, not what was being told, but its essence.

"The salt's not salty? The Bolshevik salt has lost its savor? Throw it on the dunghill?" she asked in tremendous approval. "That's right!"

"He talked about it over and over," said Evlalia Grigorievna. "'It's unreal,' he said."

"Unreal?" Sophia Dmitrievna frowned. "It's the most unreal. There can't be anything real in it because it came from evil, and to evil it is going. Of all unreal things it's the most unreal."

"And he said, 'They're sending me to my death, but I'll run.'"

"Run?"

"It's not from fear of dying that he wants to run, but from fear of something else."

Evlalia Grigorievna was quieter. Sobs still shook her body, but she put her face in her hands. She thought of what Lyubkin had said, and a form began to take shape before her—a shadowy, visible, enormous form—amorphous, dimly reminiscent of a human figure, dark and ominous, shimmering, and grinning a grin of crushing self-assurance.

"Sophia Dmitrievna!" Trembling, she seized the old woman by the shoulders. "I'm afraid! What destroyed Vadya and papa? What destroyed Lyubkin himself? What's destroying us all?"

Sophia Dmitrievna was silent, chewing her lips. "That I don't know," she said at last, slowly and quietly. "It has descended on all of us, and it is crushing us. But what it is, I don't know. But in the end they themselves will be crushed. Because what they've let loose is a force that can only crush, and can't do anything else. And then ——" She paused. "And if that's the sort of thing it is, then it must end by crushing itself," she finished with conviction.

Evlalia Grigorievna pressed close against her. THE END

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Our Days of Horror (Continued from Page 40)

and snow I couldn't even see the wing tips of the plane. A ninety-mile-an-hour gale rocked us.

To avoid mountains, I climbed from 7000 to a safe 15,000 feet. I dodged in every compass direction, trying to break clear. No luck.

I called Pendleton Emergency Radio. I was plenty scared although not panicky. "I'm flying in soup," I told Pendleton. "I can't see and have no instrument rating. I'm having a hard time holding the plane in flying position. I need all the help I can get."

Pendleton Emergency quickly directed me to fly a triangle, two minutes on each leg, on prescribed compass headings, and to call in at each turn. My radio voice on the turns would give Pendleton my precise position when I completed my triangle.

Just before I turned the second corner, the antenna, a very thin wire on the outside of the plane, froze and snapped. My radio went dead. I fiddled with the dials desperately, hoping for any kind of signal. Nothing. I was lost—flying blind and cut off from the outside world. Sweat poured off my face. Patty took one startled look at me and started to cry.

"Patty!" I snapped. "Don't cry. I need you." She stopped immediately.

She rubbed a small square of frost off the window and peered out. "Daddy," she called anxiously, "there's ice on the wings."

The plane started to sink. I fought for altitude, but we settled lower and lower. At 7000 feet Patty suddenly shouted, "I see trees."

Aldrich Mountain loomed in front of me. There was no choice. We had to come down—right then. I spotted a small clearing, about sixty feet wide, shaped something like a skull. It wasn't nearly big enough, but it had to do. I made four passes at the clearing and picked out two trees which, if I could land between them, would rip off the wings and slow down the plane. For some reason I looked at my watch. It was 4:25 P.M.

"Here we go," I yelled to Patty. She threw her arms tight around my neck and fainted.

I made my approach from below the clearing, flying up the mountainside. Almost stalling, nose high, tail low, we hit at about forty m.p.h. A tree caught one wing and spun us across the clearing. Deep snow flipped the plane upside down. We smashed into another tree and stopped. In this final crackup, Patty's pelvic bone and two of my ribs were broken, and both of us suffered concussions when our heads slammed against the instrument panel.

Red, black and silver wreckage was scattered all across the clearing. The cabin door on my side had been ripped off. I unfastened my safety belt and fell out into four feet of snow. Wind, with cattails of snow and rain, lashed my face. I went around the cabin to lift Patty out onto the remaining wing. She opened her eyes.

"Bruce," she whispered in awe, "we're alive!"

She had a lump on her forehead as big as a fist and both eyes were blackened. I checked her arms and legs for movement and for bleeding. We talked, although to this day Patty can't remember what was said. She was in severe shock.

"Are you hurt?" I asked.

"My hip hurts," Patty answered. "I don't think I can walk." And then she said again, "Gee, we're alive."

"We're going to make it all right," I told her. "I'll find a place for you to lie down."

I looked around. About twenty yards higher, three pine trees stood together in a small triangle, forming a natural protection. I carried Patty up to it. On the way she blacked out. Hurriedly I built a shelter, propping the loose cabin door and a tail section from the plane between the trees to make a windbreak.

I had found Scotty's Boy Scout knife in the plane, and now I opened the blade to cut tree branches for more shelter. Patty awakened at that moment and saw me with the open knife.

"Am I hurt so bad you're going to kill me?" she cried.

I calmed her and explained, but her overwrought condition made me dread having to tell her the decision I had just come to—that I would have to go for help. The storm had blown our plane far off course, and I knew it was unlikely that search parties would investigate our area before we froze to death.

I went back to the plane to get our suitcase, stuffed with clothing. I also got some matches and maps from the plane, hoping to start a fire for Patty. The rain soaked them before I could even start.

Patty called me. "I'm cold," she said. "Lie down with me."

I wanted to, but I knew it would be the worst thing I could do. Once I was down, very probably neither of us would ever get up again.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Are you mine?"

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Instead I piled clothes from the suitcase on Patty and thought, *I can't even wait until morning to go for help. If I stay the night, I'll have to take back some of these clothes to keep myself alive, and Patty needs them all.* It was seven P.M.—surprisingly my watch hadn't been broken in the crash.

"Patty," I said softly, fearing an outburst. "Patty, I think I'd better go find help. I'm going right now. Is that O.K.?"

"Whatever you think best," she said drowsily.

"Now don't go anywhere. I'll need to know exactly where you are to send help."

"Where would I go?" Patty answered. "I haven't any money."

It was getting darker and colder. "I'm going now," I told Patty.

"Have you got a flashlight?" she asked.

"No. I let Scotty use it at home last night and he forgot to return it."

"Wouldn't you know it?" Patty said wryly.

"'By, honey. Be sure and holler if you hear anybody."

"I will. 'By, daddy."

On the way, I stopped about a hundred yards below the crash site to tramp out a thirty-foot V pointing toward the plane. The deep snow and rarefied atmosphere left me panting after each step and turned the V into a two-hour project. Then I started on my way.

Ironically, less than a quarter of a mile above Patty's shelter was a forest ranger's summer lookout station. It was stocked with food, water and wood for a fire. It even had a telephone. But there was no way for us to know this, so I followed the two cardinal rules of the lost: "Go downhill" and "Stay by a stream."

Half an hour after I left, Patty screamed, "Bruce, I'm scared. I changed my mind. Stay with me. Bruce! Bruce!"

But I had gone, and Patty lay almost immobile in the snow for three cruel nights and days, lonely, frightened and slowly freezing while she waited for me to come back. On Tuesday she lost all feeling in her feet.

As I shall retell here the story of her fight to live, it will consist only of the fragments she remembers of her nights and days. She was unconscious much of the time. Perhaps it was just as well.

My ribs ached horribly as I set out. Blood, dripping from a cut, had frozen in a patch over my left eye, blinding it.

My first target was a stream I'd heard gurgling down a ravine below the plane. Streams eventually lead to rivers and rivers to towns and people.

I found the stream—Chicken House Creek—by the simple expedient of falling into it. I yelled aloud in fright and shock.

The moment I clambered out, my trousers froze so stiff they cut my legs with each step. I took them off and stumbled on, dressed in undershorts, T shirt, flannel sports shirt, sports coat and wing-tipped oxford shoes, and carrying my pants.

To follow Chicken House Creek, I either had to fight my way through tangled underbrush along the creek bed or climb higher up the hill where there was deeper snow but less growth. I went up. The sides of the canyon sloped at nearly forty-five degrees, and the snow was from four to six feet deep. Worst of all, beneath the snow were jagged outcroppings of rock.

I moved with painful caution, left foot constantly braced downhill. Sometime during that first night I was sure a small bone snapped in my left foot, although I really didn't feel the pain for two days. I fell perhaps a hundred times.

My broken ribs stabbed savagely into my side. I gasped for breath and I thirsted. I'd break the crust on top, scoop up the flaky snow, rub my hands together until the snow melted and lick the moisture off my palms.

I crawled on hands and knees over hogback ridges, floundered down ravines and clawed up the other side. Time and again I tumbled over the treacherously hidden rocks. My body was scraped as if by a vegetable grater.

The night dragged on interminably. I'd struggle through misery for what seemed an hour, look at my watch, and find that only fifteen minutes had passed.

From nine P.M. to four A.M., I now know, I progressed just three fourths of a mile on the map.

Dawn was a gradual graying, and slowly objects became more distinct. I discovered that by stopping and tilting my head far back, I could see under the blood patch over my left eye. This gave me some depth perception, which I lacked with just one eye. Now I was better able to make out such features of the terrain as a line of trees forming a snow fence, or the underside of a rock ledge.

It snowed steadily and heavily. The wind, rushing across the hillside, cut through me. As I fought my way along, I prayed an indefinite kind of prayer, almost a conversation. "You are known as merciful," I said aloud. "If You are merciful, You would have let us die in the crash—unless You meant us to get out alive." And again, "Patty never deliberately hurt anybody in her life, so You would be awfully unfair if You let Patty die on the mountain."

During the day I made better time. At four P.M. I crawled over a ridge and felt a surge of hope. Far below was a green valley. An hour later, at an elevation of about 4000 feet, I was out of the snow. The cold was still bitter, but now my pants thawed somewhat and I put them back on.

At 6:30 P.M., I crossed two wheel ruts. Civilization must be near. I turned south, following the ruts over a small rise in the valley. Wonder of wonders: I saw—or thought I saw—the hazy outlines of a ranch house in the distance. Moreover the wheel ruts seemed to lead to it. "Patty will get out tonight," I exulted.

Back on the mountain, that morning, Patty had drifted in and out of consciousness. Sometime around noon (her watch was broken) she suddenly looked around in fright.

"My gosh," she remembers saying aloud. "There's absolutely nothing here. No life. Nothing." She started to cry. Then, sternly, "Stop that. You can't cry. It'll take too much out of you. I know what let's do—let's change into some dry clothes."

She pulled herself up to a sitting position, back propped against a tree trunk. She stripped to silk panties and, from the suitcase I had left with her, dressed in Capri pants, a hobble skirt, four sweaters and four pairs of socks. It took her about two hours. Exhausted, she fell asleep.

While she slept, snow fell relentlessly. Then the wind started blowing in the valley below. It roared up toward her with the noise of a big truck, sweeping to the top of the mountain. The roar awakened Patty. "Oh, no," she wailed, curled herself in a ball and pulled a sweater over her head. When the wind died down, Patty uncurled and prayed, "Oh God, don't let me die. And don't let my children lose faith. Tell them their mother is alive."

The wind left a rustle in the pine trees, and Patty called, "Yoo-hoo. Here I am. Come and get me."

Lonely and afraid, she suffered through the day. But as dark closed in, she suddenly heard a "dit-dot, dit-dot, dit-dot."

"Hey," she shouted, "the radio. The plane radio is working. Somebody is trying to reach us. Hallelujah! Tomorrow I'm going down to the plane and answer." She fell asleep, excited. About midnight, she awakened with the theme song from The Bridge on the River Kwai running through her mind. She started to whistle it in the dark, wondered why and fell asleep again.

Down in the valley I was still plodding toward the ranch I thought I'd seen when night fell. I began to fret. If there really was a ranch ahead, I should see some lights by now. There were no lights. I stopped. It was a moment of complete despair. I had walked five fruitless miles in the wrong direction, and now I faced five weary miles of backtracking—six hours wasted. And Patty wouldn't get off the mountain this night.

[Half a mile from the spot where Bruce Davis stopped, a buckaroo slept before a potbellied stove at Murderers Creek Ranch, owned by Wayne Stewart. But from where Davis stood, only part of the ranch-house roof rose above an intervening hill. And a rooftop can't be seen on a moonless night.]

About midnight, I had backtracked to the place where Chicken House Creek crossed the wheel ruts. I was terribly tired. The snow had turned to a drenching, cold rain. I felt I must lie down and rest. Then, for no conscious reason, I began to hum the River Kwai theme song. Humming at one-third tempo, I was able to start off again in a sort of shambling march. I wonder now if this was only an eerie coincidence.

At 4:30 A.M., in the first light of Wednesday, I looked down on another distant valley and onto the red roofs of ranch buildings beside a foaming river. "This has to be real," I pleaded.

I left the wheel ruts and started picking my way down a precipitous slope toward the valley below, fighting for footholds and handholds all the way. It took me almost five hours to go the equivalent of about sixteen city blocks. At the bottom I stood panting, staring across thirty-five feet of white water—the South Fork of the John Day River—at the ranch on the other side. I (*Continued on Page 128*)

Hal Block's Inventions
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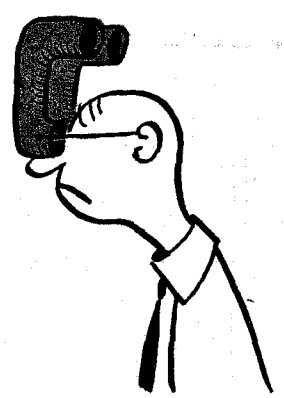

Rear-View Spectacles
(for pessimists who have nothing to look forward to.)

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(*Continued from Page 126*) was too weak to ford the river, but three hours later I found a plank bridge a mile downstream and hurried back to the ranch. It was empty and locked. I broke in.

[Rancher "Doc" Wyllie died in November, 1957. Three weeks before Bruce Davis stumbled into the three-room ranch house, Wyllie's widow had cleaned it thoroughly, leaving only the most obvious discards.]

Frantic for something to eat, I pounced on coffee cans in the kitchen. They were full of rusty nails, hasps, bolts and clasps. At last I discovered a package of rice. There was a standpipe in back. I got water in a bucket, one tedious drop at a time. In a shed I found some dry kindling for the wood stove, cooked the entire package of rice and ate three fourths of it. I pulled a ragged mattress off a hook and lay down to rest for, I told myself, "just half an hour." It was 12:30 P.M. Wednesday, and I slept for the first time since Sunday night.

At the crash site that Wednesday morning, Patty's first thought when she awakened was *The plane radio. Now I'll get help.* She lay quietly in the snow to gather strength, then painfully pulled herself to her feet. She took four steps and fell. Doggedly she struggled to her feet again, took three more steps and fell again. She lay crying. "Please let me get up," she prayed.

She did, staggered to the plane cabin and hoisted herself into it. She untangled the radio mouthpiece from the wreckage and pushed the transmitter button.

"Pendleton radio," Patty called again and again. "Pendleton radio, this is three-eight-one-two Delta." Silence. In utter dejection she let the mouthpiece drop. Above her in the quiet of the mountain came a "dit-dot, dit-dot, dit-dot" as melting snow dropped from the branches of the tree onto the aluminum cabin. Patty cried.

She crawled most of the twenty yards back to her shelter. There she sang, prayed, joked and called for help. The mountains bounced back her voice in echo and Patty had an idea. She sang Three Blind Mice and the echo turned it into a roundelay.

She heard a snowbird twittering. She talked to the bird although she couldn't see it. "Well, at least I'm not all alone. You're here too, birdie. But you have wings. You can fly. Why don't you leave?" She thought solemnly for a moment, then laughed wildly and said, "I know why you don't. Because this mountain is for the birds."

Later she called, "Yoo-hoo. I'm up here. I'm alive." But the mountain was still.

She rummaged through the suitcase and wept over my neatly folded white shirts and ties. "It's been so long," she cried. "Oh, please, God, don't let Bruce be lying hurt and helpless."

She looked through the suitcase again. In an envelope compartment there was a crumpled package with two mints in it, and half a stick of gum. Quickly she broke one mint in half, sucked it and washed it down with snow.

Darkness fell. "Well, little girl, it's bedtime," Patty said, and covered her head with a sweater. Then she vowed, "If the weather breaks tomorrow, I'm going to move away from these trees to where I can be seen. Bruce must have found help by now, and people will be looking for me if the weather lets 'em. If nobody comes, I'll know Bruce didn't make it and I'll start home. I'll get to my kids if I have to roll all the way down this mountain." Patty slept.

That afternoon in the Wyllie cabin I slept too—for three hours. I was provoked at myself for wasting so much time. Quickly I looked for something warm to wear. I found a discarded pair of rubber half boots, a pair of rough twill pants, a heavy greatcoat and a child's toy cowboy hat. Its chin strap reached only to my nose, but it meant warmth. I wore it.

Starting across the plank bridge, I was elated to see a rough dirt road about 100 yards above the river. It led north—my direction—from the Wyllie house.

Suddenly a green pickup truck came bouncing and rattling down the dirt road. I ran across the bridge, yelling, screaming, cursing, waving. I tripped and sprawled flat. I got up, running and yelling. Surely the driver must hear or see me. Surely ——

Midsummer-Night Christmas

By Herbert Merrill

High on a hillside that I know
The Christmas trees are growing tall.
The twilight falls as soft as snow,
The moon hangs up a golden ball,
And sleepy robins will not rest
From chorusing in praise of things
Till darkness brims in every nest
And songs are folded up in wings.
Then colored strings of starlight shine
Between the branches and the skies,
The little owls in fir and pine
Burn yellow candles in their eyes,
And katydids wake up the hills
By caroling with whippoorwills.

The truck clattered on and disappeared around a bend. I stood rooted, staring, almost bawling.

[The truck was driven by Steve Kincaid, a hand on one of the isolated cattle ranches. "On that danged cow trail," Kincaid says, "the truck makes so much noise I can't hear nothing and I don't dare take my eyes off the road. Lord, I'm sorry I missed Mr. Davis."]

I had one consolation as I stared after the truck; I must be getting close. I shuffled on. It was raining hard, and the rain turned the road into a bog. Muddy clay would coat so thickly on my shoes that I could scarcely lift a foot. I had to stop and scrape it off with a stick.

My mind began to play tricks. Once I thought I saw a rusty Model-A Ford parked beside the road. Another time I thought I saw people. They moved when I blinked, but stood still when I stared. And I yelled at them, "Dammit, why do you move only when my eyes are closed? Move now, damn you, move." The looming buttes, casting weird shadows, mocked silently.

I looked behind me and up at the wreath of clouds on Aldrich Mountain, up to all my love and my cares, and I lurched on. Step six inches with the right foot, drag the broken left foot even. Oh, how it hurt! My body began to shake uncontrollably as if with an ague. I hadn't much left, but somehow I kept going through the darkness of Wednesday night.

It is ten miles from the widow Wyllie's abandoned cabin to the ranch of Mrs. Linda MacArthur. Mrs. MacArthur also is a widow. Her husband died last December, and she lives alone on her ranch, a mile from the nearest neighbor, nine miles from the nearest store.

Early Thursday morning, I knocked on the widow MacArthur's ranch-house door. This ranch wasn't abandoned. Two collie dogs barked in the yard.

A woman's voice called, "Who is it?"

"I smashed my plane in the mountains three days ago," I shouted. "My wife is still up there. I haven't had any food. I need a lot of help."

The widow MacArthur said, "Go away. My husband is very ill."

"Please at least look at me," I begged. "Or I'll put my wallet on the porch and walk away and you can look at the identification." I thought a moment. "And, ma'am, if I wanted to break in, I could do it without bothering to discuss it."

"Go away."

"Well," I almost cried, "where can I get help?"

Mrs. MacArthur, the lonely, frightened widow, told me about Gus Robertson's ranch, a mile down the road. Bitterly I turned my back on the MacArthur house.

The mile took an hour—and all my remaining strength.

I rang the Robertson ranch-house doorbell. It was 6:10 A.M., Thursday. Gus Robertson answered through the door, "Who is it?"

"I'm the flier lost in the mountains for three days. My wife is still up there. Please look at my credentials."

Gus Robertson opened the door, took my wallet, looked at the cards in it and said, "Come in."

I took my last step and fell into his arms.

Of the next three hours, I remember only a kaleidoscope of interviews with police, forest rangers and ranchers, all studying maps as I tried to describe where Patty lay. Then I was in the hospital in John Day, another forty-one miles away.

By noon, Patty still hadn't been found. I was loaded into a Cessna 170 piloted by Phil Boyer, to pinpoint her area. We flew over Patty just as she was being put aboard a helicopter. Only a few moments before Boyer and I arrived, Earl Snyder, director of the Oregon State Board of Aeronautics and in charge of Oregon Air Search and Rescue, had spotted my tramped-out V and had led in the 'copter.

Phil Boyer and I swooped low, but I saw no movement by Patty. I was taken back to the hospital, still not knowing whether Patty was dead or alive.

That morning—Thursday—true to her promise, Patty had prepared to move out, for it had stopped snowing. She spread out one of my white shirts, placed in it some valuables and knotted the shirt, hobo fashion, onto a small tree branch. She ate half a mint. It was noon before she was ready.

Painfully, back braced against a tree, she inched onto her feet. She took three steps and fell, pulled herself upright again, took a few more shuffling steps and fell. Panicky now, she screamed, "Bruce, help me. I can't make it." She lay crying.

After long minutes, she said harshly aloud, "O.K., baby, you said you'd roll home if you had to. So start rolling."

She did, literally. It was slow work, and painful. After about an hour she stopped at a tree, 300 feet downhill from her shelter.

Propped against the tree, Patty ate another half a mint, then slept. She awakened with a start. She heard an airplane.

My gosh, Patty thought, *they'll never see me under the tree.* She forced herself to her feet, took a step and fell. Frantically she rolled ten yards into the open—in time to see the plane turn and fly away.

"Oh, no," Patty wailed, but then an encouraging thought struck her, *They're still looking. Thank God.*

She rolled back to the tree and immediately heard another plane. "This is it," Patty told herself. "I'll get out there and stay."

The plane passed in the distance. A third plane came. Patty waved and yelled. It, too, passed over the mountain. Patty looked up to the sky, at black clouds rolling in overhead. "Please, God, don't let it snow," Patty prayed. "I've had it. This is the end." In less than a minute the sun broke through the clouds for the first time in three days. Patty wept.

Another plane roared in. Patty ripped the white sweater off her head so the pilot could see her red hair. She waved the sweater. The plane circled, but not close enough, and disappeared. Patty cried in despair.

She looked up to the sky again through tears—and gaped. *Holy cow, I must be dreaming*, she whispered. A giant helicopter, led by a Cessna 182, swung over the ridge. The 'copter hovered so low Patty could see three men in it. But they were all looking in the wrong direction. The 'copter swung slowly and turned away.

"My God, they didn't see me," Patty wailed. Then Earl Snyder's plane swooped down on her. Snyder waggled his wings.

"He sees me! He sees me!" Patty cried. "I'm going to live."

Snyder led the 'copter back and it landed 400 yards away. Capt. R. O. Andahl and 1st Lts. A. J. Bennett and T. E. Fallows, of the Portland Air Force Base, came up the mountain. Patty heard the noise of their approach.

"Hi, I'm up here," she called.

"We'll be with you in a few minutes," came an answering shout.

"O.K.," Patty said with a deep sigh; "I'll wait."

The three Air Force men came into her view and Patty gave them a gallant grin. "So where have you been?" she asked.

As she was loaded into the helicopter, Patty saw a Cessna 170 coming in low. "Thanks," she said to it, "but I'm O.K. now." She was too exhausted to wave.

Phil Boyer and I were in that 170, anxiously watching for movement. It was 4:30 P.M., Thursday, the twenty-fourth of April.

Boyer and I arrived at the hospital before the 'copter. I waited in my room. A little later Dr. Gerold van der Vlugt, who, with his wife, Doctor Martha, took care of Patty and me, came into my room. "Can you stand some good news?" he asked with a wide grin. "Your wife is alive. She couldn't have lasted another night, but she's in no danger now."

I broke then, finally. I cried great wrenching sobs. When I finally stopped, I looked out the window. It was snowing again. Patty had been found less than an hour before all air search must have ended.

As I write this, the doctors estimate that Patty will have to stay in the hospital until mid-July. Her left foot, and part of the right, have had to be amputated. But, as she said when we first fell out of our crashed plane into the snow of Aldrich Mountain, "We're alive."

For that we are truly thankful.

THE END

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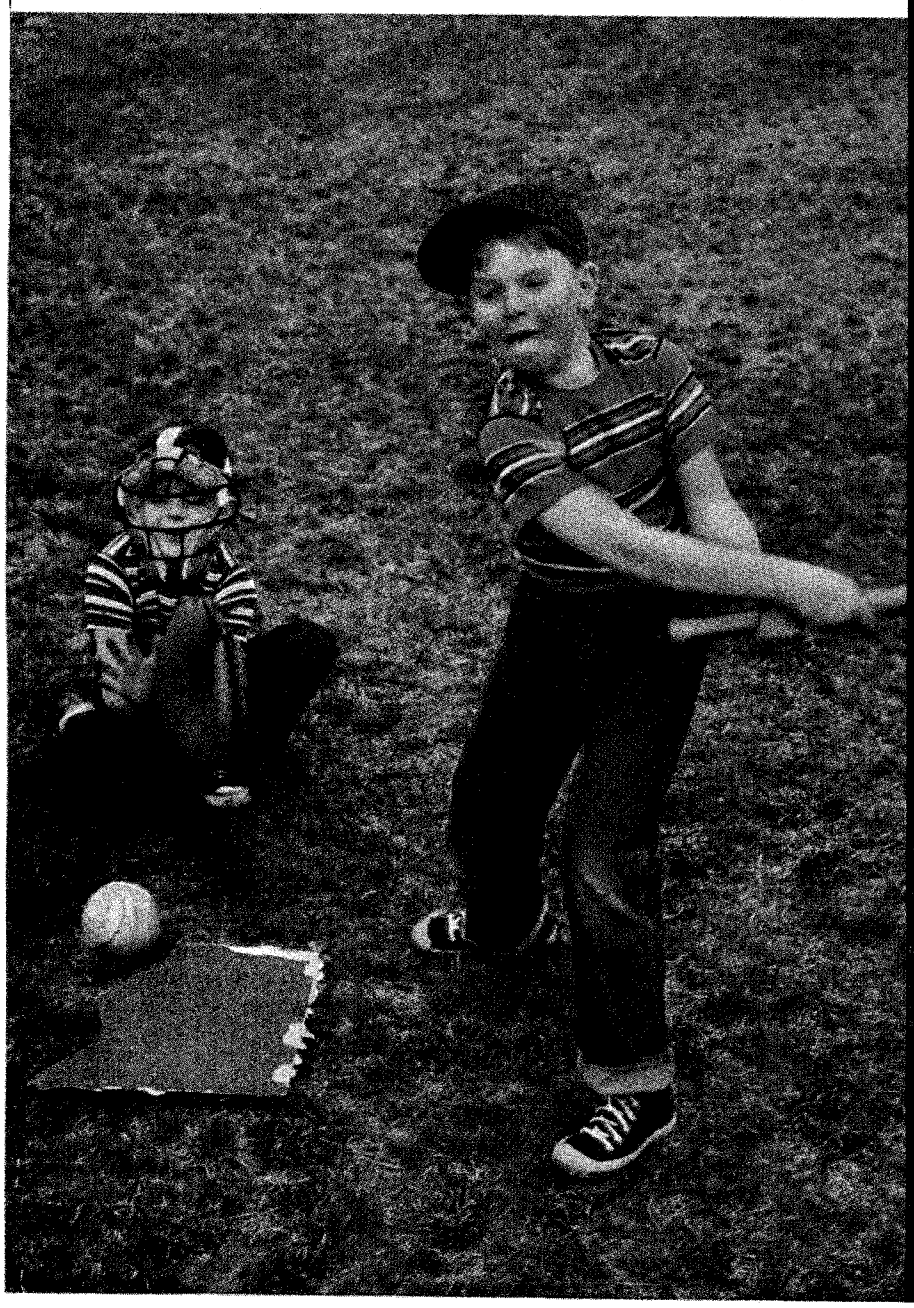
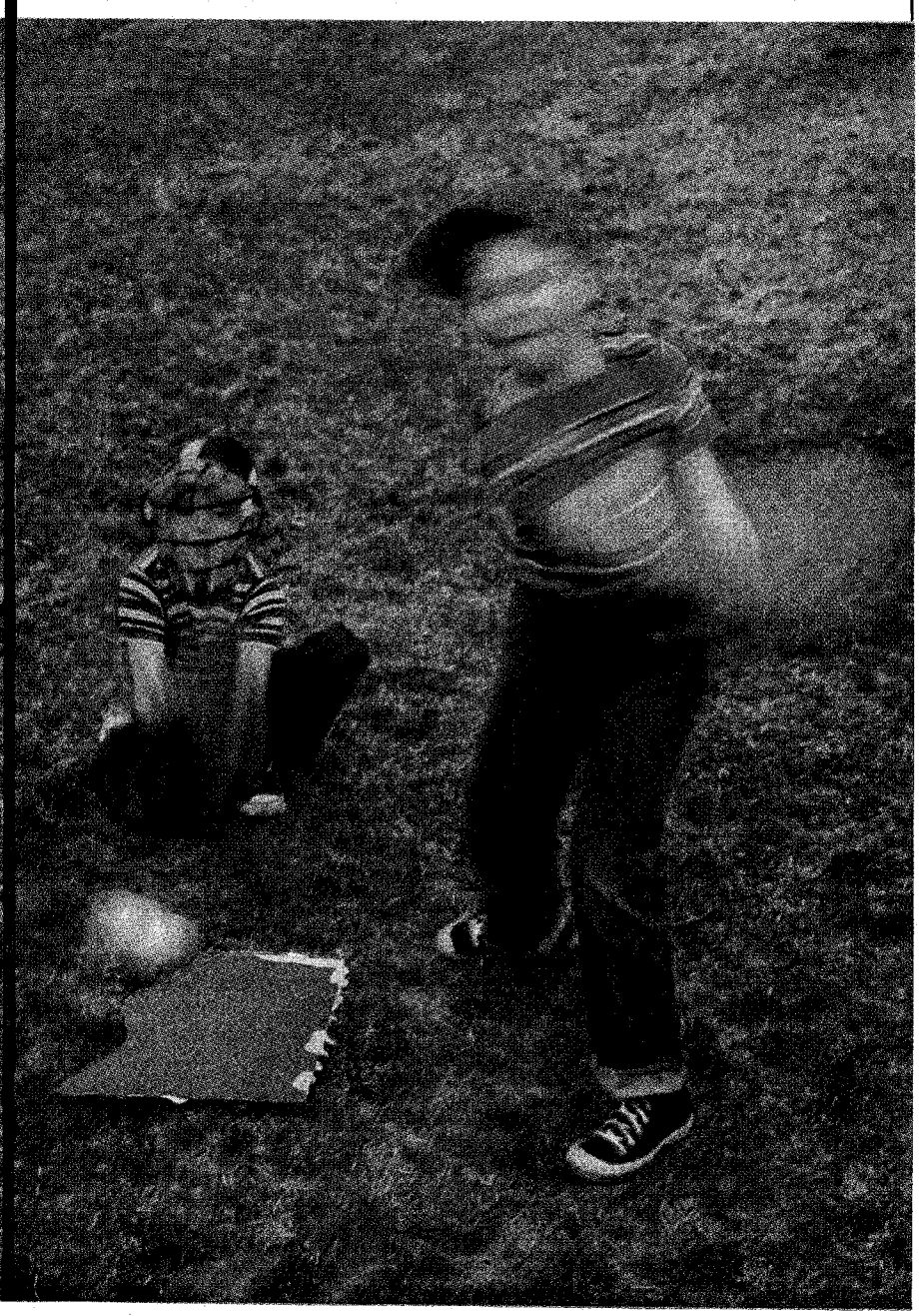


Conventional film: blurred—or dark



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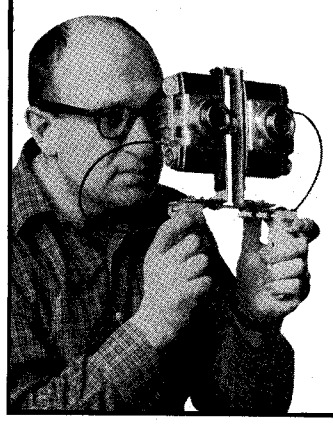

Says photo-journalist RayJacobs: "I loaded one camera with conventional color film, an identical camera with Super Anscochrome. Then I mounted the cameras side by side, set them at identical lens openings (*f*/4), and snapped their shutters simultaneously.

"**Conventional film** required a slow shutter (1/60 second) to catch the color. But how blurred the action is, as a result! Had I used a faster shutter, to get the action, the colors would have been dark, underexposed.

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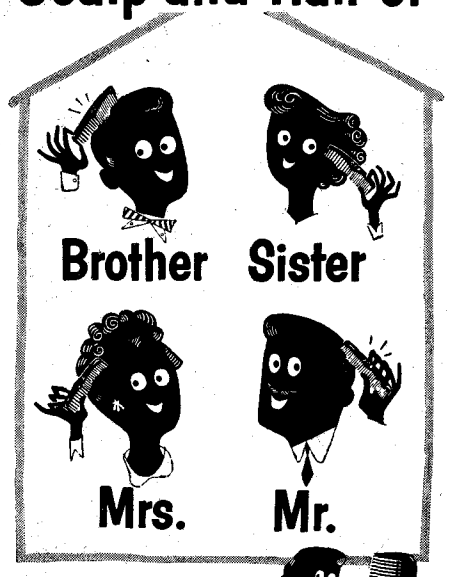

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Requiem for a Noble Engine

(Continued from Page 44)

connotation became something else again. "We can't take the windmills to supper at the Savoy, old boy," a polished Oxonian toff was once heard explaining to a companion. "It just isn't done, you know."

Such levels of imagery are alien to the United States, where the windmill remains primarily an implement of agriculture, and a source of golden memories for millions of farm-bred boys and girls. By night, to a child awakening in a dark attic, the busy windmill's squeaks and rattles brought instant reassurance of a familiar, friendly world. By day its turning wheel and tall tower were a constant invitation to feats of juvenile derring-do.

One sample of the windmill's influence on a child's imagination is related by an Indiana woman who says: "My sister and I used to tell each other that if we just got up there and caught hold of the wheel, it would be like riding in the Ferris wheel at the county fair, only faster and more fun. Daddy finally had to cut the ladder off ten feet above the ground and fasten barbed wire to the corner posts and braces to keep us off the tower."

Oddly enough, although there is hardly a country anywhere that has not used windmills for one purpose or another, no one can say for sure where and when they originated. Their invention has been variously ascribed to the pre-Christian Romans, to medieval Bohemians, and to the Germans around A.D. 1000. However, wrapping a lot of speculation around two facts, a British antiquarian named Hugh P. Vowles came up with still another theory of origin that is by far the most intriguing of all.

Vowles' first fact was archaeological confirmation that, possibly as far back as the time of Christ, a people dwelling in Seistan, along the Iranian-Afghanistanian border, used a wind machine to grind grain. His second was the discovery in the Dutch province of Friesland of thousands of silver coins struck in India three centuries before the Crusades began. Upon this foundation he built a theory that viking traders had ranged to faraway Cathay, swapping the lustrous pelts of the sable and blue-eyed, golden-haired maidens snatched from England, Ireland and France for silks, spices and silver coins. Since Seistan lay athwart the overland trade route, what could have been more natural, Vowles asked, than that some Frieslander saw the windmills and on his return built one to grind his grain beside the Wadden Zee?

Whatever the truth it was only after A.D. 1000 and mostly in the region of the Rhine delta that the windmill began to be mentioned in contemporary records. As with many another newfangled machine, its progress was pocked with controversy. Quarrels broke out between church and state as to who had exclusive rights to reap the wind, and between churchmen as to whether profits of wind reaping should go for the personal use of the clergy or be turned in to common church funds. Meanwhile the machine, at first used mostly for grist milling, acquired versatility. It provided power for sawing wood, and, far more profitably, for pumping sea water to be evaporated into salt. It spread over Europe and, in England particularly, made a significant contribution to the creation of a sturdy, independent, small-merchant middle class. It crossed the Atlantic with the earliest colonists, one having been built at Jamestown around 1622 and another in New Amsterdam prior to 1650.

In the New World the European-type windmill, with its eighteen-foot sail-clad vanes and its massive masonry or wood tower, was never very successful. For light work, such as drawing water, it was too cumbersome and required too much vigilant attention. For heavier work, such as saw and grist milling, water power was plentiful and more efficient. What the American pioneer needed was an easily constructed skeletal tower topped by a light wheel fitted with automatic mechanisms to brake its speed when the wind freshened and to furl it out of action when its work, such as filling a water tank, was done. But it was 200 years before Yankee ingenuity, in the person of one Daniel Hallady, filed for a patent on the prototype of such a machine in 1854.

After the Civil War as migration to the plains and plateaus of the West swelled from trickle to flood, the U.S. windmill business boomed. By 1900, making and selling wind engines had become a ten-million-dollar-a-year industry with some twenty companies competing fiercely for a share of it.

For the cattle and sheep growers of the far West, operating on spreads of thousands of acres of sparse vegetation, the windmill was a necessity, and they bought them by the carload. But for the average forty-acre farmer it was more nearly a luxury. Some few did use wind wheels to chop fodder and saw wood, but the power output was generally too little for heavy tasks. What the windmill could do with impressive efficiency was to put running water in farmhouse and barn and so abolish the old oaken bucket. And because it could do that it has been estimated that between 1880 and 1935 no fewer than 6,500,000 windmills were made and sold.

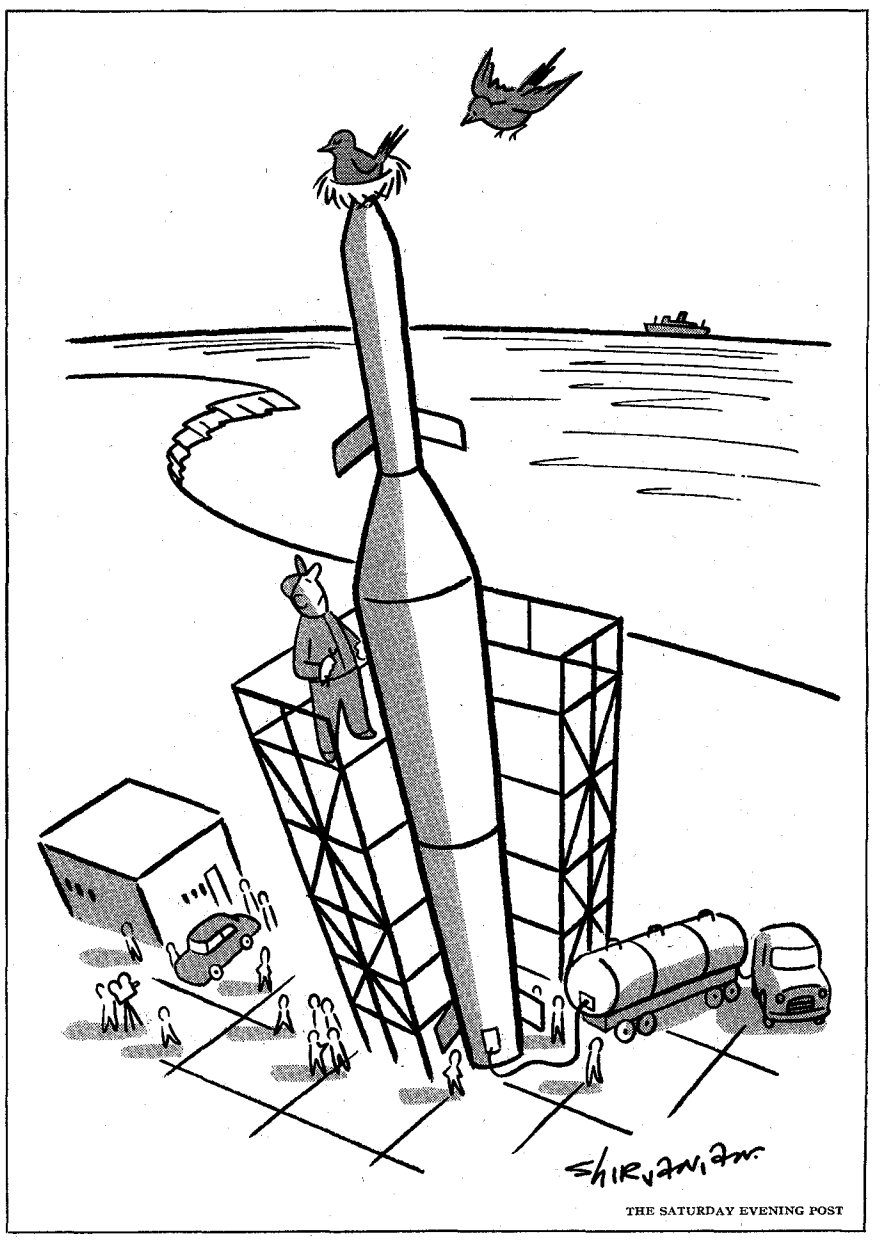
Since 1935, however, this noble engine has been in a mortal decline, stabbed in the back by rural electrification. All across the country the evidences of its fate are visible—old towers, shorn of their wind wheels, are festooned with morning-glories and surmounted by television aerials. The decline can also be measured in figures. In 1935, a score of United States factories produced nearly 100,000 windmills. Now only four factories remain actively in the business, and one of them, the Aermotor Company of Chicago, makes 80 per cent of all the windmills produced. Not long ago the Aermotor Company's staff estimated that by 1960 the world-wide demand for windmills will have shrunk to 5000 a year.

But it would appear that not all the blame for this sad decline should be laid on electricity. Part of it would seem to fall on man himself, who has not yet learned how to convert more than 5 per cent of the wind's free thrust into useful energy.

William Macomber, an official of Flint & Walling Manufacturing Company, of Kendallville, Indiana, pioneer windmill factory now converted to other lines, is a big, studious, precise engineer who probably has spent as much time studying ways to harness the wind as any man now alive. "According to my tests," he says, "an eight-foot wind wheel, under perfect conditions, delivers no more than one twelfth of one horsepower. It just isn't enough to compete with other forms of energy."

And there is the windmill's story in a capsule. Never has any other machine done so much with so little.

THE END



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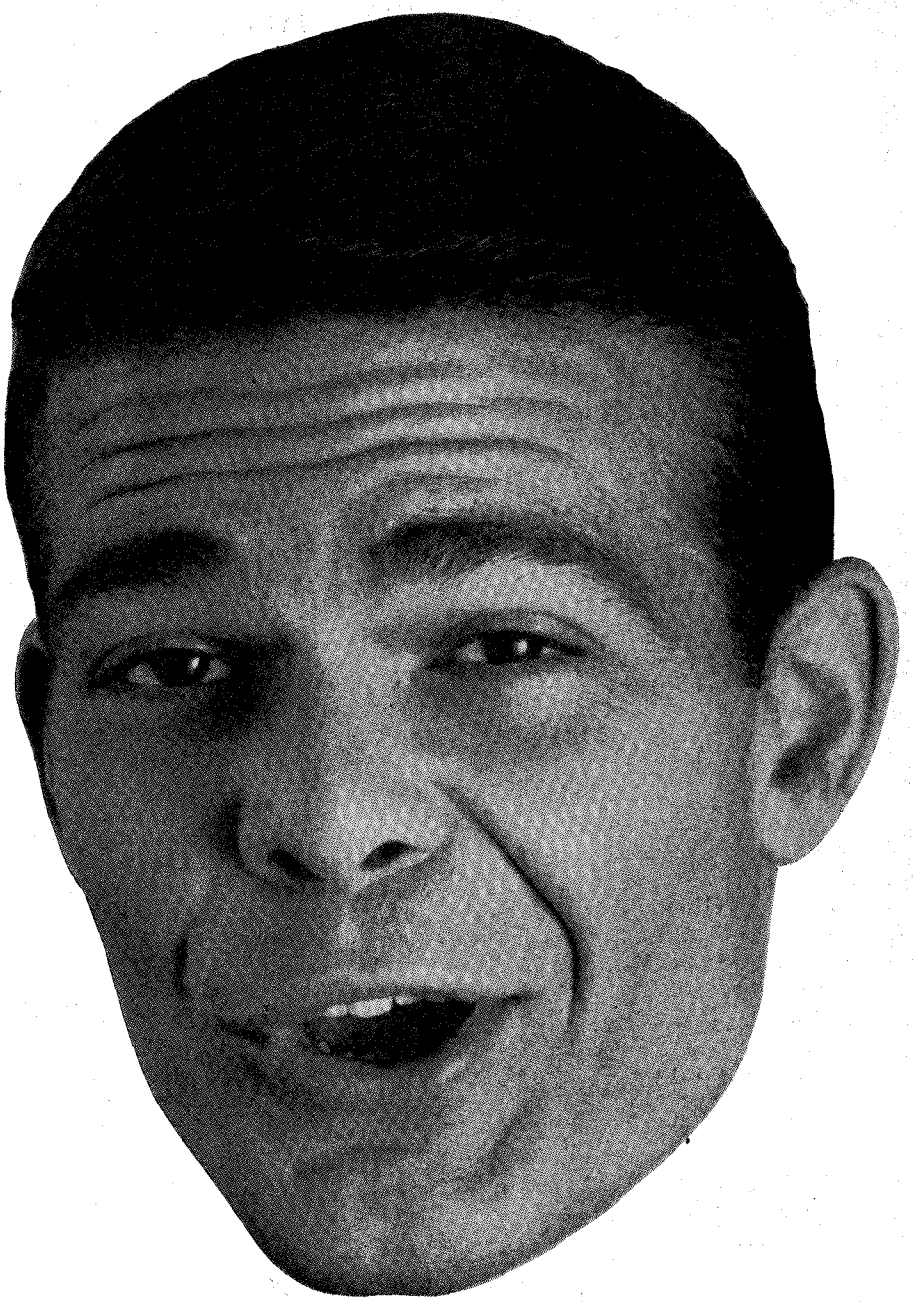
"I can... can you?"



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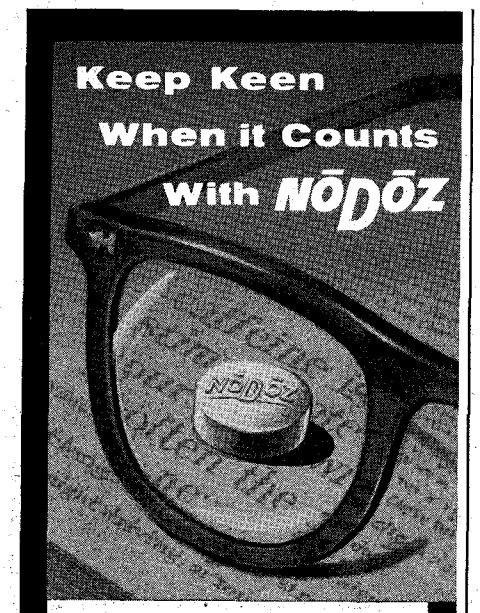

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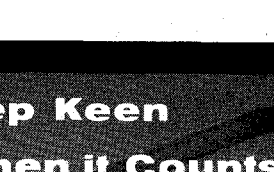

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"Say, Ranger . . ." (Continued from Page 31)

So it's a sight to arouse wonder. The onlooking tourist was wondering, all right, and now he expressed what he was wondering about.

"Ranger," he said, "why did these Indians build so far from a railroad?"

He had them there. The Planning Commission of Greater Prehistoric Mesa Verde fluffed that one, and badly. It's 160 miles to the Union Pacific at Crescent Junction, Utah, 135 to the Santa Fe at Gallup, New Mexico. In addition to a long, tiresome trip to the railroad, the Mesa Verdeans would have had a long, tedious wait for the train. About 600 years, in fact, waiting for Columbus to discover America, for Savery to invent the steam engine, and for the white man to lay down transcontinental tracks. They didn't wait. The cliff dwellers disappeared about A.D. 1300.

Another visitor, much impressed by the masonry, was moved to ask, "Did they build those stone houses from the bottom up or from the top down?" His admiration for these ancient craftsmen—where is there a builder today who can build a stone wall from the top down?—was shared by another tourist. "What period of Indian culture produced that building?" he asked. Good job, all right, but a product of white culture of the present, or What's Next? period—the park's administration building.

The rangers and ranger naturalists in our vast National Park System quite properly are regarded by visitors as the men to ask about anything and everything. They get questions by the thousands, and more every year as Americans flock to the parks at a booming rate which in 1957 hit 60,000,000.

Answering questions about birds, beasts, trees, flowers, rocks, rivers, mountains, swamps and a hundred other topics is part of the job, of course. The rangers and naturalists handle it well, catching almost everything that is pitched at them, except that they get some pretty funny questions, phrased so as to spin them. Such as the following:

At Yosemite: "Ranger, which side of the river is the dam on?"

At Acadia: "Do the tides come in by daylight time, ranger, or standard time?"

At Everglades: "Is that a bird, ranger, or a waterfowl?"

Again Everglades: "Which end of this lake is the highest?"

At Yellowstone: "Do you lock up the bears, and then turn them loose at a certain time?"

At Yosemite: "What time do you feed the Indians?"

At Mammoth Cave: "Why did they build the entrance of this cave so far from the hotel?"

Again Mammoth: "Ranger, how many miles of this cave are unexplored?"

At Carlsbad Caverns: "Are we underground, ranger, or inside of a mountain?"

Our major parks preserve the land as it was of old, untouched by white men, intact. That is their great point and it is surprising how many people miss it. They gaze on one of Nature's wonderworks and ask automatically, "Who built it?" True sons and daughters of the machine age, accustomed to man-made wonders, they insist on giving man credit for Nature's infinitely patient toil.

"The waterfalls are beautiful, ranger," a woman said in Yosemite. "Are they man-made?" Rangers at Mammoth Cave encounter the same thing. Millions of years went into the making of that almost endless cavern. Once this limestone was the floor of a great, shallow sea. The earth writhed, the crust rose, the sea drained away. Rivers began to flow. The water ate into the limestone, working in centuries as we work in days, to hollow out these chambers and corridors.

Every year, however, brings sight-seers who take it for granted that this is a great engineering feat, pointless, but mighty extensive. "What did they do with the materials they took out?" one asked. Usually the job is attributed to the Indians. The tunnel diggers, maybe, out to show up those mound builders if it took all the dynamite south of Chicago.

"Is the water in this cave natural?" another visitor asked. He meant Crystal Lake and Echo River. The question bothering another tourist was this: "Is this cave all underground?" The water's natural water. The National Park System doesn't fool around with artificial water. Nothing but the best river-type water for its underground rivers.

As for the second question, that's the firm policy—nothing but underground caves are accepted. A cave on the surface would be cheaper to light, but it would be murder to heat.

Superintendent Perry E. Brown and his men look on Mammoth Cave as quite a cavern, and so does the world in general. It's a mere gopher hole, however, compared with what it could be if it lived up to one visitor's suppositions. Out in New Mexico, forming a weird basement for the Guadalupe Mountains, are many miles of enormous and spectacular underground passages. They, too, are reserved in a national park as one of the wonders of the world; these are the famous Carlsbad Caverns.

Mammoth Cave's tunnels and halls run for a full 150 miles, but that struck no awe in this visitor. Obviously a man who Thinks Big, he asked a ranger, "Does Mammoth Cave connect with the Carlsbad Caverns?" It doesn't, but we'd have ourselves a dandy little burrow if it did. She'd run under Kentucky, Missouri, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Texas and New Mexico. The two great caverns, almost limitless to man as they are, lie some 1400 miles apart.

Spelunkers excepted, caves befuddle people. In the depths of Carlsbad Caverns, a tourist asked, "Are we breathing air down here, ranger?" He wondered, probably, why the air wasn't outside, in the air. "Ranger," said another Carlsbad visitor, "how much of this cave is unexcavated?" Just the solid part, lady. But that isn't traveled much anyway.

The classic observation about Carlsbad Caverns came from a tourist moved to comment on the depths achieved. "Well, sir," said he, "it sure looks like the farther down we go, the deeper it gets."

Most people know that the parks contain some of Nature's most remarkable efforts and they are here to marvel at what Nature can do. There are always some, however, who can't get over the idea that man did this, and that man is somehow in control. That notion persists even in steaming, spouting Yellowstone.

"Do you keep Old Faithful running in winter?" the rangers are asked. They do, wasteful as it seems of the hot water; they haven't yet figured out how to turn a geyser off. "Do you keep the paint pots boiling all the time?" is a companion question, and there must be a temptation to say, "No, just when company's coming." The rangers also get asked whether the hot lakes freeze over. Fortunately, they don't. It gets cold in Yellowstone, but rarely cold enough to freeze boiling water. That stuff's stubborn.

"Are the park roads artificial," a Yellowstone ranger was asked, "or just natural?" The equivalent from Everglades National Park is the man who asked, "Are those royal palm trees concrete?" Perhaps the best example of this total misapprehension comes from Yosemite.

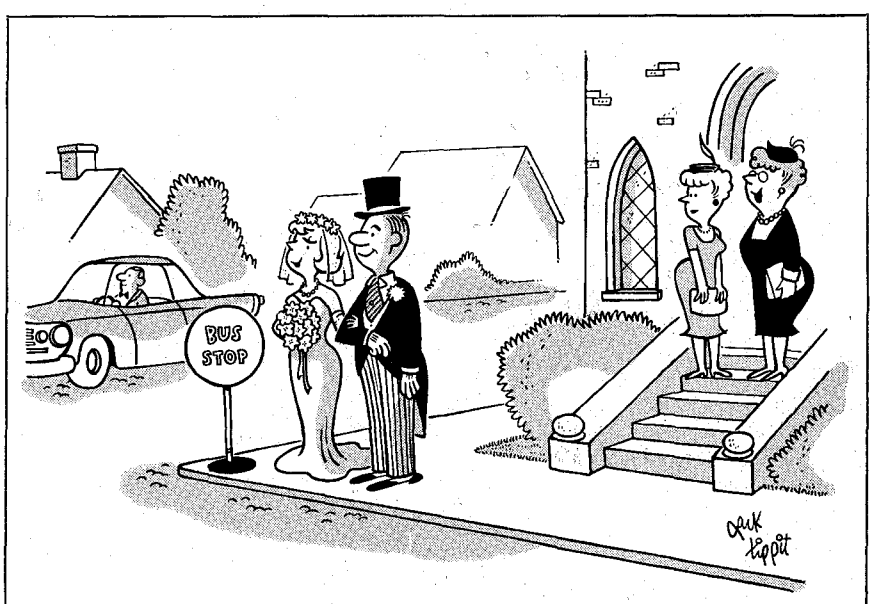
"You've got a wonderful park here, ranger," a visitor said warmly. Rightly too. Nature needed many a year to get those mountains up so high, to grow the sequoias, to get the cataracts roaring. "Yes, sir," the satisfied customer went on, "a wonderful park. And I just hope Congress builds more of them."

All manner of questions are pitched to the rangers, for the best of reasons. There is a lot to ask about, especially in the wild parks. Posing the questions, furthermore, are men and women whose interest ranges from the minute down to the negative.

There are the devout Nature lovers, who can exult over a fern or thrill over animal tracks on the margin of a lake. For them, these parks, because they preserve Nature's work intact, are uplands of the spirit. As did naturalist John Muir, they find these reservations "places for rest, inspiration and prayer."

The great majority of visitors, of course, didn't come on a pilgrimage. They heard the place was well worth seeing and they are here to have a look. They ask a lot of questions because they have a healthy curiosity about everything from fish to flying squirrels.

Then there is a final and interesting class of visitors who seem to have come by mistake. Nature in the raw is not their dish and they are promptly convinced that the wild (*Continued on Page 134*)



"They're starting out on a limited budget."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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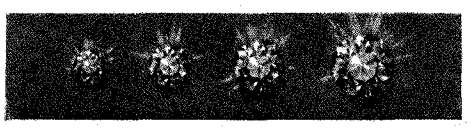

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(*Continued from Page 132*) parks go overboard in this line. They wouldn't have come at all if they had suspected that these parks are so far out in the country and so primitive. The strangest or greatest sights don't rock them a bit, and that goes for the Grand Canyon.

John Muir found the canyon as unearthly in color, grandeur and architecture "as if you had found it after death, on some other star." Incomparably lovely, grand and supreme, he said, "above all other canyons in our fire-molded . . . river- and glacier-sculptured world."

But some can look upon incomparable grandeur without batting an eye—in fact, without noticing anything. "Well, here I am," a woman cried gaily. "Now what am I supposed to see?"

Looking into the canyon is like looking into infinity. Some sensitive human specks are set to wondering, "Where do I fit, in eternity?" Park officials recall one shockproof viewer who expressed his thoughts somewhat differently. He gave the mighty void one fast look and asked, "Where's the golf course?"

Here's "a sea of pastel colors, a mountain turned upside down," and nobody ever thought to hypo the Grand Canyon with a golf course.

"Isn't any," said the ranger.

"Well, is there a dance tonight?"

Again the ranger shook his head. "No dance," he said.

That did it. "What are you supposed to do around here?" the tourist demanded. "Look at the scenery?"

That's the general idea, of course, and there is a lot of scenery around. Scenery wherever you look, in fact—217 miles of it. This makes Grand Canyon National Park a tough stop for the hit-run sightseers trying to knock over a whole string of famous spots in one hell-for-leather trip. But they don't duck it. Said a tourist hopping from his car on one rim of the Grand Canyon, "We just got here and have to leave right away. What's the best thing to see in about fifteen minutes?"

The liveliest thing to see never came off. That was a short but stimulating run about which one tourist consulted a ranger. "How do I get on that road that crosses the canyon?" he asked. The ranger stared. The great gorge is a mile deep, the walls are sheer in places. "There isn't any road," he said, resisting the temptation to add, "Any more than there's a road up the Washington Monument."

The tourist hauled out a map. "Sure there is," he said impatiently. "Right here." What he took for a highway, and planned to drive, was Bright Angel Trail, cut into the canyon wall for hikers and riders aboard the sure-footed Grand Canyon mules. They call this trip "the reverse of mountain climbing"; the trail zigzags almost eight miles to make the descent to the canyon floor. You could make it in a car only if you had one no wider than a mule and hinged to negotiate acute switchbacks.

Every year brings a certain number of first-timers to whom the parks are not at all as they expected. Wind Cave National Park, in South Dakota, offers a curious whistling cavern, and you can see buffalo, antelope, elk, deer and prairie-dog towns. But it flunked out for the tourist who asked, "Where's the zoo and the merry-go-round?"

Misled by the name, and not having bothered to read any further in the folders, some visitors in Petrified Forest National Monument, Arizona, look in vain for the whole standing petrified trees with petrified leaves. There are great agate logs lying around, but the trees toppled perhaps 160,000,000 years ago, and didn't petrify until shallow seas had buried them under 3000 feet of sand and silt. Mesa Verde, too, lets a few tourists down. They come expecting to see live cliff dwellers in action—real-life prehistoric Indians. They'd be too old to do much, anyway.

Every week brings some national-park enthusiasts, veterans who are looking over their tenth or twentieth park and are resolved to see them all. It will also bring many who are entering a national park for the first time. Some haven't had much experience outside city limits, and Nature in the large untrammeled sizes provides many a surprise.

They discover that mountains run uncommonly high, and that the weather is different up there. On a high pass in Great Smoky Mountains National Park a chilly visitor took this up with a ranger naturalist. "Say," the tourist said in surprise, "does it ever get this cold up here?"

Flatlanders find altitude in the high parks extremely interesting. In Yellowstone one woman asked a ranger, "Is the elevation here too high to toast marshmallows?" At the lower falls of the Yellowstone River, another tourist asked how high the falls are. The ranger said they were 308 feet high. The visitor seemed to feel that the falls were laboring under difficulties. "Now how high would that be," he asked, "at a lower altitude?"

"The vast majority of questions asked by park visitors are good, sincere, intelligent questions." So says Superintendent John C. Preston, of Yosemite, and it is nice of the superintendent to say so, because, along with the appreciative, that popular park draws some all-American meatheads. Including a few who look on Yosemite's world-famous beauty and don't suspect a thing. Don't see a thing either. "I just see rocks, cliffs and trees," one tourist told a ranger. "Where's the park?"

"Would you kindly ask the superintendent to turn Yosemite Falls on early today?" another asked. Apparently he had in mind the firefall staged each evening, a cascade of glowing embers. It's a sight, but must have disappointed one tourist who expected something far trickier. "Ranger," he said, "what time does that fireball come over?"

There's a lot to see in Yosemite, but one tourist found things hard to locate. "We have looked all around the valley," he told a ranger, "and we can't find the fallen arches." The ranger directed him to something almost as good, the famous cliff formation known as the Royal Arches.

Everyone wants to see the giant sequoia which is pierced by a tunnel big enough for cars but ignores this slight intrusion with true sequoia serenity. Some are a little short on details. One visitor asked directions this way: "Where's that big hole you drive through?"

The rangers and naturalists have a reputation for answering all questions courteously and to the best of their ability. They were greenhorns themselves, once, and they keep that thought in mind. They realize, furthermore, that some of the guests simply never have given Nature much thought. That, if you are feeling charitable, accounts for questions like the following, asked in one park or another:

"What do the bears eat while they hibernate?"

"Are those springs natural, ranger, or were they just put here?"

"Is the water here good to drink or is it from a well?"

"I saw a sign on the trail that said 'Danger—Switchbacks.' If we see any of those switchbacks, can we kill them?"

"The deer are so cute! Do they all have little ones?"

"When do you feed the alligators?"

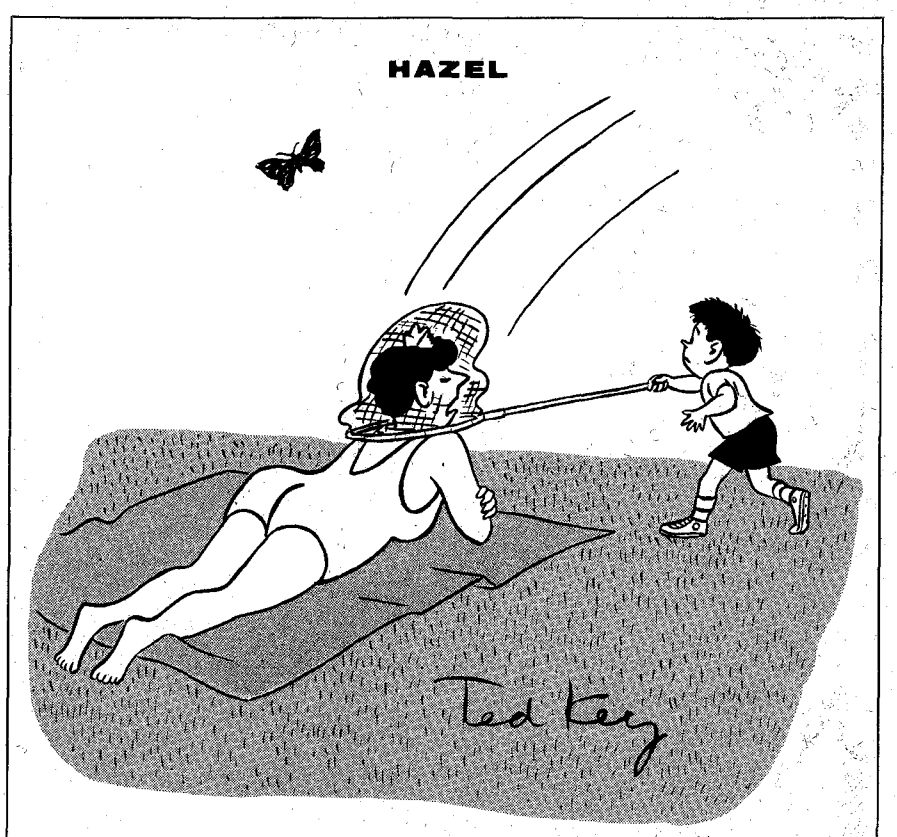
"How do you know if it's a rattlesnake that bites you?"

"Did the Bureau of Public Works build the Natural Bridge?"

"Is it darker in this cave at night?"

"How do you tell a buffalo from a bison?"

At Wind Cave National Park a woman spied straw along the highway. "Do you have that out for the bears to use," she asked, "in making their winter nests?" The fact is, they don't even leave out bits of string for bear nests. The ranger had to confess that the straw was for mulching raw slopes.



"I appreciate the country's great need for scientists, but . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

To some, the wild parks are so strange that they are delighted to find any points of correspondence with life in the city. At Carlsbad Caverns a husband and wife called on Superintendent R. Taylor Hoskins to settle an argument. The wife was right. "See?" she cried triumphantly. "North is the same direction here as back home in California."

Whether sensible or daffy, questions indicate interest, and that pleases all NPS personnel. The naturalists themselves generate some of the questions by their lectures. In Acadia National Park, Maine, which one visitor always had thought was "Katydid National Park," one phrase interested a woman listener keenly. The naturalist had been talking about forests, undespoiled by man, untouched, in their original state. The listener may have felt he was taking too much for granted in a deceitful world. At any rate, she voiced the question raised in her mind. "How do you tell a virgin tree," she asked, "from—the others?"

Since 1956, turnout at the parks has been jumping about four million a year—"exploding," as NPS officials put it. That suggests that Americans in general like their parks very much. Don't think, however, that this approval is universal. One woman is good and sore about the way they are running the Grand Canyon. She discovered that people who want to descend to the canyon floor, a mile below the rim, are expected to hike. "Why don't you put in an elevator?" she demanded.

For another tourist, the Everglades put some of their most spectacular sights on parade. A dozen big herons, to open the bill. Then a flight of wood ibis. Next several anhingas showed how they catch fish. Then alligators staged a battle, with the tourist at ringside. He was still waiting. This was in Everglades National Park, so he spoke to a ranger about it. "Where do we go, ranger," he inquired, "to see the wildlife?"

The celebrated national-park bears are crowd stoppers year in, year out, but even they don't charm everyone. A Yosemite camper complained in writing that the bears aren't supervised well enough. "Bears over six feet tall," he said, "should not be permitted in the campground." He's got a point, but a lot of those sneaky bears wouldn't stand up straight to be measured.

Another Yosemite customer is sore over a broken promise and a show that never came off. "I saw a sign on the road that said 'Falling rocks,'" he wrote the management. "Well, I waited twenty minutes, and no rocks fell."

In the wild parks a classic question is heard hundreds of times every season. Roads often wind through silent, uninhabited forest. Walk a few feet back from the road and in that solitude you can easily imagine yourself a hundred miles—and a hundred years—from civilization. Drivers accustomed to street signs, stop lights and traffic noises may get feeling badly disconnected. Spotting a ranger, they are likely to hail him and ask, "Ranger, how far is it to the next place?"

There are patrons who arrive asking questions, leave asking questions. Driving into the magnificent Yosemite Valley, a place of towering granite peaks and plunging waterfalls, one tourist began his stay by inquiring about the general setup. "Now that we're here," he said to a ranger, "when can we see the park?" It may have been the same driver, still confused, but convinced that the rangers can guess destinations, who halted at an exit a few days later. "Say, ranger," he called. "We're going home. Are we on the right road?" THE END

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"What you using for bait, Doc?"

"Just-as-good" is not good enough for the pros and amateurs playing in the 1958 P.G.A. sponsored tournaments. More of them are choosing Titleist than any other ball. Titleist, like all Acushnet balls, is sold through golf course pro shops only.

TRADEMARK

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Keeping Posted

Alsop Sweats it Out

Post editor **Stewart Alsop** attests that of all the articles he has written for this magazine, The Mystery of Richard Nixon, page 28, "was by all odds the hardest." In preparation for facing his typewriter, he corresponded with every one of Nixon's former classmates at Whittier College and Duke University; he spent a long time in California, interviewing everybody he could find who knew anything about Nixon, past or present; and in Washington he buttonholed dozens of experts who might throw some light on what makes the Vice President tick, legion being their name. Result: two bulging Nixon dossiers (anti and pro), 125 pages of notes which the writer estimated as enough material for three books. As for boiling this down into one article, Stew just shudders in retrospect and terms it "the agony of Alsop."

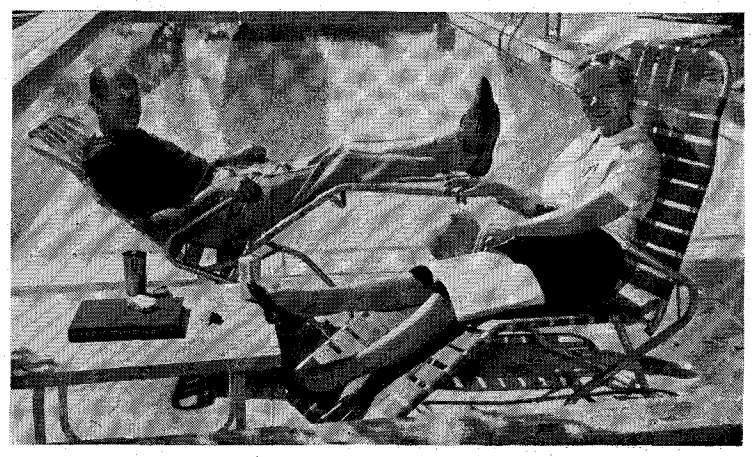
A Marriage Saved

C. Clinton Clad, a commissioner of Los Angeles Superior Court, wrote an article titled You Can't Afford a Divorce, for the April 20, 1957 Post, stressing the ruinous financial hardships of a broken family. Soon afterward, Mrs. Dean Warfield of Albany, Ore., wrote him that she read his article on the very day she was going to file divorce proceedings, that after she asked her husband to read it they decided to try once more to make a go of things, and that they were so grateful to the author. Well, did the reconciliation work out? "It did," Mrs. Warfield recently wrote Clad. "Oh, it's not just a fairy tale come true; we have had to work hard for a happy marriage—we expected to. We still argue, but we have learned that one can swallow one's pride without losing it. Our little daughter has a new baby brother, and my husband has adopted my six-year-old daughter by a previous marriage. I'm so proud and happy that we took advantage of your story." Another result: Clad now appears often on the Art Linkletter House Party show, answering questions about how to make marriage work.

Dean and Martha Warfield.

Tales of the Authors

Nieman Fellows at Harvard.



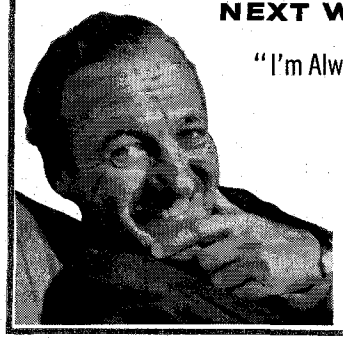
Jack Lewi and Charlotte Armstrong: they say this is not laziness.

John Ed Pearce, page 30, recently finished a year's study as a Nieman Fellow at Harvard University; he concentrated on political and economic history, "which courses I hope will make me brilliant," and he also studied creative writing, "which I hope will make me rich and famous." He says, "I am now condemned to go back to work," but let's not take this condemned man too seriously—he was on leave of absence from writing editorials for the Louisville Courier-Journal and he loves the work. Those Nieman Fellows in the picture, all of whom have just written books, are, left to right: Stan Karnow, Dean Brelis, John Ed Pearce, Bill McIlwain, Tom Wicker. And that man behind them is John Harvard himself.

Charlotte Armstrong declares that she is a two-headed writer. One head deals with mystery. Her book, A Dram of Poison, captured the "Edgar" award of the Mystery Writers of America for the best novel of its type in 1956. "My bust of Mr. Poe, pale and sinister, leers down at me from my mantel, not, I hope, quothing to itself, 'Never more!'" Readers will especially remember her Post serial of some years back, The Unsuspected, a best-selling book and a movie hit. As for the lady's other head, it eschews mystery and "just writes stories," as on page 37. Her husband is Jack Lewi, who writes advertising copy; there are one son and one daughter of college ages, one married son, and two tiny grandchildren. The grandparents like to bask beside their swimming pool in Glendale, Calif., which they say is not laziness, because who can sit without thinking?

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"I'm Always Surprising Myself"



David Niven, jaunty star of Around the World and 100 other films, tells you the story of his career as an international adventurer.

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